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LANDSCAPE PAINTING FROM GIOTTO TO THE PRESENT DAY

VOLUME II
FROM CONSTABLE TO THE PRESENT DAY

By the Same Author

THE ENCHANTED STONE
LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS
LIFE'S LESSER MOODS
ADVENTURES AMONG PICTURES
DAYS WITH VELASQUEZ
DAYS IN CORNWALL
AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS
THE EDUCATION OF AN ARTIST
THE DIARY OF A LOOKER-ON
TURNER'S GOLDEN VISIONS
REMBRANDT
THE POST IMPRESSIONISTS
BRABAZON : HIS ART AND LIFE
THE CONSOLATIONS OF A CRITIC
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THE INVISIBLE GUIDE
WHAT'S FREEDOM ?
THINGS SEEN IN AMERICA
ART AND I
AUTHORS AND I
MORE AUTHORS AND I
LIFE AND I
LIFE AND I : SECOND SERIES

1821

The Hay-Wain (National Gallery)
CONSTABLE, 1776-1837

Frontispiece

UNIVERSAL · ART · SERIES
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LANDSCAPE PAINTING
FROM GIOTTO TO THE PRESENT DAY

BY
C. LEWIS HIND

VOLUME II:
FROM CONSTABLE TO THE PRESENT DAY

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PART I

INTRODUCTION AND SURVEY

INTRODUCTION

I

Mainly Explanatory

WHEN I had concluded this labour of love and lamentations, this long story about Landscape Painting, a publicist said to me, "Would you consider doing a similar service for Portrait Painting?" I thundered a "No," which might have been heard from one end of Paternoster Row to the other. Not twice in his lifetime should a man attempt to tell the tale of a human activity from the dim beginning to the shifting end—with dates.

As in the First Volume, which examined Landscape Painting from Giotto to Turner, so in the present volume which extends from Constable (or Turner, for these great men were born within a year of each other) to the present day, I have adopted the chronological arrangement. It was the only way: this plan of making an artist take his place in the scheme according to his birth date; and here may I beg those artists who suppress their birth date in reference books to amend their ways. It is merely a form of vanity; it gives trouble, and involves the use of the ineffectual c. (*circa*). Once I hoped to have grouped the innumerable landscape painters whose works decorate the nineteenth and twentieth centuries into schools, with such headings as Scenic, Tone, *Plein Air*, Sunlight, Decorative Pattern; but it did not work out: there are too many shades and mergences from one category into another:

a man will learn in half a dozen schools. After all, an artist, when he is working, belongs to no school, only to himself. It is the historians who shepherd artists into categories. But I have employed such accepted terms as Barbizon School, Impressionists, Post-Impressionists, and of course have grouped the various nations in separate chapters. And I have continued the system, employed in the First Volume, of Leaders and Others, for I agree with Mr. Wyndham Lewis that " The real history of painting is only to be read in the works of the greater painters." It will be observed, however, that, with a few exceptions, I drop the Leaders when I reach the crowded years of the later nineteenth century. A man may seem a Leader while he is living, but it is wiser to wait.

It is not easy to write about living artists in a work of this kind, and once or twice I was tempted, following other art historians, not to admit the living into this chronicle. I put the coward thought aside, but I have had dreams, no, nightmares, wherein I saw myself in an extremity of apprehension trying to avoid treading on the toes of contemporary artists, many of whom honour me with their acquaintance.

If it be charged against me that I devote excessive attention to British, American and French landscape painters, I plead guilty. They are nearer : they could even be studied in war time. I write of what I know best, and what interests me. It is open to a Dane, a Czecho-Slovakian, or a German to give glaring prominence to their own countrymen. This I can claim, which is due to my four years' residence in the United States, that the large, important and flourishing school

of American landscape painters has, for the first time in an English book, a recognition which may not be adequate, but which is comprehensive and sincere, and which attempts to portray the development of American Landscape Painting, from the Hudson River School to the performance and promise of the younger men of to-day.

A year has passed since the issue of the First Volume. Much of the time was devoted to arranging finally in chronological order, the data—photographs, reproductions, opinions, my own and others—pertaining to every landscape painter of importance—data which took nearly a quarter of a century of foraging and collecting. These accumulations fill seven large books, and as with the First Volume, I find, alas, there is room only for about one-fifth of the photographs I have collected. So I have omitted many pictures by important artists, which are familiar to everybody, and have included others that are not so well known. The illustrations, as before, all face down the page, which relieves the reader from performing an acrobatic feat in order to study a favourite picture. As for the text, I am quite content to be described as an appreciator, not as a critic. My attitude towards Landscape Painting is one of love and gratitude, not weariness and disillusionment. Happily, I find it easier and more natural to enjoy than to disagree, to receive than to reject.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING

II

The Ways of Critics

I was moved to say just now that my attitude towards Landscape Painting is one of love and gratitude. That statement suggests a few words arising from criticisms made upon the First Volume. I have just re-read them. With a few joyful exceptions they were almost useless to me, mainly because they were petty, and did not see the wood as a whole because of resentment against individual trees. I can understand why the general public, reading such reviews, grows more and more indifferent to art. Most of the professional critics are querulous : they seem to regard a book, not as an expression of personality, but as something that intrudes upon their domain. Usually there is an absence of natural, human and enthusiastic appreciation, such as Constable and Corot had, even for poor painters sometimes. The modern " high-brow " critic often shrinks from praise, because he is fearful of being thought uncritical.

One of my critics complains that pure landscape painting began with Patinir, and that I should have begun my history with him, although I had expressly stated why I had begun with Giotto ; another laments that I have not done justice to the " Bolognese eclectics." What justice ? They were derivatives. A third chides me for not devoting more space to Poussin. I gave him the best part of a chapter. A fourth frankly confesses that he finds books on art " depressing " : consequently he writes a depressing review ; a fifth regards my style as too lively, and shows, in his own prose, how to be stodgy ; a sixth is hurt by such headings as " Serene

Raphael" and "Eager Bassano." I like them: let the reader choose.

My best critic, the one on the hearth, to whom this work is dedicated, tells me that the preceding passages suggest that I am sore.

"I am sore," say I.

"You are asking for further trouble," says she.

"There is trouble ahead" I reply, "whatever one says or refrains from saying."

But all professional critics are not like the rascals referred to above. There was —— of the *Daily* ——, and —— of the *Weekly* ——, and —— of the *Monthly* ——, whose charming reviews exhilarated me.

I repeat that most modern professional critics start out to find fault, not to interpret or to construct. All this is "the rub of the green," and who am I to complain? But I do feel that enthusiasm for anything or anybody has mostly passed out of "expert" art writing in these days. The professional critic has ceased to feel enthusiasm: he cherishes his dislikes: he can see little good outside his own lines of study.

It is the amateur—the Intelligent Schoolmaster, the Rural Dean, the Literary Business Man, the Minor Poet, the Schoolmistress, people who love art and who know the difference between art and archæology whose reviews are welcome. They help: they spring from leisure and from interest in the subject. My compliments to them. These amateurs have cheered me. So I welcome the statement of a reviewer who says that I am "rather an amateur of the arts than a professional."

The Amateur loves: the Professional fears that love may vitiate his learning. And the public, reading the

professional reviewer, catches the infection of disgruntled disagreement, and continues to neglect and even to dislike art.

I will conclude this section of mild anger (I meant to be severe, but it is a fine day and a lark is singing) by recalling the story of the Eminent Uncle and the Grave Nephew. The Eminent Uncle is an art specialist, and a brilliant writer, who has written learned, grudging, amusing, epigrammatic, and caustic books and articles, which are read by those who dislike more things than they love, and who are apter to find fault than to praise. The Grave Nephew, who has a great respect for his Eminent Uncle (as I have), set himself, when he reached adolescence, to read his Uncle's writings. He went steadily through them, and when he had finished, he said: " Uncle, do you hate art ? "

III

Acknowledgments

My debt to books is not as heavy in this Second Volume, for the simple reason that I have grown up with many of the reputations and pictures here considered, and for a quarter of a century have preserved my notes on them.

A constantly recurring difficulty was dates, especially birth dates, and information about the lives and pictures of the lesser-known artists. In this respect *The History of Modern Painting*, by Richard Muther, in four volumes (Dent, 1907), was most useful, as this industrious author supplies, in the Index, the birth and death dates of the artists he considers. The quick appreciations

by Léonce Bénédite in *Great Painters of the XIX Century* (Pitman, 1910) I found useful. Meier-Graefe's *Modern Art* (Heinemann, 1908) is stimulating reading, but as a guide he is sometimes too ecstatic, sometimes too intolerant.

Among the other books that I have consulted are :

Nineteenth Century Art, by D. S. MacColl (Maclehose, 1902).

Constable and His Influence on Landscape Painting, by C. J. Holmes (Constable, 1902).

The Barbizon School, by D. Croal Thomson (1890).

Scottish Painting : Past and Present, by James L. Caw (Jack, 1908).

The French Impressionists, by Camille Mauclair (Duckworth).

Cézanne and Hodler, by Fritz Burger (Munich, Delphin-Verlag, 1920).

Paul Cézanne, by Ambrose Vollard (Paris : G. Cres, 1919).

Schweizer Maler, by Hans Graber (Leipzic).

Since Cézanne, by Clive Bell (Chatto and Windus, 1922).

History of Modern Art, by Elie Faure (John Lane, 1924).

Modern French Painters, by Jan Gordon (John Lane, 1923).

Cubists and Post-Impressionism, by A. J. Eddy (Chicago : McClurg & Co., 1919).

The Story of American Painting, by Charles H. Caffin (Hodder and Stoughton, 1907).

The American Art Annual.

Best for me were the exhibitions, permanent and

temporary, in England and abroad, year after year. For this is a book about landscape painting, and one can really only learn about an artist before his pictures. The task of the art historian of the future will be easier if the admirable little books published by Ernest Benn, Ltd., and others, on the younger artists, continue to be issued. It seems odd that a man round about thirty years of age should have a volume—fully illustrated—written about him. Right or wrong, I am glad to have these records of some of the youthful moderns.

My debt to journals is great, particularly to *The Christian Science Monitor* and *The International Interpreter*, under the editorship of the late Frederick Dixon. The former excellent journal published most of this book, in a modified form, and I do not think that I should have had the courage and determination to finish it, if I had not seen, before my eyes, in the spacious columns of *The Christian Science Monitor*, the end reached, even if new roads had to be cut, and old roads closed. Other journals which have given hospitality to sections are: *The Studio*, *The International Studio*, *The Saturday Review*, *The Daily Chronicle*, and *The Evening News*. And I must also acknowledge my indebtedness to some of my own books on art, which I have re-read for the purpose of this volume, sometimes with astonishment that I should ever have written so nicely.

Now that all is finished I feel (a malady incident to authors) that I could really write a proper book on Landscape Painting, quite short, very simple, treating only those artists who are vital. Why, I could run their names off. There is —— But I must not entrench on the Survey.

SURVEY

I

The Nineteenth Century

VOLUME One concluded with Turner. He and Constable dominate the first half of the nineteenth century, and who shall say where their influence ceases? I have traced the effect of Turner on Monet and the Impressionists, and of Constable on Corot and the Barbizon School; and I have noted the change that Constable made in the art of Delacroix.

Bonington with Cotman and other English water-colourists, a long procession preceding and following Cotman, also help towards the development of landscape painting, which was to rise to such heights, the pioneers having shown the way as the century progressed. Corot, Rousseau, Millet, Daubigny, Harpignies—great names, great powers pass before us, to be followed by Courbet, that man of strength and vision, who perhaps had more influence on later generations than the Barbizon painters.

We turn from these giants and see the beginnings of landscape painting in America with the Hudson River School. Next in our survey follows a group of British painters, from Sidney Cooper's studio cattle, to George H. Mason's open-air fancies, worthy, but not memorable.

Jongkind and Boudin, links between the Barbizon School and the Impressionists, enliven us like clear

skies and fresh winds; and then, showing the variability of nature's gifts, we examine such divergent personalities in landscape painting as Puvis de Chavannes and Arnold Böcklin. They are followed by that grand amateur, Brabazon. These three artists were born within a few years of each other.

Swiftly we pass to the Pre-Raphaelites, the patient loveliness of the landscapes of Madox Brown and Holman Hunt, and the youthful genius of Millais. They are followed by that fine painter of the sea, Henry Moore, and that lively Scots Impressionist, William McTaggart, who was born five years before Monet. About this time we view the pleasant, never-to-happen-again spectacle of Victorian Popularity in British Landscape Painting—Leader, MacWhirter, Peter Graham, and others.

The scene changes to Holland—" Holland Revives " —with such masters of atmosphere and tone as the Brothers Maris, Weissenbruch and Mauve: it shifts again to the United States—to Whistler and Winslow Homer, and to an elder man, George Inness, a child compared with Whistler and Winslow Homer, who has been called the Father of American Landscape Painting. Attention is also given to Albert P. Ryder, mystic, and Mark Fisher, realist.

Next France claims our attention with Bastien Lepage, the apostle of *plein-air* painting, whose influence lasts to this day, and Claude Monet, whose influence is not as serviceable as Bastien's. Manet and Degas, born a few years earlier, were masters in landscape painting, as in everything else.

After Impressionism—Post-Impressionism!

So great is the influence of Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, and Rousseau " le Douanier " to-day, that it may be surprising to some to realise that they were nineteenth-century artists. Cézanne died in 1906, Gauguin in 1903, and van Gogh in 1890.

Great Britain, with a rush of landscape painters, is considered next—popular Fred Walker, sturdy Buxton Knight, and a few years later, Cecil Lawson and Edward Stott, followed by such favourites as David Murray, Alfred East, Wilson Steer, George Clausen, and Adrian Stokes. After a chapter on " The Landscape Society," a bold effort to give greater importance to landscape painting, we reach the story of " The Glasgow School," and consideration of a number of eminent Scots painters, such as Arthur Melville, J. Crawhall, Guthrie, John Lavery, and D. Y. Cameron.

Turning to the Continent, five notable landscape painters emerge—Hodler, a Swiss ; Segantini, a Swiss ; Claus, a Belgian ; Sorolla, a Spaniard ; and Fritz Thaulou, a Norwegian.

Another journey is then made to the United States, with Sargent at the head of the cosmopolitans, and among the other Americans, such important artists as John H. Twachtman, George Hitchcock, Melchers, Metcalf, Childe Hassam and Dodge Macknight. These are followed by the vigorous painters of the " American Practical Pastoral "—Redfield, Schofield, Gardner Symons—and the alluring visions of Arthur B. Davies.

Passing again to France, we encounter such brilliant artists as Henri Martin, le Sidaner and Charles Cottet, and contemporary with them in England, or a little

later, Arnesby Brown, C. J. Holmes, Hughes-Stanton, and Laura Knight.

By this time Canada and Australia have entered the field of landscape painting, and we find Canada surprising the Old Country with a remarkable range of decorative landscapes, very attractive and entirely racial. A consideration of the contributions of the younger nations to the story of landscape painting closes the nineteenth-century section.

II

The Twentieth Century

The first chapter is devoted to a discussion of three groups of Twentieth-Century Landscape Painters—the Traditionalists, the New Traditionalists and the Innovators.

France then intrudes again with an assortment of younger artists, who have been called the sons and grandsons of Post-Impressionism, exhibitors at the Indépendent and Salon d'Automne exhibitions. Detailed notice is given to such extreme personalities as Picasso and Matisse.

We pass to Great Britain again—to those who flirt with Post-Impressionism; to those who swing back to Pre-Raphaelitism and Primitivism, and to those who practise the Decorative Pattern landscape. The record is carried on to some beginners who were born on the eve of the twentieth century.

A final glance is then given to the United States—those who are practising the Art of To-morrow, and

the New Traditionalists, who keep on the old road, but who make excursions into by-paths seeking new visions and new techniques.

We turn next to a consideration of the splendid efforts made by landscape painters during the War. A chapter on " After the War " follows, with some account of the way the Lyric in paint has taken the place of the Epic in paint, and the interesting action of the great Railway Companies in commissioning landscape painters to supply posters that will encourage the public to visit places of interest on their systems.

The last chapter is an attempt to forecast the Future of Landscape Painting. Who can tell ? Nature remains the same in her infinite variety : it is man who changes —his methods often, his heart rarely.

PART II

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

I

" A Natural Painter "

JOHN CONSTABLE, 1776-1837.

JOHN WILSON, 1774-1855. THOMSON OF DUDDINGSTON, 1778-1840. J. J. CHALON, 1778-1854. SIR A. CALLCOTT, 1779-1844. G. R. LEWIS, 1782-1871. WILLIAM HAVELL, 1782-1857. PATRICK NASMYTH, 1787-1831. JOHN LINNELL, 1792-1882. J. A. O'CONNOR, 1793-1841. CLARKSON STANFIELD, 1793-1867. F. R. LEE, 1799-1879.

TURNER and Constable were contemporaries. Each went his own splendid way. Turner, after trafficking with reality, and emulating the pictures of other men, developed into the Turner that we know, whose progress I have tried to describe in the First Volume. Constable, the level-headed, the simple-hearted, the realist, kept to the business of painting nature as his shrewd eyes interpreted her, and became, to employ his own words, " A Natural Painter." He was a realist ; he was one of the first to attempt to represent the look of nature ; but as to making a picture something more than a picture, something mystical, something beyond direct observation well, that desire was not in John Constable's equipment, and he never pretended that it was.

Ruskin now and then turned aside from his eloquent eulogies of Turner to cast crumbs of praise and blame

NOTE.—Artists who may be called Leaders in Landscape Painting, that is, those who show original vision, or who have advanced the art, are considered at some length. Others are referred to incidentally. The Leaders appear in a line by themselves at the head of each essay : the names of the others are grouped together.

at Constable. Let me quote a brief passage which may be taken as summing up Ruskin's opinions of these two great men :

> " Constable perceives in a landscape that the grass is wet, the meadows flat, and the boughs shady ; that is to say, about as much as, I suppose, might in general be apprehended between them by an intelligent fawn and a skylark. Turner perceives at a glance the whole sum of visible truth open to human intelligence."*

Born within a year of each other, Turner, the son of a barber of Covent Garden, Constable, the son of a miller of Bergholt in Suffolk, these two pioneers inspired and moulded much of nineteenth-century landscape painting. They are the trunk of the tree ; there have, of course, been glorious branches and graftings, but the barber's son and the miller's son are the parent tree.

Had Turner and Constable never lived, the Barbizon School and the Impressionist School might have budded and come to full fruition through other sources, but, as the tree of nineteenth-century landscape painting looks to our eyes now, we see the two great branches of Monet and Corot springing out from the parent trunk of Turner and Constable. The roots stretch back to Claude and Poussin, and beyond.

When Turner met Claude on his own ground he failed to excel him, but when Turner brushed Claude and other predecessors and contemporaries aside, and communed with nature, he outsoared Claude. But Turner's foreign influence was not immediate. Possibly it did not really begin till 1870, when Claude Monet

* *Modern Painters*, 1888, ed. iii, p. 131.

visited London and saw the Turner water-colours in the National Gallery.

Constable's influence was immediate and dramatic. It began in his lifetime, when he had reached the age of forty-eight. Perhaps no painter ever had so sudden and unexpected a success. It happened at the Paris Salon of 1824, but to appreciate the unexpectedness of the success we must return to 1821. In that year Constable, then forty-five years of age, exhibited at the Royal Academy a landscape, fifty and three-quarters inches high, seventy-three inches wide, entitled " Landscape : Noon." Later this picture was called " The Hay-Wain," but " Landscape : Noon " is a better title, because it is an absolute expression of Constable's original and sturdy common sense. It was his way occasionally to describe on the backs of sketches and pictures the season, the time of day, the condition of the atmosphere, the direction of the wind. Leslie, his friend and biographer, owned twenty studies of skies by Constable, without a vestige of foliage in any of them ; and all are dated, with the time of day, the direction of the wind, etc., on their backs. One of them reads thus : " Fifth of September 1822. Ten o'clock morning, looking south-east, brisk wind at west. Very bright and fresh, gray clouds running fast over a yellow bed, about half-way in the sky."

This sort of thing has been done a thousand times since Constable's day, but he started it, and he did so because he had the great and simple idea of going to nature for his material, not to the pictures of other painters, which was the prevalent and honoured custom.

The title of this famous picture of 1821 was changed from " Landscape : Noon," Constable's own title, to " The Hay-Wain " (see frontispiece). It now hangs in the National Gallery, London. As this picture is one of the most significant works in modern landscape painting, it may be interesting to reprint the official description of "The Hay-Wain" from the National Gallery catalogue. The reader should remember that the writers of official catalogues are not asked to be poetical—" In the foreground a shallow stream through which a cart, containing two men, is passing. On the left a half-timbered cottage with steep tiled roofs and gabled walls, flanked by oak trees. On the right a fisherman, half concealed by a bush, stands by his punt. In the middle distance green meadows with woodland beyond. Stormy sky across which cloud cumuli are drifting."

Were " The Hay-Wain " to be offered at auction to-day it would fetch a fortune. In 1821, although it was hung upon the line at the Royal Academy, Constable could not sell it. But a buyer had been nibbling —" a Frenchman," whose name has never been revealed—some say it was Thiebald. Three years later he offered £250 for " The Hay-Wain " and two other works, " An English Canal " and " Hampstead looking towards Harrow," a beautiful picture. Constable agreed. The mysterious Frenchman sent " The Hay-Wain " and the two other Constables to the Salon of 1824, and with that act a great school of modern landscape painting may be said to have begun.

" The Hay-Wain " startled many French artists, sent landscape painters into new pastures, opened the eyes of a youth named Corot, twenty-eight years

of age, and astonished Eugène Delacroix. So impressed was Delacroix with the freshness, the brightness and the naturalness of these three Constables that he completely repainted his " Massacre of Scio " in the four days that elapsed between the first Varnishing Day and the opening of the exhibition.

Books and many essays have treated the question of the extent and duration of the influence of Constable's pictures upon contemporary French art, and on the group of painters known as the men of 1830. The pendulum of appreciation and depreciation, of extreme generosity and grudging acknowledgment, swings through the shelves of dusty libraries (so unlike Constable) ; but at any rate, there is the frank testimony of Delacroix' Journal, and of G. W. Burger (Thoré), the French critic, who affirmed that Constable was the " point de départ " of the Barbizon School. Albert Wolff was less flattering, but read what William Brockedon, an Englishman, wrote to Constable after a visit to the Salon : " The French have been forcibly struck by your pictures, and they have created a division in the school of the landscape painters of France. . . . The next exhibition in France will teem with your imitators. . . ."

What, then, had Constable done ? Why did his " Hay-Wain " arouse artistic France and create a division in the school of landscape painting ? Because at that time art France was still slumbering in classical swathing bands ; because Constable performed the old legerdemain of a return to Nature. This simple gesture has always succeeded ; it always will pay. Constable merely expressed himself as if there had

never been a painter before him : he merely painted the meadows and streams, the trees and the cottages about his father's mill. He refused to believe that nature was the colour of an old Cremona fiddle. Instead, he put the fiddle upon a green lawn, laughed, and went on his way painting pictures showing that grass may be green and skies blue ; that the sun shines, rain wets, wind blows, leaves quiver ; and technically he was one of the innovators (it was not new : nothing is new) who tried to represent the vibration of light with spots and splashes of colour, to counterfeit the sun glitter. His laughing friends called these juxtaposed spots of pure pigment—" Constable's snow." Later, in the days of Impressionism, it was to be known as Pointillism or Divisionism.

His art growth was normal ; simple as the growth of a tree. He became the Constable we know on that day in 1802 when he wrote the following in a letter to his friend Dunthorne : " For the last two years I have been running after pictures, and seeking the truth at second-hand. . . . I shall return to Bergholt, where I shall endeavour to get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes that may employ me. . . . There is room for a natural painter."

There was. There always will be. But it is difficult to be individual, and still more difficult to pursue the proper definition of individuality—that which is left after the individual has forgotten all about himself.

The majority of Constable's notable pictures are in the National Gallery of London, and in the Victoria and Albert Museum. " The Leaping Horse " is in the Diploma Gallery, and there are fine examples in the

Frick collection, New York, and the Widener collection, Philadelphia. Only in London can the full sweep of his simple straightforward genius be studied. And I, who have examined them for years, suggest that his sketches are more desirable than his pictures. The sense of weather in his small panels—heat, rain, wind, storm—has never been excelled. " The Hay-Wain " and " The Leaping Horse " are great pictures, but the rushing impulsive sketches for them are greater.

He was a large-hearted, simple-natured, generous man. Being a very natural painter, he can hardly have admired Turner's flights into dreamland, yet Constable could say this of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1828 : " Turner has some golden visions, glorious and beautiful. They are only visions, but still they are art, and one could live and die with such pictures."

And Constable, having a sense of humour, and knowing how " the old gang " (every age has an " old gang " : you and I are graduating for it) disliked his " weather " pictures, must have been amused on seeing Fuselli, a bad painter but a good joker, enter the Royal Academy rooms with an open umbrella over his head.

" What's the matter, Fuselli ? Are you crazy ? "

" No, I am going to see Mr. Constable's pictures."

Yet this natural painter, who turned his broad back on classicism, and faced the light of day, who painted literally what his eyes saw, and strove with brush and palette knife, and all the resources of his daring technique (daring in his day) to express the movement, glitter and surging life of nature—actual nature—considered that the four most memorable works in the history of landscape painting are Titian's " Peter

Martyr" (destroyed), Poussin's "Deluge," Rubens' "Rainbow," and Rembrandt's "Mill."

Perhaps only the English can really appreciate the English landscapes of John Constable. By practice he made himself into a fine craftsman, and he painted nature so well because he loved her. There was no art jargon about honest John. He was a prosaic man of genius. When Blake, after looking at a drawing of fir trees by Constable, said, "Why, this is not drawing, but inspiration," the artist replied, "I meant it for a drawing."

He did not travel far—perhaps not beyond Paris. In the English countryside he found all he needed: so essentially English is he, so robust, unemotional, and straightforward that I have dared to say that only the English can really appreciate him. It was his handling that the Frenchmen leaped at, not his subjects.

I repeat my opinion that his immense, full-size, dashing studies for "The Hay-Wain" and "The Leaping Horse," which may be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum, are finer than the masterpieces he painted from them. As for his innumerable small sketches on panels, such as "Summer Afternoon after a Shower" and "The Double Rainbow," they are always a delight to examine, so fresh, sparkling and impulsive are they.

He was a pioneer. To-day, of course, *plein-air* painting is a commonplace, but about the year 1800, when he began to get into his stride, and onwards to the early 'twenties when he introduced the innovations with which his name is associated, he looms out from the past as a sturdy original. There is about his work nothing

Study for " The Leaping Horse " (V. & A. Museum)
CONSTABLE. 1776-1837
Photo : V. & A. Museum

Facing page 26

Weymouth Bay (National Gallery)
CONSTABLE, 1776-1837
Photo : National Gallery

Facing page 27

mysterious, nothing unique, only the representation of nature as the normal eye sees her, the movement of leaves, their glitter when they turn and catch the light. Gaily he employed spots and splashes of colour to counterfeit the ways of the sun, touches and scrapings laid on with the palette knife to obtain force and brightness. He realised that nature is animate, ever moving, ever changing under the varying conditions of light, and he was content to paint sometimes roughly, sometimes chaotically what he saw. Constable was a natural painter in a world which had become academical and formal.

" The Hay-Wain," which was awarded a gold medal at the Salon of 1824, is a noble picture, solidly, uncompromisingly English. You see the spots on the trees, showing where the leaves take the light; the glitter on the water; the careful observation of detail; the strong note of red in the harness of the horse (adopted by Corot); the plane of sunlight in the meadow in the middle distance, and the great sky with the threatening rain clouds. Everything in the picture is honest painting, without temperament, without the ripe vision that Old Crome had, but magisterial in the way that Constable welds together his particularised love for the facts of nature.

" The Hay-Wain " has made history, but who would call it his finest picture. There are those who prefer " The Leaping Horse," or " Salisbury From the Meadows " or " The Valley Farm." Some of his smaller works are delightful—the lonely, silvery " Harwich: Sea and Lighthouse "; the grave and luminous " Weymouth Bay "; the " Malvern "; or the simple and

attractive " Cornfield." My personal choice would fall upon one of his studies. They have impulse, freshness; his larger exhibition pictures suffer from his habit of emphasising every inch of the canvas; yet how joyous and natural they are. He was indeed " a Natural Painter," and a great one. He was as ready with his pen as with his tongue. How admirable are these two sayings of his quoted in Leslie's *Life* :*

" I can never look at any object unconnected with a background or other objects."

" The world is wide; no two days are alike nor even two hours; neither were there ever two leaves of a tree alike since the creation of the world."

After Constable, it is a descent into the routine of landscape painting to meet the men whom I have called the Others of his time. Their names, following my plan in the First Volume, are grouped together beneath Constable in the heading of this chapter. Let it be clearly understood that I am not belittling them. These Others, these second- and third-rate landscape painters, are still great favourites with many: some of their works fetch high prices; but as the scheme of this book is to recount the development of landscape painting through the Leaders and Pioneers, the Others, who did not advance the art, need passing mention only.

How apt are some critical asides! Alice Meynell said years ago: " For the landscape of Linnell we have no tolerance; it is lightless, spiritless and violent." There is really nothing to add to that except this: that in 1908 in the Holland sale at Christie's Linnell's " Carrying Wheat," with a grandiose, volcanic sky,

* *Memoirs of the Life of John Constable*, by C. R. Leslie, R.A., 1843.

fetched 1,900 guineas. To-day it would probably not bring a quarter of that sum. Faithful is the public, but the affections of landscape lovers are not always fixed on the best things, and the faithful die, and their children have other loves.

Clarkson Stanfield had some fame in his day. His commonplace, honest pictures, usually sea-pieces, need not detain us; but at his best he had the grand air, seen in his noble sea-piece at the Garrick Club. Neither need Chalon, Callcott, G. R. Lewis, William Havell, J. A. O'Connor, and F. R. Lee, who was a pupil of Linnell's, engage our attention. Yet most of us have a sentimental interest in their pictures, many of which lurk in the galleries of the Victoria and Albert Museum, flouted by students, yet much fancied by elderly folk who approach art through their memories.

John Wilson, Thomson of Duddingston, and Patrick Nasmyth, Scotsmen, receive ample and affectionate notice in Mr. W. D. McKay's book on Scottish Painting.* Again I feel compelled to refer to the auction room as a reminder that these early nineteenth-century landscape painters have still their devoted followers. In 1916, at Christie's, "Leigh Woods," by Patrick Nasmyth, fetched 1,550 guineas. To-day this price might be maintained.

These men had no influence: they opened no window: they stimulated no minds. Constable did. He showed the way to the Barbizon School, and his influence extends to these days—to Wilson Steer, Mark Fisher and many others. But there was a period, lasting

* *The Scottish School of Painting*, by William D. McKay. Duckworth.

till about the middle of the nineteenth century, when his influence seemed to be dimmed.

II

A Group of Water-colour Painters

JOHN SELL COTMAN, 1782-1842.
DAVID COX, 1783-1859.
PETER DE WINT, 1784-1849.
JOHN VARLEY, 1778-1842. SAMUEL PROUT, 1783-1852. COPLEY FIELDING, 1787-1855. J. D. HARDING, 1798-1863. JAMES HOLLAND, 1800-1870. SAMUEL PALMER, 1805-1881. WILLIAM CALLOW, 1812-1908. HENRY BRIGHT, 1814-1873.

We have glanced in Volume I at the art of water-colour, which in England began with the " topographical tramp," and proceeded through tinted architectural drawings to the unrivalled water-colour paintings of Turner and Girtin. Turner conquered in all fields : he produced epics in oil, as well as lyrics in water-colour. I am not comparing the two processes. One does not contrast a great Crome oil painting with a Girtin water-colour, or a dashing oil-and-palette-knife Constable with a loving Cotman. Each has its own place, and if the lyric has a lowlier position than the epic, it certainly has a commanding share of our affections.

The appreciation of water-colour paintings grows. To-day they are more esteemed than ever, and when people urge that they are much easier to produce, or at any rate less tremendously difficult than epical oil paintings, and that, to compare the two, is to compare

a child with an adult, lovers of water-colour painting may console themselves with the memory of the highly important place it holds in the development of landscape painting. Sir Charles Holmes, painter as well as writer, has expressed this briefly and frankly: "The forward movement in English landscape at the close of the eighteenth century was initiated by the painters in water-colour.*

Among these was John Sell Cotman. When I examine his work—it is rather a flitting from joy to joy than an examination—at the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum, those storehouses of Cotman, I feel that, after Turner, he is the greatest of them all. What could be lovelier than his radiant, golden "Landscape with River and Cattle" that lights a wall at the Victoria and Albert Museum; or his "Breaking the Clod" at the British Museum, majestic yet simple, evoking the very essence of the beginning of day; or "The Mumbles," "Duncombe Pool," "Blue Hills and Pools," "Red Deer in Wood"; or "The Drop Gate," or "A Ploughed Field," or any of the "Greta Bridge" and "Greta Woods" pictures. Cotman was at his highest when Greta inspired him.

The best of his few oil paintings are "Wherries on the Yare," at the National Gallery, the sails like great birds, and the "Marine" in the Reginald Tatton collection at Wirswell. Mr. Tatton also owns Constable's 1824 Salon picture, "Hampstead looking towards Harrow."

Cotman sold his drawing of "Charles I at Charing

* *Constable and his Influence on Landscape Painting*, by C. J. Holmes. Constable & Co., 1902.

Cross " for five pounds. That was rather a high price for him; some went during his lifetime for a few shillings. He rarely sold an oil painting. Probably he would have starved had he depended entirely upon his brush.

The Circulating Picture Gallery, which I have advocated for years, originated with Cotman. In those days it was the pedagogic custom to study the drawings of other artists rather than nature. (Constable changed that.) Cotman, with his two sons and daughter, circulated immense numbers of drawings. His students took them home to copy, and thought that they were learning to become artists. This was a precarious way of earning a living for Cotman, and when in 1834 he was appointed Professor of Drawing at King's College School (Dante Gabriel Rossetti was one of his pupils there), he was almost happy, for at last he had a small but fixed income, and artist friends within hail, such as Stark, Prout, Cattermole, Cox, and Varley.

The gleam in the clouds was slight. He was a sensitive, apprehensive man. The world was too much for him. In 1842 he died of " premature exhaustion." Poor Cotman!

It might have eased his mind could he have known that, in the twentieth century, the art world would be excited and delighted by the loan collection of his works at the Tate Gallery, and that the art critic of *The Times* would call him " one of the greatest of English landscape painters, fit to be ranked with Crome, Turner, and Constable."

There were over two hundred Cotmans in the Tate Gallery Loan Collection. It was a joy to watch people,

usually elderly gentlemen and elderly ladies, going carefully round the walls, chuckling and purring with pleasure. For in spite of the changes in art fashion, and the new movements that have swept the world, water-colour retains its hold upon the affections of the English people. It is, as I have said, at once the easiest, and the most difficult medium, very easy to do ill, very difficult to do well. It is the chosen art of the amateur, and amateur water-colourists are often collectors: hence the vogue of the art that Turner made glorious.

When critics complain of the inequality of Cotman's work they should remember that he never emerged from the drawing-master class, that he had a large family to support, and that he was ever troubled about ways and means. The taste of the day was for hot coloured drawings; sometimes he supplied them, and sometimes he tried to produce oil paintings, in the manner of Turner and Crome, for which he had little facility. Many of them have the rich, mahogany look and the heavy masses that people liked: his genius was for limpid and serene water-colours, in orderly patterns, and for indicating, so delicately, the fluttering foliage of trees; and, at times, the romantic air of market places in foreign towns.

I could pick a score of Cotman water-colours from our National collections, and a score more from private collections that would astonish those not familiar with his work, by their beauty and chastened brilliance, just the kind of temperate glow, solemn deeps and pearly light that we find in the moist atmosphere of England. I would include all the " Greta Bridge " and

" Greta Woods " pictures. The eyes dim before their quiet loveliness. Also such " delight " drawings as " Breaking the Clod," " The Drop-Gate," already mentioned, and that *tour de force*, a wonder thing, a Sketch Club composition, done quickly on January 26, 1804, called " Behold Yon Oak." Also some of his interiors, churches with wavy pavements, and sinking, tumbledown pews, wherein his pencil has followed so lovingly the lurches of Time, set aflame, here and there, by his colour sense, that worked vividly when he was happy and carefree.

In the British Museum is a small water-colour portrait, a few inches high, by Cotman, of John Crome—bullet-headed, ruddy. I wish that Cotman had made a portrait of good Doctor Monro of the Adelphi, whose wont it was to gather young artists of talent in his studio-room overlooking the Thames, and set them copying the drawings of Cozens and others. There once sat three youths day after day—Turner, Girtin, and Cotman, learning from each other and the past.

What talk they must have had—these three boys of genius ! They must have been conscious of their power : but they can hardly have dreamed of the great figures they would make in the world, admired and honoured to-day more than ever. Turner, Girtin and Cotman ! Cotman, a member of the Norwich School, now, like Old Crome, belongs to the world.

David Cox, breezy painter in water-colours, and oils (over one hundred are known) and teacher of drawing, has not made a great stir in the big world ; but to exiled Englishmen, and to others who have liked the British School of water-colour painting more than many

things in Art, he is a sturdy, intimate, and well-loved figure. Successful, too, in these days. In 1916, in the Barrett sale, his "Vale of Clwyd" fetched 4,600 guineas. Modest David Cox used to say, "some day (D.V.) I hope to get £100 for a picture." That was denied him. He received but fifty guineas for "The Hayfield," which in 1875 brought £2,950.

He was a typical early nineteenth-century water-colour artist. Like Turner, he tramped the country, making fresh, beautiful pictures of anything he saw and loved. For many of his water-colours he obtained but a few shillings.

David Cox was a true child of nature, simple in character, with a sturdy vigour in his touch, for which he has been compared to Constable. He had a strong sense for the picturesque, and we find in him much of Constable's absorption in weather, the effect of the time of day, and of light.

There are forty-two drawings by David Cox in the British Museum, twenty-two in the South Kensington Museum, and fine collections in Birmingham and Manchester. Indeed, most of the important British galleries own a Cox or more. The very titles of them call to mind the scene they present: "The Stubble Field with Gleaners," "Lancaster Sands," "Rhyl Sands," "The Skylark," "The Welsh Funeral," "Peat Gatherers Returning from the Moors," and the breezy little oil in the National Gallery now called "A Windy Day," but known when it was in the Salting Collection as "Crossing the Common."

His water-colours are unobtrusive, yet they have an arresting power in a picture gallery. When I was last in

the Whitworth Gallery in Manchester, which is dedicated mainly to water-colours, the picture in the large room which drew my attention, and which has remained in memory ever since, was " The Thames at Purfleet," by David Cox, signed and dated 1857. It is quite small and very beautiful. In colour it is grey and gold ; a storm threatens ; there is one sail on the water ; and arching over the entire picture is a wonderful rainbow. You feel that this was painted not to show his own cleverness—there was nothing of that in David Cox—but to render an aspect of nature that he had seen suddenly and loved.

Had it not been for the money he earned as a drawing master, chiefly in young ladies' seminaries, he could hardly have made a living by his art. Nature gifted him ; but she was not kind as regards his early environment. His father was a whitesmith, and David, as a boy, was taught to wield a large hammer. This occupation proving too strenuous for him, he was apprenticed to a maker of lockets and brooches, upon which he made miniature designs. Later he was colour grinder to the scene painters of the Birmingham Theatre, and when he travelled to London in 1804 he obtained employment in the scenic department at Astley's Theatre. Soon after this he received lessons in water-colour painting from John Varley (William Muller taught him oil painting), and so gradually he adopted the precarious occupation of artist.

Wales was his chief painting-ground, and one of his favourite haunts was " The Oak " Inn at Bettys-y-Coed, for which he painted a signboard, which has made " The Oak " a place of pilgrimage.

It was while teaching drawing at a ladies' school at Hereford, in 1814, that he prepared " A Treatise on Landscape Painting and Effect in Water-colours: From the First Rudiments to the Finished Picture: With Examples in Outline, Effect and Colouring." They liked long titles in those days. The treatise has been issued by *The Studio* as an Extra Number, with pages of delightful illustrations.

This Treatise on Landscape Painting is quite ordinary. It is not a book; it is a brief essay; and when he has to treat the subject of Light and Shade, he frankly gives a long, long quotation, " extracted from a celebrated Work."

I turn from the essay to the many pages of drawings and paintings. There is the real David Cox, speaking in his rightful medium. It is an education to study his representations of the birch, elm, willow, oak, beech, ash. Many of his pictures are adorable. But it is useless to describe them. They must be seen. And to see a fine David Cox is to love it and the man.

Thackeray was a great admirer of David Cox. In " A Pictorial Rhapsody," contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*, after complaining of the " monstrous theatrical effects " of some of the drawings at the Old Water-colour Society, and " monstrous, flaring Drury Lane tricks and claptraps " (Thackeray was no Modernist), he begins to praise " D. Cox, who is not guilty of these crimes." Then he proceeds to commend Cox's quiet landscapes, moist grass, cool trees, and expresses a wish that " this excellent painter will remain out of doors, amidst such quiet scenes as he loves, and not busy himself with Gothicism, Middle-Ageism and the

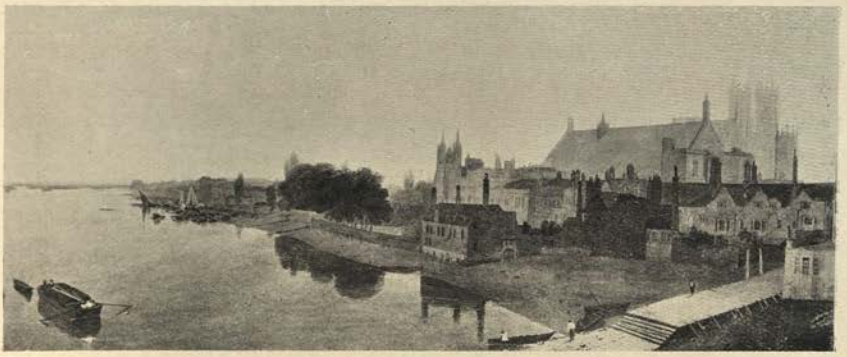
painting of quaint interiors." Later in the essay, when tired of other pictures, he sighs for " a little quiet grey waste of David Cox."

To turn from David Cox to Peter de Wint is like passing from a breezy moor to a quiet room overlooking a quiet country. Gravity is the note of Peter de Wint, or shall I say the feeling for propriety which he inherited from his Dutch ancestry. He liked the level country of Lincolnshire, the meanderings of rivers, and huddle of old buildings, which he made orderly. His drawings evoke composure. Recall his " Bray on the Thames " and the " Thames from Greenwich Hill " ; even his active scenes, such as " Near Christchurch," have a melodious dignity ; but of them all the one I like best is his " Westminster," a long, quiet, luminous topographical drawing showing the Abbey, Westminster Hall, and the old Houses of Parliament. This satisfies the demand, which I have expressed before, that a picture should be something more than a picture. To a lovely drawing he has added the romance of history, and the memory of historic buildings, some gone, others changed ; he bequeaths to us a vision of peace in the bustling present.

Of Peter de Wint's oil paintings I am not an admirer. There is a wall of them at the Victoria and Albert Museum—serious, earnest, but heavy and lifeless.

Regarding the lesser water-colourists of the day, a few words will suffice. Copley Fielding was a sound painter : there are those who love his spacious, airless views of the Sussex Downs. James Holland, Samuel Prout, Samuel Palmer, William Callow, Henry Bright, all have their admirers. Call them unimportant com-

c. 1830



Westminster, showing the Abbey, Westminster Hall, and the old Houses of Parliament (V. & A. Museum)
PETER DE WINT, 1784-1849
Photo : V. & A. Museum

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Breaking the Clod (British Museum)
COTMAN, 1782-1842
Photo : Artists' Illustrators

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pared with the great men, if you will, but again and again one meets water-colours by them that evoke starts of pleasure and gratitude. I saw once, at an exhibition in Canterbury, a lovely little thing by John Varley, a small transparent water-colour, a scene in the Welsh hills, which rise to a quiet sky ; and in the foreground water, and a few wild things of nature. It is beautifully drawn, and the transparent colour glows. Each time I looked at it I said to myself, " Essential beauty, the moment eternal, a lyric : here Varley, who produced many dull drawings, rose above himself." Hanging above it was another Varley, a drawing-master kind of thing. He, like most of these early men, earned his living by teaching drawing. The drawing-master kind of thing was hard, tight and laboured. But Varley could produce that lovely lyric, when the inspiration was on him, because he had learned his business in doing, slowly and patiently, that drawing-master kind of thing.

Once in the Suffolk country, while looking for a novel in the library of a seaside town, I picked up a little book, an odd, old-fashioned little book, all about nature and the men who paint landscapes, and about seed-time and harvest, and valleys and hills, and spring-time. This little old-fashioned book also gossiped of a landscape painter who died in 1863—J. D. Harding. Harding was a drawing master, and he taught his pupils year in and year out that landscape painting is a sort of religious art to show forth the praise of the Creator. He said that to landscape painters it had been given to see the beauty of the world beyond other men, and that they must be faithful in reproducing the wonder and the beauty in nature. In a word, he taught them

what Ruskin was afterwards to proclaim to a heedless world—that all great art is Praise.

As I read, the little army of water-colourists swept before me—men who had, consciously or unconsciously, assimilated old Harding's teaching, men with big bodies and big beards, living simple lives far from towns, who now rest in unvisited tombs. You meet their descendants to-day in outlying parts of the country, peering at the landscape with deep-set eyes, and silently setting down what they see. They pitch their easels behind hedges, and alongside mills, and in gardens, and under the shadow of old farmhouses. And as they grow older they become more and more at one with nature, liking the life of towns less and less ; their canvases accumulate, for usually they do not understand the art of selling their wares, and then one day death trips them up and they die as they lived, inarticulate in everything except paint.

I have dwelt at some length upon these pioneer water-colour painters because soon, very soon, those who practise the art, and who should find a place in this book, will multiply greatly, and water-colour painting will become so popular and acceptable a branch of art that I shall not be able even to mention the names of many of them.

But certain things are fixed : one of them is the great artistic sensibility of John Sell Cotman, designer and inventor of landscape. And if you want a statement of the feelings and intentions of Cotman and his friends there are no better words than those uttered by John Constable about his own Suffolk : " I love every stile, and stump, and lane in the village ; as long as I am able to hold a brush I shall never cease to paint them."

III

Delacroix and Bonington

GERICAULT, 1791-1824.
DELACROIX, 1798-1863.
BONINGTON, 1802-1828.

K. ROTTMAN, 1798-1850. HEINRICH BURKEL, 1802-1869. VICTOR HUGO, 1802-1885. DECAMPS, 1803-1860. ISABEY, 1803-1886. PAUL HUET, 1804-1869. MORITZ SCHWIND, 1804-1871. PROSPER MARILHAT, 1811-1847.

From the still, small voices of the British water-colour men we pass to the whirlwind of Eugène Delacroix, and the excited talk and writing, now almost quietened, about Romanticism and the Romantic Movement. Yet those modest water-colour artists played their part, following Constable and Bonington, in the re-birth of landscape painting in France. In the Salon of 1822, two years before Constable's success with "The Hay-Wain," the year when Delacroix exposed his "Dante and Virgil," then revolutionary, now reactionary, water-colours by Bonington, Copley Fielding, G. F. Robson, John Varley, Harding and others were shown. "These easy, spirited productions," we are told,* "with their skies washed in broadly, and their bright, clear tones, were like a revelation to the young French artists of the period." This exhibition may be called the beginning of the end of formal classical landscape painting.

Those who have written on that period have never quite agreed as to the titles and numbers of the English

* *The History of Modern Painting*, Vol. II, by Richard Muther. Dent, 1907.

pictures in the 1824 Salon. We have copied one another's names and figures, and some of us have tried, as I have, to " verify our references " by referring to a copy of the 1824 Salon Catalogue ; but it was not to be obtained : it was out of print, and out of date.

And now ?—Here is a war gain ! An officer of the Victoria and Albert Museum, while on war service in France, found, in an old cathedral city, a copy of the 1824 Salon Catalogue, bought it for a trifle, and presented it to the Library of the Victoria and Albert Museum. It was analysed by Mr. Basil S. Long for the *Connoisseur* of February, 1924, to whose editor and to Mr. Long I present my compliments for this very interesting information. Now, at last, art writers have a complete list of the English pictures " exposés au Musée Royal des Arts, le 25 Aout 1824 "—about fifty.

Constable showed three—" The Hay-Wain," which appears in the 1824 Salon Catalogue under this title—" 358—Une charrette à foin traversant un gué au pied d'une ferme : paysage." The other two were " 359—Un canal en Angleterre : paysage," and " Vue près de Londres : Hampstead Heath," now called " Hampstead looking towards Harrow."

Bonington had five—" Etude en Flandre " ; " Vue d'Abbeville," aquarelle ; " Une plage sablonneuse " ; and two marines.

Copley Fielding sent nine, of which three were oil paintings, the others water-colours. They included views of Hastings, Hythe, the Thames at Deptford, Chepstow, and Harlech.

Thales Fielding, a brother of Copley Fielding, sent three, including a water-colour of " Macbeth and the

Witches." Delacroix, it is said, helped him with this.

John Varley had two, one of them being a Mountain in Ireland. James Harding—one, a view of York. Henry Gastineau—seven, chiefly of Yorkshire and Scotland. William Linton—one. Samuel Prout—four, foreign scenes. James Roberts—two. Samuel Austin—one. Stephen Catterson Smith—three. William Wyld—four. Other Englishmen also exhibited—there were engravings by Charles Thompson and J. T. Wedgwood and a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his great manner, of " M. le duc de Richelieu." Constable was awarded a gold medal. Bonington, Copley Fielding and Charles Thompson also received medals. Sir T. Lawrence was created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

The influence of the English is acknowledged frankly by Delacroix in his article " Questions sur le Beau " in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1854.

In his vigorous way Delacroix dashed off seascapes, such as " Christ Asleep During the Storm," one of his best ; but those who pause before his " Sketch for the Shipwreck of Don Juan," in the Constantine Ionides collection at South Kensington—dark, crowded, confused—place it among those pictures that are interesting historically, but entirely unattractive. Delacroix had a fine intellect ; he was a daring and imposing painter, and a forcible writer. Meier-Graefe, no doubt, is right in saying that " To write adequately about Delacroix would be to relate the whole history of modern art," and that his *Journal* should be " a sort of Bible for young painters."* Unlike the Bible, his *Journal* is now out of print.

* *Modern Art*, by Julius Meier-Graefe. Heinemann, 1908.

Eugène Delacroix is an outstanding figure, but we write and speak his name oftener than we look upon his pictures. He has been called " The Fountainhead of all Modern Art." I would rather call him the Father of the Modern Exhibition Picture. He had a splendid sense of rhetorical decoration : his " Execution of the Doge Marino Faliero " is the ancestor of the flaming, melodramatic Salon picture. Rightly he esteemed this picture his masterpiece. It was exhibited at the Salon of 1827, when he was twenty-nine years of age, and it aroused " a veritable torrent of abuse," as did most of his pictures.

It is difficult, in these days of liberty and licence in painting, to think ourselves back into the times of Delacroix, to the turbulent early years of the nineteenth century, when the battle of Classicism versus Romanticism, or the " Poussinistes " versus the " Rubenistes " was fought year after year. Delacroix was the chief figure of the revolt against the tyranny of academic art. He was in the tradition of Rubens ; he was a vital man of great energy, who, like van Gogh, in later years, attacked a subject and flung it upon the canvas. His " Dante and Virgil," which was bought by France for a meagre 1,200 francs, was painted in ten weeks. He was the child of his age. Had he been living to-day, he would no doubt have controlled and disciplined his great talents, for in the twentieth century nobody wants the kind of tempestuous, ungainly pictures that he painted. Ah, it is necessary to be charitable, and to encourage the historic sense when we enter the Louvre and regard with a fugitive eye his " Entry of the Crusaders into Constantinople," his " Bride of Abydos," his " Algerian Women in their Apartment," the first-fruits

of his journey to Morocco; or his ceilings and decorations in the Salon du Roi, the Libraries of the Palais Bourbon, the Chamber of Deputies, and elsewhere throughout France. It is an art of a past day: a robustious art that we have outlived, and that we find tiresome. But it is interesting historically. Two of his pictures are the centres of legends that are repeated again and again in art books, and that happen to be true. They are "Dante and Virgil" of 1822, and the "Massacre of Scio" of 1824. And it is interesting to recall that Delacroix described landscape painting as "the minor art of a specialist." For to-day, in the opinion of many, it is the landscape and seascape portions of these pictures that make them memorable.

Delacroix was an impetuous man, as we know from his *Journal*. He tells us that when he saw "The Raft of the Medusa," by Géricault, a fellow student, in the Salon of 1810, he was so impressed by its intense realism that he "ran through the streets like a madman" and—and—later painted "Dante and Virgil."

His "Massacre of Scio," another of his repulsive bloodshed pictures, is connected, as I have already described, but it bears repeating here, with that homely man of genius, John Constable. When Delacroix saw Constable's "Hay-Wain," he was so impressed and excited by it that he obtained permission to withdraw the "Massacre of Scio" from the exhibition for a few days, and "completely repainted it with incredible rapidity." Probably he only touched it up in imitation of Constable's glitter, and added glazes to the background.

Some years ago a very interesting picture by Géricault, which may be described as a landscape, was

shown in London, and acquired by Sir Hugh Lane for the Johannesburg Municipal Gallery. It was "The Passage of the Ravine," painted in 1816, when Géricault was but twenty-one years of age, a remarkable picture for a youth to produce, exuberant and dramatic, which may be regarded as one of the heralds of the revolt against classicism. If Delacroix saw it, why did it not make a greater impression upon him than "The Raft of the Medusa"? Another picture by Géricault, "The Derby at Epsom," with a great wind-swept lowering sky, has more of a modern look: indeed, it might have been painted to-day. A genius this Géricault, who lived but thirty-three years, whose "Raft of the Medusa" marked the beginning of the struggle between the Classic and Romantic schools, and who as a landscape painter is the equal, if not the superior, of Delacroix.

Bonington and Delacroix were friends—Bonington, that youth of great promise, who had a shorter life than Géricault, dying when he was but twenty-six. He was also friendly with Géricault, and it is due to Bonington, who lived much in France, and absorbed French as well as English culture, that Géricault and Delacroix were put in the way of understanding and appreciating English painting. Constable has the chief credit for opening the eyes of the French painters to nature, and so preparing the way for the Barbizon School, but Bonington also shares in the honour, and in a lesser degree the group of English water-colourists already mentioned.

Of Bonington, Delacroix wrote: "I knew him well and loved him much. When I first came across him, about 1816 or 1817, he had already an astonishing

dexterity in water-colours, which were then an English novelty. His dexterity was so great that in a moment he produced with his brush new effects, which were as charming as the first."

The date of Bonington's birth is given in catalogues and biographical dictionaries as 1801 ; but recent researches, in the register of baptisms of the High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham, have revealed the following entry : " Richard Parkes Bonington, son of Richard Bonington and Eleanor his wife (daughter of Thomas Parkes), born 25th October, 1802."

This discovery is of importance only because it gives this youth a life of but twenty-six years, not twenty-seven as had been supposed. So he is the youngest artist who ever achieved an international reputation. Bonington can certainly be called international. Born in Nottingham, trained in France, and a link between French and English artists, he first visited France with his family when he was sixteen. He stayed at Calais, where he studied under Louis Françia. A year later he was in Paris, working in the Louvre, at the École des Beaux Arts, and in the atelier of Baron Gros. In 1822 he visited Italy, and painted feverishly at Venice. He returned to Paris and resumed his intercourse with Delacroix, who was four years his senior.

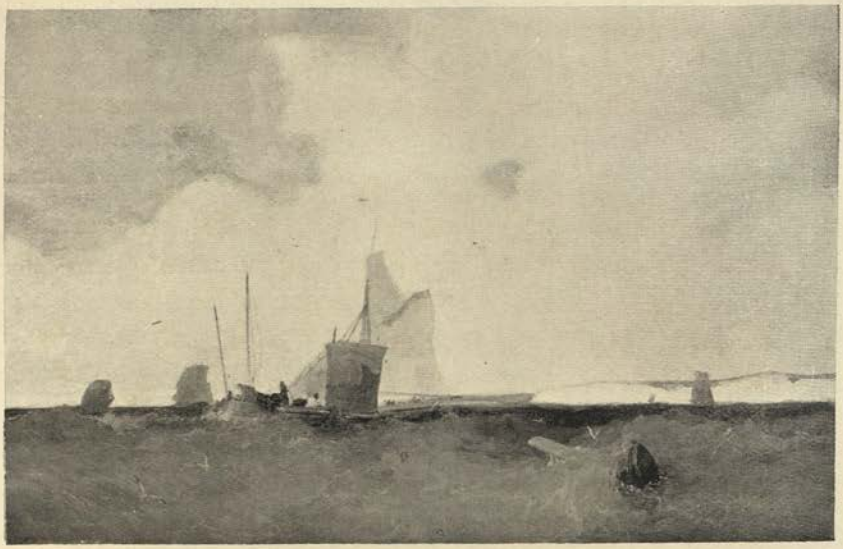
There are two Boningtons—the landscape and the genre painter—and nowhere can he be seen to such advantage as in the Wallace Collection, which contains thirty-six examples by him. One of them, called " Sea Piece : Cutter Getting under Way," is so startlingly true and beautiful that had he painted nothing but this it would have made his reputation. It is a wonderful

sea, green and gold in colour, full of movement, luminous, and palpitating with life. The drawing of the lashing waves baffles analysis. Their movement seems to have been willed rather than painted, and the great, soft sky is masterly. His " Coast of Picardy " is another remarkable rendering. This is as placid as the " Sea Piece " is lively, and as for his genre pictures, the subjects of which were drawn from the French Memoir writers, and the intimate history of the Valois kings, they glow with life, and are often as witty as a Goya. " Henry III and the English Ambassador " has style and character, " Henry IV and the Spanish Ambassador " ripples with humour. In all we feel that the anecdote is but a motive for the working out of a pictorial problem. Many of these genre pictures are just small notes of colour and characterisation. He was also an adept at architecture. " The Piazza, San Marco, Venice," glows with a golden light, and it is beautifully drawn. There is a curious and attractive intimacy about his " Leaning Towers, Bologna." The Louvre possesses some excellent Boningtons, including his lovely " View of the Park at Versailles."

Bonington was a born painter. Everything he did has style. He was never dull or laborious, and had he lived it is likely, I think, that he would have developed into one of the greatest of landscape painters. I doubt if either Turner or Winslow Homer ever painted the sea with more dash, sensibility and knowledge than Bonington did in his " Sea Piece," all a-tremble with excitement and salty flavour.

To pass away at twenty-six, and to have done in painting what he did, is—genius.

c. 1825



A Sea Piece (Wallace Gallery)
BONINGTON, 1802-1828
Photo : Wallace Gallery

LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

Souvenir D'Italie (Louvre)
COROT, 1796-1875

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One of the pleasantest pictures by A. G. Décamps, the French Romantic and Orientalist, is the " Villa Doria—Pamfili," now in the Wallace Gallery. It is a grave, sophisticated landscape, pleasant to look upon, agreeable to remember. And there are other agreeable landscapes by him, such as the " Passage Turc," at Chantilly ; but he was a landscape painter intermittently only.

Prosper Marilhat, another Orientalist, who died at the age of thirty-six, painted some delightful eastern scenes ; but he was at his strongest in reproducing his native Auvergne. There is a massive quality about his " Auvergne Landscape " in the Louvre ; but it is also tender and poetical.

" Your ' Inundation ' is a masterpiece," said Delacroix to Paul Huet, when he saw " The Inundation of St. Cloud " before it was shown at the Exposition of 1855. Delacroix had not been an admirer of Huet, and this outburst of praise has been explained away by Meier-Graefe as " merely a civility."

It is certainly a dashing landscape, melodramatic, powerful, no doubt, a spirited illustration of the actual scene. " Huet," says Emile Michel, " was one of the pioneers who not only saw the Promised Land, but entered it."* He had known Bonington, and he had admired Constable ; but Huet was rather an old man awakening than a pioneer.

A word must be said about three Germans. Moritz Schwind has been called " the last of the Romantics," but romanticism never dies. Schwind's " A Hermit

* *Great Masters of Landscape Painting*, by Emile Michel. Heinemann, 1910.

Leading Horses to a Pool" is attractive and might be described as a chastened Böcklin. "A Downpour in the Mountains," by Heinrich Burkel, is exciting. It has fifty per cent. more of melodrama than Huet's "Inundation." Karl Rottman was facile and scenic. Finally, may I mention Victor Hugo? He appeared as a "dramatist in landscape" at the exhibition of painter-poets in Paris in 1891: there are worse romantic landscapes than his "Ruins of a Mediæval Castle on the Rhine."

But the time for lesser landscape painters is past. Constable and Bonington have paved the way: we proceed into a new country, where pure landscape painting reigns, where there is light and air, subtleties and dreams, where dwell Corot, Rousseau and Millet.

IV

The Barbizon School.

COROT, 1796-1875.
ROUSSEAU, 1812-1867.
MILLET, 1814-1875.
DAUBIGNY, 1817-1877.

DIAZ, 1808-1876. TROYON, 1810-1865. ZIEM, 1811-1869. JULES DUPRÉ, 1812-1889. JACQUE, 1813-1894. AUGUSTE RAVIER, 1814-1895. F. LOUIS FRANCAIS, 1814-1897.

Here are eleven painters grouped under the heading of "The Barbizon School." I use the title merely for convenience as in later chapters the terms, "Impressionists," "Post-Impressionists," etc., are employed. Grouping in schools makes for simplicity.

Corot, Millet and Rousseau are as different as artists can be, but each was more or less associated with Barbizon, the village on the western outskirts of the forest of Fontainebleau, thirty miles south-east from Paris. Rousseau and Millet lived there for many years, Corot and Daubigny were infrequent visitors. The Others were friends or acquaintances of these great men, and custom has grouped them as belonging to " The Barbizon School." " The men of 1830 " some like to call them. *The Barbizon School** is the title of Mr. D. C. Thomson's excellent work, to which I and other writers are indebted.

Camille Corot, born twenty years after John Constable, was twenty-eight when " The Hay-Wain " was shown at the Salon of 1824. Did he see that famous picture ? Was he one of the French artists who stood before " The Hay-Wain " realising that here, at least, was something like nature, sparkling and fresh. There is no record that the youth Corot was affected by Constable, but the Constable broken colour, brisk handling, and simple vision were being discussed and adapted, and an artist with such delicate perceptions as Corot must have felt that he, too, could be a natural painter, and a pursuer of the beauty of light.

To speak the name Corot is to evoke from green glades, silent pools, rolling meadows and shimmering trees the group of landscape painters who freed France from the classical platitudes of Joseph Vernet and Hubert-Robert. They gave to the world a new vision of nature, new because they loved light, atmosphere, tone, and ignored Roman ruins and classical compositions.

* *The Barbizon School*, by D. C. Thomson. 1890.

Corot stands alone. He was the friend of the men of 1830, as he was the friend of all the world, yet he seems solitary. In point of date, he was the only member of the Barbizon School who was born in the eighteenth century, and he stands alone in regard to his work, his method, his optimism, and his love of wandering. His work was consistently lyrical, tender, intimate; for him the shyness of dawn, the benediction of sunset, pearly solitudes and trembling leaves; not for him the peasant comradeship of Millet, the organ note of Rousseau, or the big line of Daubigny. Soft, suffused with sentiment—these are the adjectives applicable to "le père Corot." He is one of the world's landscape favourites.

So keen has been the desire to acquire Corots that reaction has set in, and the younger generations, confronted by big, darkening Corots in public and private collections, have wondered that their elders should have esteemed him so highly. The younger generations are right and wrong. The big Corot "machines" are often tiresome. Père Corot was not an exacting analyst in regard to his own performances. He had a passion for painting: he had little aptitude for rejection. He loved painting so intensely, he was by nature so amiable and gentle, the sun always shining for him, the birds always singing, that he could not exercise, with his own works, the rigorous self-criticism that less gifted but more critical artists employ. He painted so ardently, so industriously that in his seventy-nine years there proceeded from his studio over 2,000 pictures.

It would be ungracious to use the word pot-boiler in regard to some of Corot's productions. I will not do

so. I will merely say that Corots are so abundant that it is very necessary to select from the abundance. At his best there is no one near him ; no other painter has mastered his secret of silvery atmosphere, trees that seem to be rustling in the breeze, light that lingers. Final in beauty and subtlety are such masterpieces as " The Lake " in the Frick Collection, New York, and " Souvenir d'Italie " in the Louvre. His integrity, his sense of beauty, his charm of vision, are constantly restoring him to his rightful place in the connoisseur's affections : again and again has it happened that a small Corot in a public exhibition, regarded as " unimportant," has, with swift appeal, restored Corot to the position of the most sensitive and companionable of landscape painters. There are few things better in the painting world than a small, fresh, " unimportant " Corot. Like Whistler, his vision was impeccable when he was deeply moved and painting only for himself.

Corot is universally known as a landscape painter, but, like most landscapists of the first rank, he was equally skilful with the figure. His figures are monumental, like Millet's, and they have the air of inevitability. How perfect is " The Toilet "—the feathery trees, the two placid figures in the foreground, the *plein-air* feeling of this decorative, life-giving panel.

Corot's favourite hour was dawn : he was up with the sun, and he was one of the first (Richard Wilson was before him) to look against, not with the sun, a process that reveals the subtleties of light and shade that he pursued. Corot was and is very popular, but time may show that the depth of his feeling and the boldness of his design are nearer mastery in his early

pictures, before he had acquired the charming Corot facility which, although it did not materially affect his art, rubbed a little of the bloom from his bright wings. Yet to realise how great he was, how lyrically modern, we have only to glance at the Frenchmen who immediately preceded him. How uninspiring those portentous classicists are. One landscape painter only emerges who shows anything of the modern spirit—George Michel, of whom I wrote in the First Volume. He was an original, a modest pioneer, who has been granted by the Twentieth Century the acknowledgment denied to him by the Nineteenth.

Michel was of the earth. Corot was a lark, ever singing, ever on the wing. Never was there such a lyrical painter, and the world is captivated by him, as it is captivated by the lark's song in a clear sky. France is very proud to-day of her great painter son, sprung from worthy parents who happened to be a hairdresser and a dressmaker, who has given world fame to Ville D'Avray, his chief painting ground, four miles from Paris, and Fontainebleau, which he helped to make popular as a resort of artists.

Corot has been called the Father of modern landscape painting, which I can hardly accept as Constable was born twenty years earlier, and Turner twenty-one. It is interesting to remember that, in 1827, when Corot first exhibited at the Salon with a " Vue prise à Narni," this picture was hung between a Constable and a Bonington.

It is entirely right to call Corot the Father of modern French landscape painting, for Michel of Montmartre was an isolated phenomenon, and neither he nor Corot

owed anything to Claude Lorrain and his followers. Corot was a re-birth. He was the first of the Barbizon School, as it is called. Corot was born in 1796; Rousseau and Dupré in 1812; Millet in 1814; Daubigny in 1817.

As the modern world is apt to accept Corot without discrimination, it is interesting to recall what Millet thought of him: "His pictures are very beautiful, but show nothing new." True, there is nothing *new* in the young green of spring, or a lark singing in the blue vault, or the quiet-coloured end of day. Corot was no voyager in deepening experiences. He said of Millet: "His work is strange country to me. It frightens me. I like my own little music better."

There is nothing new to learn about Corot's pictorial music, and whenever I read a fresh, bright book about him, such as Everard Meynell's *Corot and his Friends*, it is the man and his sayings that I linger over. Corot was pure in heart: he belongs to the class, to be found in all ages, from which the Disciples were drawn—full of love and without guile.

He said of Rousseau, a friend but also a rival, "He is an eagle, I but a twittering lark." He called Boudin "the King of the Skies." Of Daubigny he said: "I thank Heaven I have lived in the same century as that great painter."

Throughout his life he scattered wise and beautiful sayings. "If I sing it is because I feel as happy as a little bird." "Never paint a subject unless it calls insistently and distinctly upon your eye and heart." "Art should be an individual expression of the verities, an ardour that conceals nothing." "I pray God every day

that He will keep me a child ; that is to say, that He will enable me to see and draw with the eye of a child." " Friend, you go too quickly ; your study has no basis of drawing ; you will never get it right."

But the famous letter describing the feelings of a landscape painter during a beautiful day in the country —" Bing ! the sky brightens—Bam ! the sun is up . . . Bam ! Bam ! the sun sinks towards the horizon," and so on—is not, we are told, by Corot. It was written by a literary friend who felt with Corot. It was what Corot might have written had he been a man of letters.

Well, Père Corot remains a lovable and gracious figure—the ideal landscape painter. When I visit Paris and walk along the Quai Voltaire to No. 15, old Paris still, I see in the mind's eye a sign on the door—" Corot, Paysagiste."

But the heart of Corot is at Ville d'Avray. There was the pond he painted : there he loved to be.

" The French public," says a German writer, " has a boundless adoration for Corot. His popularity has even put Millet in the shade." Yet Millet's place in the shade has a power denied to Corot's place in the sun. These two great Frenchmen are not rivals : they supplement one another. Corot flew on roseate, pearly wings : Millet—peasant Millet—laboriously trod the earth. Eighteen years Corot's junior, it may be argued that he was eighteen years nearer to the anxious questioning heart of the Nineteenth Century, and that the spirit of the age informed and directed his work. Be that as it may, there is a profundity in Millet that is not to be found in Corot. Choose which you will—the twitter of the lark or the murmur of the peasant.

Outskirts of Fontainebleau (Louvre)
ROUSSEAU, 1812-1867

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Spring (Louvre)
MILLET, 1814-1875

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When Millet touched landscape he struck a wider, deeper note than Corot. Where, among Corot's landscapes, is there one to be compared to that strange, alluring, raw, busy picture by Millet called " Spring," now in the Louvre ? Corot approached his themes with mind already made up as to how he would paint them, always following the lines of his own lovely convention. Not so Millet. That " Spring " of his in the Louvre forced itself upon his feelings, insisted upon being painted, just as a day in spring, scurrying into life under sun and shower, forces itself upon the notice of the wayfarer. So with Millet's " Autumn," in the Metropolitan Museum, New York : here is fulness, richness ; here is nature fertilising the artist ; so with those wonderful pastels in the Quincey Adams Shaw collection at Boston, U.S.A., such unpremeditated yet complete statements as " Farmyard by Moonlight," " The Little Goose Girl," and " The Way Through the Wheat."

Corot evades the deep questions of the world. Millet looks at them and answers. Corot is lyrical, Millet is epical. Corot is a brook murmuring beauty, Millet is a deep river.

Millet takes his place among those artists who never swerved from rectitude in their pursuit of art. The trivial things, for ready sale, that he made in early life to satisfy hunger, were done before he had " found himself." Have you ever seen a Millet pot-boiler, a Millet " machine," a Millet canvas painted to outshine its neighbours ? Never ! You will find in the work of Corot many pictures that are perilously near to pot-boilers ; you will find even in Rousseau the great tree

and the dim forest repeated—for exhibition purposes; but Millet was otherwise.

His " life was an act of conviction," and life to him was his art. He sought no fame: he never painted a picture either to " épater les bourgeois," or to entice the millionaire. It was not his fault that at the Sécrétan sale, in 1889, " The Angelus," one of the least fine, and the least Millet-like of all his works, fetched £22,000. That was due to the cleverness of the organisers of the sale who, knowing the public, and realising, which was quite manifest, the sentiment of the picture, advertised " The Angelus," and deftly pushed it into the " record " class.

The price it brought would surely have distressed Millet. The simple, sincere nature of a man who found eternity in the gesture of a sower, and happiness in the hard, placid life of a peasant's three-room cottage, would have shrunk from the modern " get on or get out " propaganda. He might have been glad to receive more for " The Angelus " than the few hundred francs he obtained, for there were children to educate and paints and canvas to buy; but £22,000! No, it would have affrighted him and shamed his honesty.

What a splendid procession of sincere records is that in the Boston Museum, U.S.A., already referred to, the largest collection of Millets in any gallery. Of nearly all of them it can be said that each is significant, each a personal message of something seen intimately and felt profoundly. It may be only a woodcut of a shepherdess knitting, a drawing called " Watering the Cow "; a painting of buckwheat reapers, of potato planters, or sheep shearing; but each, whatever the

subject, carries the conviction of inevitability; each gives the elemental significance of the operation, each has that firm understanding of life and mass that won for Millet the honoured title of the Michelangelo of the Peasant.

Whatever he saw and felt he could show upon his canvas. Who better than he could paint a flight of circling, swerving birds in the sky, or a storm surging up? He could make a donkey heroic, and dignify a manure cart: he more than anybody else exposed "the lie of the noble subject." Claude and Turner felt obliged to make the Grand Tour in search of noble subjects; Millet found everything in his back garden, and in the potato field. "Washerwoman at a Tub" makes "Cleopatra's Barge" or "Niobe's Children" look rhetorical and trivial. The action of his "Sower" casting seed does what Blake's design of the "Eternal" scattering the heavens with stars quite fails to do. Blake, in ecstatic vision, attempted to explain the Universal; Millet, in simple understanding, expounded the Particular.

The modern way of dividing painters into landscape and figure men, to which I have already referred, gets no credence from Millet. He was equally competent with the figure as with landscape. In his "Spring" it is spring he paints, in his "Sower" it is man he paints, and each is much more than the actual thing seen, each is nature, and man seen through a temperament, seen so finely and nobly that the worker in the fields has been, through his art, lifted into something noble and heroic. Millet gave to agriculture the lure of poetry. To-day, as the seasons progress, and we walk by homestead and midden, by the ploughed field and the humble

allotment, the figures of the workers take on a deeper significance, and to the lips rise the words, " See, a Millet ! "

It is interesting to know what Millet thought of Watteau and Boucher. He found in Watteau a little theatrical world which oppressed him. Boucher was to Millet an object of repulsion.

There has been tearful writing about Millet's poverty, and lamentations that a man of genius should have been obliged to live the life of a peasant. But that was just the kind of life that brought out the best in Millet. Certainly he had a struggle, but he also had the immense consolation of art. His penury had bright intervals of prosperity. So we may count Millet happy, even though often rather poor. He did the work in the world that he could do best, and he knew that it was good.

Theodore Rousseau has been called the leader of the Barbizon school : he would have been a leader in anything, for he was a forceful man with a clear view of how things should be done, and his way was the way of the eagle. Rousseau's pictorial imagination was comprehending and comprehensive, and cast in the heroic mould ; had he lived 500 years earlier he would probably have been a cathedral builder. The vastness of his forest glades, his massive oaks, standing alone and embracing the whole canvas with great leafy arms, call up a mediæval cathedral in their monumental character and air of durability. He who walks through Fontainebleau Forest must often think of Rousseau.

Had it not been for him, the so-called Barbizon School might never have passed into the art histories.

Corot and Millet are outside of schools. They would have expressed themselves greatly, in any place where there are feathery trees, still pools, tilth, and poor, proud peasants. So would Rousseau (all he needed was sunsets and forests); but the others, his friends and followers—Daubigny, Dupré, Jacque, Diaz, and the lesser Romanticists—they were shepherded into the fold because the shepherd was that rebellious and reconstructive influence—Theodore Rousseau.

At the age of fourteen he was a book-keeper in a sawmill. That does not seem a promising environment for the childhood of a great landscape painter. But the sawmill happened to be in the forests of Franche-Comté, and before he was out of his teens Rousseau was as near to the understanding of nature as Thoreau. A painter of forests and the manners of trees could not have had a more propitious adolescence. Forestry remained the love of his life. Two of his finest pictures, painted long years later, are "The Old Oak at Ornans" and "Outskirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau," epical pictures, done in the large manner, evoking in the observer the feeling that a reader has in declaiming the line from Tennyson's "Vastness"—"Swallowed in Vastness, lost in Silence."

But Rousseau had much to undergo before France accepted her "revolutionary" child. Not easily after those days and nights in the sawmill, hidden in the forests of Franche-Comté, did Rousseau find himself; not easily did he arrive at mastery; not easily did he learn to take his part in the Romanticist upheaval. Like Constable, he passed through his period of admiration of the works of his predecessors, two of the best—

Claude and van Goyen. At the Salon of 1831 he exhibited in the company of Corot, and of Dupré, who is not the great artist the Nineteenth Century thought him.

It is written in the chronicles that Rousseau's pictures of this period, inasmuch as they showed intimate study of nature, were regarded as revolutionary. How odd; but the Classicists had bolted the door, and although the Romanticists or the Pioneers of Freedom in art were knocking, they had not yet entered in.

In 1832 Rousseau saw some works by Constable, and the pictures that he produced at this time show that the painter of " The Hay-Wain " was urging him towards the open gate of nature. Sensier, a Frenchman, questions Constable's influence on Rousseau ; Meier-Graefe, a German, acknowledges it whole-heartedly and enthusiastically.

It may seem to us now that everything in the art evolution of Rousseau had been preparing the way for his " Descent of the Herd," that roughly-painted, vigorous, vast, upright canvas, more a great sketch *à la* Constable than a picture, in the Mesdag collection at The Hague. This was the bomb that Romanticism hurled at Classicism. It exploded ; it made a noise and fuss, but the fort was not destroyed. Its refusal by the Salon jury of 1836 on the score of " heresy against classic traditions " sent Rousseau into rebellious exile for twelve years, during which period he was excluded from the Salon. But Rousseau, though debarred, was not defeated. In 1847 he was one of the ardent artists who demanded reforms in the Salon : in 1848 they were effected. Rousseau's triumph was complete. Two

years later he was commissioned by the State to paint "The Setting Sun." It would have been wittier had he painted "A Rising Sun."

How certain statements—chance remarks or said with deep design—cling. That observation by Corot, for example, about Rousseau, "He is an eagle, while I am only a lark who sings little songs in my grey skies."

A lark is not better than an eagle, nor an eagle than a lark. They are different—that's all. What the world wants is the best kind of eagle and the best kind of lark. Who will deny that in the painting world we find them in the paintings of Corot and Rousseau?

Rousseau loved to do the thing. Corot loved the thing he did. Corot was light of heart: he sang while he painted. Rousseau was heavy of heart: he wrought at a picture with something like agony, and was reluctant to let it go. Each loved trees and imprisoned light, but for Corot the delicacy of dawn: for Rousseau the grave lustre of sunset. Corot admired the noble work of the gloomy Rousseau because it is the way of man to admire qualities that he does not possess.

Rousseau and his friend Millet could think themselves back into the days when their Barbizon lodging was a barn converted into a rough inn, from which they explored the forest, leaving their painting materials over-night in hollow trees or in caves in the rocks.

From his earliest days trees had a fascination for Rousseau. The forest possessed him. Did he not once say, describing his observatory in the wood, "I dared not move as the silence opened discoveries to me. He who lives in the silence becomes the centre of a world; a little more and I could imagine myself the sun of a

small creation, if my studies had not recalled to me that I had so much trouble to reproduce a poor tree or a cluster of rushes."

Noble, majestic, impressive as his lonely forest pictures are, yet my personal taste is for Rousseau more in the open with the unimpeded sun in a clear sky, such as his alluring "Village of Becquigny," so tender, so beautifully seen; or the delicate and spacious "Spring" in the Louvre; or in graver mood that strange, ominous "L'Avenue de Chataigniers," where the avenue of ancient chestnut trees bends menacingly forward as if to entangle the wayfarer in its hoary arms. This picture was rejected by the 1837 Salon jury.

Not till 1867 did he receive recognition. He was awarded a Medal of Honour; but even then the Cross of the Legion of Honour was denied to him.

Jules Dupré, friend of Rousseau, also came under the influence of Constable, in whose works he was "passionately interested"; he visited England and painted "View of the Meadows near Southampton," a picture which aroused the admiration of Eugène Delacroix.

Constant Troyon, an untiring worker, cast like Rousseau in the heroic mould, but more limited in vision, owes much to the artists he met at Fontainebleau—Millet, Rousseau, Dupré, etc. So impressed was he by the pictures of these nature lovers that after 1844 his manner completely changed, and he became the Troyon of popularity, the Troyon of animals, of monumental cattle slowly moving in monumental pastures. To have seen a few Troyons is perhaps to have seen all, but had he painted nothing but his masterpiece, "Oxen going to Work: Morning," now in the

Louvre, he would have loomed forth an imposing figure among the great French landscape painters of the Nineteenth Century. George Moore, in *Impressions and Opinions*, says that he considers "La Vallée de la Tonqué," by Troyon, "as possibly the finest cattle-piece in the world—one of the most perfect and the most complete works it is possible to imagine."

Troyon was severe. Charles Daubigny was sensitive. There is as little colour in Troyon's canvases as in a lowering day. Daubigny exuded colour, and so strong is his sentiment that it sometimes inclines to sentimentality. He was pure Romanticist. At the age of eighteen he walked to Italy, and his goal was the pictures of Claude. He, too, was influenced by Constable; starting from Constable's sketches (wise Daubigny), he worked out the Daubigny landscape—his patent—large and bold in line, a sweep of rolling country, and in the sky the round, red sun. You may see him in another mood in "Grape Gatherers," spacious but ineffective, and "Spring," radiant but rather in the manner of Corot. To enjoy Daubigny at his best and fullest you must visit the Mesdag collection, in The Hague—that house-museum which the banker-painter (an excellent banker, a tolerable painter) bequeathed to the city. Mesdag was a great connoisseur. He acquired the most artistic pictures from the foremost foreign painters of the Nineteenth Century, works usually on the border line between the sketch and the picture—impulsive, potential—snatched by wise Mesdag from the easel before the artist had worried them into weariness.

Mesdag had a partiality for Daubigny's lyricism;

many canvases by him, red suns above blue seas or over stretching meadows, glow in solemn grandeur from the famous house in The Hague. Daubigny, the youngest of the Romanticists, is at his best in the Mesdag collection : there he defies the dictum that places him in the second class of the men of 1830 who fought convention—suffered and succeeded.

Narcisse Diaz, of Spanish extraction, was influenced by Rousseau ; he had a partiality for forest and heath scenes with wild skies, such as " The Storm," in the National Gallery. As to his life, he lost a leg when a young man, and he died from the bite of a viper. His technique is woolly and too busy.

Ziem, showy and brilliant, repeated himself.

Auguste Ravier, man of property, recluse and philosopher, friend and admirer of Corot, acquainted with Daubigny and Rousseau, won many hearts when an exhibition of his tender visions was shown at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1923. He it was who said : " The sky contains everything. Clouds and atmosphere stir my senses. Always something new, something inexhaustible—infinity."

Charles Jacque was associated with Millet and Rousseau. His pastoral scenes have their value to-day, and sometimes fetch over one thousand guineas ; but he pales before his great contemporaries. His " Troupeau de Moutons dans un Paysage " is in the Luxembourg.

F. Louis Francais, landscape painter and lithographer, helped to make the Barbizon painters better known through his lithographs. His " Daphnis and Chloe," a dark, crowded composition, is in the Louvre.

The place of " The Barbizon School " is assured.

These friends and painting companions are united today in books as they were in life. Millet and Corot move in freer air than Rousseau, Troyon, Dupré, Daubigny, and Diaz, but all derive, in varying degree, from John Constable, that honest Englishman whose strong common sense revealed to him the disquieting, joyful news that it is necessary for a landscape painter to go to nature for his inspiration.

I may conclude this chapter with another extract from Delacroix* :

" Constable, that admirable man, is one of the glories of England. . . . He and Turner are real reformers. They have escaped from the rut of the old landscape painters. Our school, which now abounds in men of talent in this line, has greatly profited by their example."

V

The United States : The Hudson River School

THOMAS DOUGHTY, 1793-1856. ASHER B. DURAND, 1796-1886. THOMAS COLE, 1801-1848. J. F. KENSETT, 1818-1872. W. WHRITTREDGE, 1820-1910. WILLIAM HART, 1823-1894. F. E. CHURCH, 1826-1900. DAVID JOHNSON, 1827-1900. JAMES M. HART, 1828-1901. ALBERT BIERSTADT, 1830-1902. THOMAS MORAN, 1837- . R. S. GIFFORD, 1840-1905, etc., etc.

From Barbizon we travel, on the Chronological Carpet, to North America, to the beginnings of American Landscape Painting beside and about the Hudson River.

* *Correspondance d'Eugène Delacroix.* Vol. ii., p. 193.

The title of " The Hudson River School " is as far-sweeping, as inaccurate, and as friendly as that of " The Barbizon School " ; but it serves. To Americans this familiar designation recalls the quiet work of a group of pioneer painters of landscape, who illustrated tracts of the American country, especially the districts about the Hudson River; who looked with conventional and sincere eyes on nature, also upon each other's pictures ; and who fumbled their way to a serviceable technique.

All, I think, began painting in the Hudson River district, easily reached from New York ; but, like the Barbizon men, they scattered. Bierstadt and Moran found subjects later in the Rocky Mountains, F. E. Church in Greece, Labrador, anywhere ; but they are still called Hudson River School men.

When they were painting, forming a racial American school of landscape, so new then, to-day so old-fashioned, the rush of Americans to Paris for art schooling had hardly begun. Thomas Doughty, the earliest member of the school, was born in 1793, three years before Corot ; Asher B. Durand was born in 1796, the same year as Corot ; J. F. Kensett a year after Daubigny. The new French movement did not touch these patient, straightforward, home-staying Americans ; and there is no sign that they had looked at Turner or Constable, Girtin or Cotman ; light and air, broken colour, Divisionism, the use of the palette knife had not entered into their perceptions. Some of them had been engravers ; some had studied at Dusseldorf, which was the chief school of those days ; a few were British born and had been taken to America at an early age ; but all had become Americans and found joy in painting the American

land—large, scenic views, which aimed at showing to the people of a young nation, mostly engaged in earning a living and founding cities, the consolation and exhilaration of pictures.

American civilisation in their time was young. Its history from an art point of view may be grouped thus :

(i) The eighteenth century : Colonial days, when American art was mainly an extension, 3,000 miles away, of English art.

(ii) The nineteenth century : When American art gradually became cosmopolitan, and most of her students studied in Düsseldorf, Munich and Paris ; when some of her best men made their homes in London, Paris, and elsewhere in Europe.

(iii) The twentieth century : When America has found herself as an artistic centre, when landscape painting has become the most popular branch of art, and rich men delight to form collections entirely of American pictures.

Allow me a brief glance back. Benjamin West, 1738-1820, who became a President of the Royal Academy after the death of Reynolds, was the first great figure in American painting. The first great artist was Gilbert Stuart (1755-1828). It was in 1837, nine years after the death of Gilbert Stuart, that Emerson delivered his famous address on " The American Scholar," in which he said : " Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close."

In 1805 the " Parchment of Incorporation " of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts was framed, drawn up by seventy-one citizens of Philadelphia, twenty-nine

years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It ran : " To promote the cultivation of the Fine Arts, in the United States of America, by introducing correct and elegant copies from works of the first masters in sculpture and painting, and by thus facilitating the access to such standards, and also by occasionally conferring moderate but honorable premiums, and otherwise assisting the studies and exciting the efforts of the artists, gradually to unfold, enlighten, and invigorate the talents of our countrymen."

It rings true : it is the utterance of modest, upright and wise men, and there is not a boast in it. We are young, it says, we are children in the fine arts, and we will begin by cultivating correct and elegant copies from works of the first masters.

Art America has never quite outgrown her dependence upon the past, her vision of those correct and elegant copies. Greece is still her mistress in architecture, and France in painting. But she is freeing herself, and this is shown markedly in architecture (the Perfected Skyscraper) and in landscape (the Practical Pastoral). Individuals have quite freed themselves, as they do in all countries, but the general trend is towards the Greek temple, or to the Skyscraper. I see the alert architectural American of to-day, his left foot firmly embedded in the rock of the Acropolis, his outstretched right hand grasping the base of the Woolworth Building.

In 1876 the American Art Renaissance may be said to have begun with the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

To return to the Hudson River School, which was contemporaneous with the Barbizon School : in the

Old World a new light, in the New World the old illumination.

Thomas Doughty was born in Philadelphia, and spent his youth in " mercantile pursuits," painting in his leisure hours. He " adopted art as a profession " in 1820. His patient and laborious and quite charming " On the Hudson " is typical. So is " In the Catskills," by Thomas Cole, but Cole was a better painter than Doughty. He was born at Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire ; his parents emigrated to America when he was eighteen. He was a sincere lover of nature, and a patient craftsman, but allowed himself at times to be carried away by the " conceits and heroics " of his day.

To modern eyes the tranquil, spacious pictures of the " Hudson River School," marked by humility and reverence before nature, may seem commonplace ; but they have their own quiet charm. The Metropolitan Museum of New York has a comprehensive collection of them, and on the occasion of the completion of the Catskill Aqueduct, in 1920, no fewer than twenty-five examples were assembled in one of the rooms. Other members of this school were : Durand, Kensett, Whittredge, Gifford, Church, Johnson, the two Harts, Moran and Albert Bierstadt, who is usually included in the school, although, like Moran, he found his subjects, as I have said, in the Rocky Mountains. He was of German origin, grandiose and romantic : he painted American subjects rather in the German way.

The " Hudson River School " is interesting because it was the first serious attempt to paint the American country. But the three men who have been given the title of the " Fathers " of American Landscape

Painting, each in his degree influenced by the Barbizon painters, were George Inness (1825-1894), Homer D. Martin (1836-1897), and Alexander H. Wyant (1836-1892). To these add Winslow Homer, the greatest painter of the sea in the history of art. These artists will be considered at length later.

Of " The Hudson River School," Mr. Charles H. Gaffin, who was one of the wisest of American art writers, and an excellent painter, wrote : " It was not until later, when Americans came in touch with the Barbizon men and learned from them how to look to nature, how to select from it, and compose the essentials into a picture, and how to paint with a full, firm brush in masses, that landscape painting, as distinct from mere representation of landscape, commenced in this country."*

I saw the exhibition of Hudson River School pictures at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, in 1920. Two of them I liked—" The Camp Meeting," by Whittredge, and " Bayside," by David Johnson ; also the rhetorical glow in Church's " Parthenon," and the gold glimmer in Gifford's " Kaaterskill Cove."

I repeat what I wrote then : These Hudson River School painters approached nature with reverence and humility. They did not try to exploit their personalities or proclaim their cleverness. Inexpert, untutored, unambitious of medals and honours, trained to respect the brown tree, and to avoid the lively green, they were content to copy as well as they could what they loved so well. It was the old way, the stage-coach method, not the aeroplane flight.

* *The Story of American Painting.* By Charles H. Caffin. Hodder and Stoughton.

I am told by an American lady that her first introduction to art, as a child, was seeing the small landscapes, painted by some of the Hudson River men, on the panels of the Fifth Avenue stages or omnibuses.

VI

Great Britain : All Kinds

T. SIDNEY COOPER, 1803-1902. E. W. COOKE, 1811-1880. T. CRESWICK, 1811-1869. HENRY JUTSUM, 1816-1869. G. F. WATTS, 1817-1904. GEORGE H. MASON, 1818-1872. ANDREW MACCALLUM, 1821-1902. EDWIN HAYES, 1825-1904. C. P. KNIGHT, 1829-1897.

Compared with the giants of nineteenth-century Landscape Painting, Thomas Sidney Cooper, R.A., and George Heming Mason, A.R.A., are pigmies, but it is interesting to dwell briefly upon them because they anticipated the surge of popularity that British painters enjoyed in the Victorian era—at home.

Each devoted himself to landscape—Cooper to cattle in meadows, Mason to rural scenes, touched with the sentiment which Fred Walker, a quarter of a century later, developed so gracefully. But the success of Mason was nothing compared with that of Thomas Sidney Cooper, who lived for ninety-nine years, and who thus has a record of eighty working years.

Sidney Cooper was a well-trained, industrious maker of pictures, without originality or vision. He specialised in cattle and sheep, and he had an enormous success with dealers and the public. He went on turning out

his six or eight cattle pictures annually ; he was magnificently insular, entirely indifferent to the vital art movements that were agitating France. In 1882 he presented to Canterbury, his native town, the " Sidney Cooper Art Gallery," erected on " the site of the house in which I was born." He had industry and facility, but as an artist he is negligible.

It is difficult, to-day, to understand the popularity of Sidney Cooper, and were he living in these times he would probably have no vogue at all : for the mere representation of cattle in meadows, or by stables, with accompanying sheep, has passed out of fashion ; yet there must be numbers of elderly people who still prize their Sidney Cooper landscapes, or engravings after them. He was usually somewhat laughed at by the critics, and latterly they ignored him ; but for many years the faithful public—which likes in a painting a reproduction of what the untrained eye has seen, without effort, in nature—would not have considered a Royal Academy exhibition complete without a group of Sidney Coopers. He lived right through the nineteenth century, from 1803 to 1902, and so far as I know he never changed his method or vision. Why should he ? To thousands he gave pleasure, and he was happy in his work.

He began life as a coach-painter, and scene painter, an excellent training in the business of producing sensible and saleable pictures.

If the younger generation is curious about the work of this excellent man and competent painter, they may visit the Art Gallery of the Guildhall of the City of London and stand before his " Landscape and Cattle." Most of his pictures are like that.

There was something of the artist in George H. Mason, and something of the idealist; it must be a surprise to many to learn that he was born as early as 1818. He may be described as the parent of the popular English anecdotical picture; but Mason liked to set the scene out-of-doors.

Constable had not the slightest effect on the English landscape school originated by Mason, whose "Wind on the Wold," "Mist on the Moor," "The Cast Shoe," and "The Evening Hymn" appeal to the heart rather than to the trained eye. He was an attractive, "homey" painter, sometimes with a suggestion of strength; and as the public likes such themes, with a suggestion of strength, he was popular, and the rising school of interpretative etchers made George Heming Mason of Wetley, in Worcestershire, more popular than ever. Many people still find his pretty, superficial "Wind on the Wold" attractive: so it is. Lord Leighton, who, when a young man, found Mason almost starving in Rome and befriended him, acquired "Wind on the Wold" for his collection.

G. F. Watts, R.A., was born a year before Mason. It seems odd to think of him as a landscape painter, yet landscape painting had a fascination for the G.O.M. of British art, and at intervals during his life he turned to it. His landscapes, usually of a dim, Maeterlinckian character, solemn and noble, show no influences. He painted his Surrey country, Freshwater, Scottish hills and lakes, Carrara peaks, Mentone promontories; and, being Watts, he liked such titles as "The Air a Solemn Stillness Holds." Even in landscape painting he could point the moral as in "Parasite," showing the ivy clinging

around the oak. In his " Green Summer," an upright, he expressed an artistic motive, recording with simple solemnity a vivid moment.

Thomas Creswick, R.A., lacked Mason's light touch and loose handling. His best work is, perhaps, " The Pathway to the Village Church," now at the Tate Gallery. This is a popular picture, and rightly so. It appeals to those who are moved by a sincere illustration of a homely scene, preserved affectionately in the memories of the country born.

Creswick was little of an artist : he belonged to that reprehensible, and now extinct class, who allowed others to introduce figures and cattle into their pictures, a custom that the Dutch introduced. Goodall, Philip, Frith, and Ansdell helped Creswick in this way. In his picture of the " South Downs " of 1850, " the sheep are by Ansdell " : in his " Dream of the Future " the " girl is by Frith," and the " dog by Ansdell."

Henry Jutsum, whose " Landscape with Cattle and Figures " is at the Bethnal Green Museum, a sign that it has dropped from favour, need not detain us : nor E. W. Cooke, R.A., son of the Cooke who engraved some of Turner's pictures ; nor Edwin Hayes, a prolific marine painter whose " Sunset at Sea : from Harlyn Bay, Cornwall," was bought by the Chantrey Trustees in 1894 ; nor C. P. Knight, born in Bristol, who painted " The Kyles of Bute " ; nor Andrew MacCallum, born in Nottingham ; but his name suggests Scotland. Maybe he was the first landscape-painting Scot to see the advantage of exhibiting at the Royal Academy. He began to show in 1850 : his " Monarch

of the Glen "—a tall Scots fir by the bank of a mountain stream—is at the Tate Gallery.

The English have an affection for these lesser early nineteenth-century landscape painters. There are a number of them. A few only are mentioned here, and I, for one, shall welcome the book that is being prepared by Colonel Grant on the loving activities of these lesser British landscape painters. In this History there is little place for them. For they are slight performers after Crome, Gainsborough, Turner and Constable.

VII

Courbet and Harpignies

COURBET, 1819-1877.

HARPIGNIES, 1819-1916.

F. S. BONVIN, 1817-1888. FROMENTIN, 1820-1886. MONTICELLI, 1824-1866.

Perhaps Harpignies should be classed with the Barbizon painters; but he was never really of them; and he lived so long—ninety-seven serene years—that he came to belong only to himself, and to memory. I place him with Courbet by way of contrast, as a reminder how differently two artists, born in 1819, may develop, each following his instincts. They stand for acquiescence, and revolution.

We group painters into schools, but in reality they belong only to themselves. These two outstanding men, contemporaries (I think they never met), so unlike each other, stand only for the ways of Gustave Courbet and the ways of Henri Harpignies.

Courbet ended his fierce days, an abused exile in Switzerland, at the age of fifty-eight; but after his experiences in the Commune of 1871 his belligerent art impulse exhausted itself. Harpignies lived a placid, fruitful life till 1916, and at ninety-seven he was still painting beautifully. He received in 1897, when he was seventy-eight, the highest honour that France can bestow, the Médaille d'Honneur, for his clear, and quiet " Solitude." Those who saw this large, lovely, meditative landscape realised that it was as good a thing as his great talent had ever produced.

Courbet and Harpignies were Frenchmen; they were remarkable artists; and they were, as I have said, born in the same year. Other points of contact there were none. Harpignies was a pure landscape painter: he had been a pupil of Corot, and he was still painting serene landscapes when the Great War of 1914 had been running two years.

Courbet played a part in a former Great War. He was a Communist; he helped to tear down the Vendôme Column: he directed its destruction. As an anarchist he complied with his instructions, but as an artist he had it knocked down in such a way that it could be readily set up again, as it was. He was placed in charge of the museums; he gave offence (some say that a chief cause of his offence was his revolutionary art): he was imprisoned, fined and " retired " to Switzerland. That was the artistic end of this " grand peintre bête," as Lemonnier called him.

Harpignies had nothing whatever to do with the tearing down of the Vendôme Column. That was not his metier. His art denied violence: his art was love.

Of Courbet it has been said : " From him the conquering spirit of modern painting derives." He dominates his epoch, because the landscapes he painted struck a new note—the note of realism or naturalism. It was not the self-centred realism of Constable. Courbet was an egotist, a Communist in art as in life, and as furious about having his own way as Tintoretto or Cellini. Not for him the gentle Barbizonians : he leapt out of their pastoral path and dashed back for influence to the robust Spaniards, and the straight-seeing Dutchmen. Like Velasquez, he pooh-poohed Raphael.

No adequate life of this virile, vivid, child of nature has been written, but Meier-Graefe, who is cautious with his space, gives thirty pages to Gustave Courbet. Here is an uncomplimentary passage : " A genius spurred by an alcoholic imagination, condemned to carry about with him the mind of a sly, greedy, and tyrannical peasant, and to pose before the coarse spirits of his circle under a mask borrowed partly from Rabelais, partly from Don Quixote. The only sensible book that has appeared so far on him is the raw psychology of a boon companion."

To-day the appeal of Courbet's art is stronger than ever. He is anathema to those who pine for the pretty : but those who are stimulated by virility and independence pause in deep admiration before a Courbet. In the Louvre one regards with a kind of awe his vast " Burial at Ornans," with its fifty figures and its massive landscape ; and one soon gives up trying to penetrate the recesses of his immense skied " Combat of Stags." The materialism of his ". Woman with a Parrot " at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, is evident. One

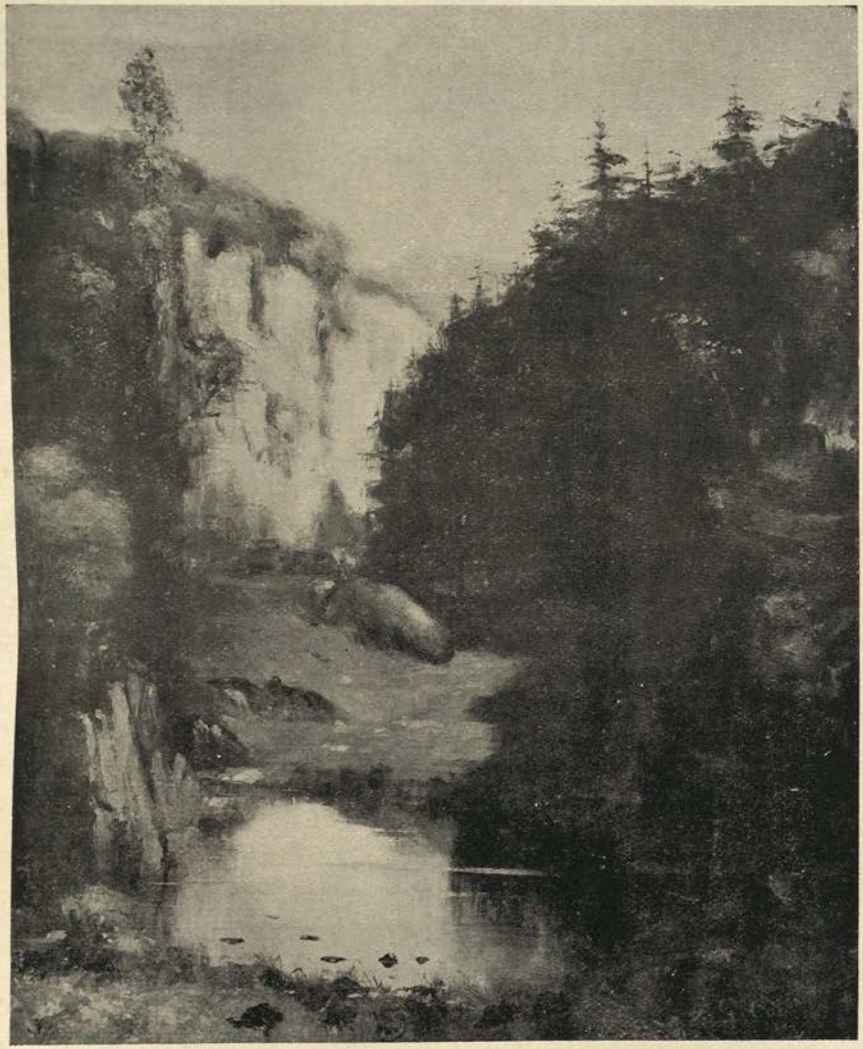
realises why a contemporary should have called him " the brutaliser of painting." But he could paint. There is no doubt about that. He was a master: he had mastery.

Courbet had a fancy for stags, and it is in his smaller stag-in-glade pictures—such deep, rich glades, such stern opulence of colour—that the Painter of Ornans, as he liked to call himself, takes his place as a great landscape painter. " Landscape is a matter of tones," he said, and when asked how he painted his landscape, he answered, " I am moved." That explanation is final. We are moved before his small, powerful " Pool " in the Lane Collection at the Tate Gallery. How bold, strong and glowing it is !

In 1885, when, angered by the way he was treated at the Salon, he opened an exhibition of his own in a shed, the catalogue announced that " My goal is to make art living." Freedom in art, for which Courbet fought, is now the heritage of all, but the cry of youth is still the echo of Courbet's cry.

Of all Courbet's pictures, perhaps the one that is best known, and that brings into view at once the greatness of the man is " The Wave." It hangs on the line in the Louvre, an epical picture, that we admire rather than love. But there are two other sea scenes, quite small, an eighth the size of " The Wave," that offer to this wild man a place in the affections lasting and close. One is in a private collection, and is called " The Sea," the other is in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and is called " Immensity," an empty ocean, empty yet populated with sea fervour and spirit. Had I never seen another Courbet, these two small works would have placed him, in my estimation, among the foremost

c. 1873



The Pool (Lane Collection, Tate Gallery)
COURBET, 1819-1877
Photo : Tate Gallery

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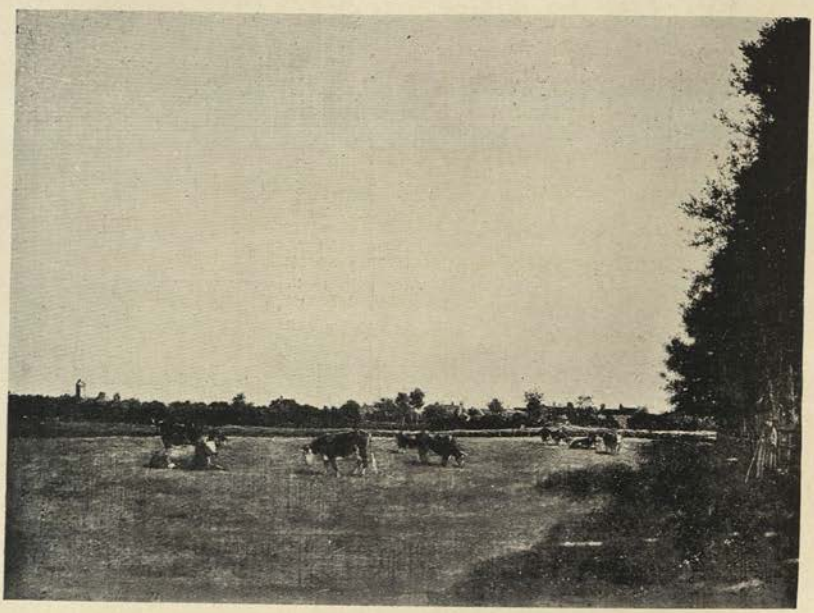

A Village Green in France (National Gallery)
F. R. Bonvin, 1817-1888
Photo : National Gallery

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painters of the sea. These may have been made from the immense number of studies—sea portraits they have been called—that he painted at Trouville in the summer of 1865. He was a great swimmer, and many of these sea portraits seem to be painted " as seen from the water, not from the land—waves as they appear to one buffeted by them." Such is " Immensity." You are alone with sea and sky : you visualise immensity as Courbet saw it that day, when, all cares cast aside, he breasted the Trouville waves, absorbing—immensity.

Unlettered, Courbet had the direct vision of the unlettered. A word was a word, a spade a spade, a goal a goal. When he painted " The Stone Breakers " (now at Dresden) and " The Grinders," he saw before him a definite artistic theme—limbs in motion, muscles taut, man at labour. The idea of wringing French withers by showing how the proletariat was ground down by toil, did not enter his mind. But Proudhon, author of *L'Art et sa Destination Sociale*, saw in these pictures a great moral lesson. Perhaps there is. Often the artist builds better than he knows. Proudhon wanted " The Stone Breakers " to be set up as an altar-piece in a church. And Courbet,who had a large measure of robust vanity, swaggered, and declined to the path of social reformer which led to disaster.

The French are logical in art as in all else. They respect tradition. A French artist may be as independent as you please, but he always carries on the tradition of the best. Courbet could stretch grateful hands back to Rembrandt, Hals, Velasquez, Claude, Ribera, Canaletto, Guardi. The same artistic ancestry belongs to Whistler. Early he came under the influence of Courbet.

M. Duret even suggests that Courbet's " Manifestoes " were the forerunners of Whistler's letters. This influence lasted for years, then Whistler passed out of it, and found another influence—the Japanese.

In time Whistler parted from Courbet and Realism, and became the Whistler that we know—fancy founded on fact. Courbet showed the fancy of fact.

The intercourse of Courbet and Whistler makes an interesting chapter in art history. Whistler's " Coast of Brittany," painted in 1861, might be by Courbet. They were together at Trouville in 1865.

At Trouville Whistler began the picture " Courbet on the Shore," and each used the famous Jo as model, Courbet painting from her " La Belle Irlandaise." They remained friends when Courbet had quite ceased to be an influence on Whistler. Courbet was lacking in taste. The Japanese abounded in it, and as taste was second nature to Whistler, he became, when he had passed from the influence of Courbet, the unapproachable Whistler.

Great as Courbet was as a figure painter, I hold that he was greater as a landscape painter, not gay, not bright, no sunshine, no sparkle, but a master in sombre richness of colour and harmony of tone. In the New York Metropolitan Museum there is an essential Courbet, his " Coast Scene." A yellow light is in the upper sky, the sand is yellow, and the choppy sea is green—a strong harmony in green and yellow. The bedraggled boat and the ungainly boulder were painted because they were there—realism—Courbet's way.

The gift of Harpignies to the world was peace. Through him we are reminded of the beauty of Nature

in tranquillity. Lucidity and placidity are the characteristics of his landscapes. They evoke serenity, repose, reflection. He never disturbs; he never excites; he never affrights; he never arouses disputation. How could one argue about the landscapes of Harpignies? We rest in them and are thankful. His statements of the beauty he has found in the world, a beauty informed by classical dignity and often touched by tender melancholy, are as non-contentious as Gray's "Elegy."

Harpignies set his face steadily against Impressionism; he disliked and avoided it: he urged that the Impressionists worked by a process of patches, and neglected the tonal qualities. Looking at his pictures again, and in bulk, I am conscious of a feeling of disappointment before the large canvases of Harpignies. Paling light is still in them, and serenity, but they look laboured. I fancy that the modern world has outgrown such landscape epics. But I find infinite pleasure, as of yore, in his small oils, and especially his water-colours: lyrics, luminous and shining.

Francis Bonvin, son of a "garde-champêtre," was mainly a painter of interiors and still-life pieces, but he also dallied with landscapes, and with one little picture he has won thousands of admirers. It hangs in the National Gallery, and is called "A Village Green in France," merely a level pasturage on which cattle are grazing. Thinly painted on rough canvas, it is simple, elemental, sincere. Bonvin saw the big line and the ground-swell movement of nature, without the fuss and detail that harass so many modern landscapes. It is a quiet picture, delicate but strong in treatment. Its appeal is immediate and lasting, like a Wordsworth sonnet.

Fromentin was a sensitive writer, and a sensitive painter of eastern subjects. There is charm in the landscapes in which his figures are set, particularly in his " Arab Encampment " and " Centaurs."

Monticelli, a Frenchman, of Italian parentage, a friend of Diaz, praised by Daubigny and Delacroix, may be included among landscape painters. His works are orgies of colour, whirling phantasies of trees and figures, suggesting the witticism that with him the picture ends and the Persian rug begins. He painted some soberer landscapes before his Persian rug period. There is a beautiful example by him in the Cook Collection, and another in the Bowes Museum.

The outstanding figures of this chapter are Courbet and Harpignies. Courbet's art is overwhelming, as was his life. His art influence continues : his fundamental thought still works in his pictures. Harpignies was all chastened emotion. He has little influence. I fancy that no springs issue from the beautiful river of his art.

VIII

Links : Jongkind and Boudin

J. B. JONGKIND, 1819-1891.
E. BOUDIN, 1825-1898.

In 1896, two years before his death, the French Government purchased Boudin's " Rade de Villefrance " for the Luxembourg, and bestowed on the ex-cabin boy the ribbon and cross of the Legion of Honour.

In 1906 the National Art Collections Fund of Britain

presented to the National Gallery " The Harbour of Trouville," by Boudin : then this Little Master, called by Corot " The King of the Skies " (Corot was ever enthusiastic in his praise), began to be talked about in England.

I knew something about Boudin before, for I had seen his pictures at Havre, and I had read Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's interesting and instructive *Impressionist Painting** (Dewhurst was a pupil of Monet), in which he says : " Jongkind and Boudin are the links which connect the Barbizon men of 1830 to the Impressionist group of 1870." Since then I have always grouped these two artists together ; so I have associated them in this chapter as—Links.

Boudin was a follower of Corot and the chance master of Monet. In Monsieur G. Jean-Aubry's memoir of Boudin, published in Paris† some years ago, there is an interesting account by Monet of their relations, of which the following is a translation :

" I remember, as if it were yesterday, the moment when I first met Eugène Boudin. It was at the frame-makers where I exhibited my crayons, which earned for me a certain notoriety in Havre, and also brought in a little remuneration. I met Eugène Boudin when he was thirty-three, and beginning to be known. When I saw his pictures I confess frankly that I was not impressed. He would say to me, after looking at my works, ' Ah, young man, why do you do these insignificant things : you make a mistake in being content with

* *Impressionist Painting*, by Wynford Dewhurst. Newnes, 1904.

† *Eugène Boudin d'après des documents inédits*, by G. Jean-Aubry. Paris: Bernheim-Jeune.

them. There is quality in your work. Why don't you paint ? '

" As I have said, I was not enthusiastic about Boudin's pictures, nevertheless I accepted his invitation to paint with him *en plein air*. I bought a paint-box, and we started for Rouelles, without any great conviction on my part. Boudin set up his easel, and began to paint. I watched him with some apprehension, but attentively, and as I watched it was as if a veil had been torn away. I understood. I comprehended what constitutes painting, and my destiny as an artist was determined."

Boudin's name appears in the historic letter addressed by Monet, Degas, Pissaro and others to Sir Coutts Lindsay, after he had founded the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877. Here is a translation of this interesting document :

" A group of French painters, united by the same æsthetic tendencies, struggling for ten years against convention and routine, to bring back art to the scrupulously exact observation of nature, applying themselves with passion to the rendering of reality of form in movement, as well as to the fugitive phenomena of light, cannot forget that they have been preceded in this path by a great master of the English School, the illustrious Turner.

" This glorious precedent has inspired the very ardent desire to submit the results of our efforts to the connoisseurs and artists of England. In modest premises in King Street we have already shown some people, and chiefly the representatives of the Press, a certain number of our pictures. The reception was very

sympathetic, most flattering encouragement was given us, and we were assured that a more complete exhibition of our works would have great interest for the public, and a certain usefulness for the art of England. No place would be more favourable for such an exhibition than the Grosvenor Gallery, where independent artists receive a hospitality as brilliant as it is generous, and we would be very happy to be authorised to send some of our works there. It depends upon you, Sir, that this wish should be realised, consequently we come to beg you to be so kind as to give us the necessary facilities. In the firm hope that Sir Coutts Lindsay, so enlightened a patron of art, will receive our request with kindness, and assuring him of our high consideration."

"*Signed.* John Lewis Brown, 64 rue de la Rochefoucauld.
Boudin, 11 place Vintimille.
Degas, 19 bis rue Fontaine.
Claude Monet, Villa Juliette à Poissy, Seine et Oise.
Pissaro, quai de Ponthuis à Pontoise.
Renoir, 35 rue St. Georges.
Sisley, à Veneux Nadon par Moret.
Madlle Cassatt, 2 rue Duperré.
Madame Morisot Manet, à Bougival, Seine et Oise."

What manner of man was this Boudin, this master of Monet? Nature was kind and placed him at birth in an environment that gave him every chance of becoming the man he made himself. She also gave him years of struggle and penury, which fortified him, although at the time his fate must have seemed unkind and over-severe.

He was born at Honfleur, the son of the pilot of the steamer "François," of Havre. His mother was stewardess on her husband's boat, and the future link between Corot and Monet began life as a cabin-boy. Born as it were on the ocean, watching waves and skies every day, he thus at the most impressionable time of his life lived on the sea, unconsciously studying its restlessness and the movements of clouds. When his father gave up piloting and opened a small shop, the boy was already drawing and painting. Although Eugène was merely his father's assistant, luck was still with him, for artists' materials were sold by Boudin *père*, and among the purchasers was Troyon, who saw the lad's promise and helped him.

Later he spent some time in Paris, but returned to his first love, the sea. Struggling to make a living, he opened an academy of painting at the old inn of Saint Simeon. Although the school was not a pecuniary success, many French artists, whose names have since become world-famous, worked there. That old inn was the cradle of French Impressionism.

Havre is proud of Boudin. A street is named after the cabin-boy, and people visit the Havre Museum to see the Boudins.

Some years ago the Leicester Galleries exhibited fifteen fine Boudins—such a collection as I shall never see again. Scurrying clouds, threatening yet luminous, choppy seas, boats racing into the harbour, all the jolly incidents of sea and shore blown as by a salt wind into Leciester Square. How well that cabin-boy had learnt his business! There is no studio stuffiness about Boudin's sea-scapes! And his latest, painted when he was seventy,

is one of his best—just called " Marine," with a wet sea and ships in full sail rushing over it. My eyes still hold the vision of his " Plage de Trouville," a picture beautifully in tone with bathing machines, and holiday folk, in costumes of a past day, blown along the sands.

" The Harbour of Trouville " was painted when he was sixty-three, so it is a work of his maturity. All his life he had loved grey days, and in this picture he has painted a scene he had looked upon a hundred times, yet it shows no hint of staleness. He pitched his easel on the sand, a short way up the harbour of Trouville, placed the two piers running out from either side of the picture, enclosing the shallow water, the banks of sand, and the idle boats. A lighthouse stands at the end of each pier ; beyond is the open sea, and overhead is a vast moist sky.

Call it a study of sand, sea, and clouds, with the old lichen-covered woodwork of the piers and the battered sea-boats as the dark notes. Atmosphere pervades the picture, for Boudin had acquired much knowledge in those sixty-three years, and not the least of his attainments was the power to float atmosphere upon his canvas, and thus to relate one object to another by merging them in their own grey, moist beauty, as in nature.

The other Link—J. B. Jongkind—was not a Frenchman : he was born in Holland, and, like van Gogh, lived and studied in France. De Goncourt, in his *Journal*, describes him thus : " Figurez-vous un grand diable de blond, aux yeux bleus, du bleu faïence de Delft, à la bouche aux coins tombants, peignant en gilet de tricot et coiffé d'un chapeau de marin hollandais."

Jongkind was a man of great industry, with a partiality for painting harbours with moored ships, busy boats and quiet sea-shores. His marines are sometimes hard and forced in colour, illumined, when he is at his best, by his rendering of atmospheric effects and the play of light. Manet seems to have been impressed by his methods, and Monet refers to him as " le grand peintre." One of Jongkind's best works is in the Petit Palais, Paris, presented by an anonymous admirer. It is called " Claire de Lune à Dordrecht," was painted in 1855, and has been called his masterpiece.

" The life of Jongkind," says Mr. Dewhurst, " was a life of continued misery. Towards the end he utterly gave way, and died a dipsomaniac."

He may be called a pioneer of Impressionism. He has already been called, with Boudin, a Link between the men of 1830 and the men of 1870. So we use artists —the happy and the unhappy—in making the pattern of art history. And all that really matters to us, that is to the world, is their pictures.

IX

Contrasts

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, 1824-1898.

ARNOLD BOCKLIN, 1827-1901.

ROSA BONHEUR, 1822-1899. CHARLES BUSSON, 1822-1899. JULES BRETON, 1827-1906. LEON BELLY, 1827-1877. EMIL VAN MARCKE, 1827-1890. OSWALD ACHENBACH, 1827-1905. EMIL MICHEL, 1828-1909.

With intention I have placed Puvis de Chavannes, Frenchman, and Arnold Böcklin, Swiss, together. They

were painting in the same epoch : they were subject to the environment of their age, and the work they produced was as different as that of Courbet and Harpignies. Such contrasts remind us how personal a thing is art. Each artist writes us a letter detailing his visual and reflective experiences. We look at the work of Puvis and Böcklin and are grateful that the outlook of landscape painters should be so dissimilar. It has been said of Puvis de Chavannes that he created modern decorative painting. As everyone knows, or should know, painting originally was a decoration.

Puvis de Chavannes never forgot this. He knew that mural painting should continue the flatness of the wall, and that it should harmonise with the tone, often grey stone, of its environment. Do you not feel this with his lovely decorations—pale and persuasive—in the Boston Public Library ? Compare them with the learned and brilliant work of Mr. Sargent, and the gay and romantic easel pictures by Abbey in the same building ! Do you not feel that " The Muses Welcome the Spirit of Light," by Puvis, on the staircase wall is the right kind of decoration : it is decoration. Puvis was never in Boston, but I am told that he had careful drawings sent to him of the environment of his decorations, and the aspect and colour of the staircase walls. They dictated his tones and gestures. He never employed the method of fresco work as known to the ancients. He painted in oil upon canvas, which was afterwards transferred to the wall. Another example of the right, and—I dare to call it so —the wrong way of mural painting may be studied in the Pantheon, Paris, the walls of which are decorated by him, and by Jean Paul Laurens and other of his great

French contemporaries. They, especially Laurens, startle, almost hurt us by their realism. What a relief it is to see the gentle abstractions from the Life of St. Geneviève by Puvis de Chavannes. Who, having once looked upon it, can forget " St. Geneviève Watching Over Paris " ? Repose is the note of his decoration, repose in pale keys of cool fresh color. He is never didactic or dramatic : his landscapes and his people seem to belong to Eternity not to Time. The modelling is so slight that one might almost say that he worked in two dimensions only.

In early days, strange as it may seem, his pictures aroused opposition. Certain critics, immersed in the realism of the Salon picture of the day, complained of " the calm immobility of his figures," and " the poverty of his simple palette." He was called " un peintre de carême "—a Lenten painter. Often his works were refused at the Salon ; but success came in 1861, when the city of Amiens acquired his " War " and " Peace " : so delighted was he that he presented others to Amiens. That city is now a shrine of Puvis. Often, art lovers, journeying from Paris to Calais, on the way to London, break the journey at Amiens for the pleasure of seeing his early mural paintings.

During his full life of seventy-four years he became a great figure in the painting world, a Master, and gradually his mural decorations adorned the great public buildings of France—in Paris, Rouen, Lyons, Marseilles, Amiens, and other cities.

He painted a few easel pictures which also are decorations—" The Poor Fisherman," " Hope," and that blue wonder, " Summer," now in the Museum of

Worcester, Massachusetts, which is, I suppose, the study for the " Summer " mural in the Hotel de Ville, Paris.

M. Arsène Alexandre, who knew this great man, has given a charming picture of the receptions he would hold *before* nine o'clock in the morning at his studio in the Place Pigalle, Paris. This was his social studio. When the hour of nine struck he would say *au revoir* to the students and friends who had called to pay him homage, and would start out on the hour's walk to his working studio at Neuilly, where he would remain till the evening, unapproachable except by his assistants, lunching off a piece of dry bread, and a few preserved cherries, and returning to Paris for dinner and conversation.

He was a great designer of landscape. A classicist, he discarded the laboured gestures of classicism, and interpreted nature as if her trees grew, her hills ranged, her waters lurked by fragrant meadows in a dream world, where all is temperate and of simple loveliness.

He had poise, perfect poise : so he is neither old nor young : he is eternally Puvis.

A student desirous of graduating in mural painting should be shown the walls by Puvis at the Panthéon, at the Sorbonne, at the Town Hall of Paris, and should be told—that this is the method, as exemplified by the greatest decorator of the Nineteenth Century. They are dream landscapes, and dream figures, but they are perfect expressions of the master's probity and cloistral sense for decoration. Then the student should be taken to the Royal Exchange in London, where eminent painters have produced gigantic easel pictures or significant events in the history of London. These, for the

most part, are not mural paintings. They are excellent pieces of work, but fixing an easel picture upon a wall does not convert it into a mural painting.

Nature is always serene and harmonious in the landscapes of Puvis de Chavannes. The rain never wets, the wind never blows, the sun never really shines. When we want such distractions we turn to the work of other men, to Monet, to Henri Martin, to van Gogh. Puvis gives us his unchanging self, and we are grateful for the gift.

Turn now to Arnold Böcklin, another painter of dreams, but dark, strange dreams. I doubt if, outside Switzerland and Germany, there is one picture in a public gallery by this Swiss realist-idealist landscape painter. But his impressive solemnities, and mythological fantasies, often full of a lurking brilliancy of colour, are fairly well known in various countries through coloured reproductions. Often in the windows of print shops which allow themselves, sometimes, to expose works which are not the latest novelty, I have seen a small crowd rapt before an Arnold Böcklin colour reproduction. If we except some of his later pictures—wherein, besides the Nymphs, Satyrs, Tritons, Naiads, Sea Centaurs of which he was so fond, he introduced strange creatures of his imagination—one Böcklin is reminiscent of another. He liked tall cypress trees, high, gaunt rock forms, ancient rocky palaces, with dim entrances often through dark water gates towards which boats are noiselessly pushing; and sometimes there is a desolate figure in black standing by worn steps, or on the margin of still, clear water. Occasionally I seem to see in his pictures the grim fancies

c. 1860

Summertime (Munich)
ARNOLD BÖCKLIN, 1827-1901

Facing page 94

The Farm (Bowes Museum)
MONTICELLI, 1824-1886

See page 84

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of Edgar Allen Poe, but oftener it is German romanticism, of which the tourist has so many glimpses when he travels down the Rhine, or wanders through German forests, and reads by night the legends of romantic, not Prussian, Germany. For Böcklin, although a Swiss and born in Basle, spent much of his time in Germany, in Munich, Zurich, and at Weimar where for a time he was a teacher in the Academy of Art. And yet, I suppose, Italy, and especially the Campagna landscape, was his real inspiration. He was in Rome, as a young man, from 1850 to 1857, and again in 1862. He would wander for long periods through the desolate plains of the Campagna, and he never forgot the look and feel of that unchanging district.

He was a memory painter. Movements of the day had no effect upon him. The pioneer efforts of Turner and Constable touched him not. As far as Böcklin was concerned, the Barbizon School might never have been.

Corot was born thirty-one years before him, Rousseau fifteen, Millet thirteen, Harpignies eight. Jules Breton and Holman Hunt were born in the same year as Arnold Böcklin, that homeless man, who lived with his dark thoughts, his dreams of nature, and the queer creations of his imagination—dryads, centaurs, and all sorts of fantastic creatures without names : a homeless man : finally he settled in Florence and lived there till his death in 1901.

Artistically all this would be as nothing had he not been a great craftsman and a fine colourist. His hand had the power to express forcibly the solemn and sincere vagaries of his imagination. And in relying upon memory

and not upon the straight look of his own eyes, which is realism, he was a herald of the practice of many living artists who learn a scene, who assist themselves with sketches, but who paint from memory, the inner memory perhaps. You can never say of Böcklin's pictures that they represent such and such a place : all you can say is that they recall certain Italian natural features which he loved in the impressionable years of youth, and which he never forgot.

His pictures, so original, so unlike the productions of his contemporaries, are formidable and impressive. I remember the lasting effect a group of his works made when they were shown at one of the annual exhibitions of the International Society in London early this century. An eminent landscape painter went so far as to say, in my hearing, " Arnold Böcklin was a great man. He outsteps us all."

Although during his lifetime his fondness for mythological figures and imaginary creations, and his explorations of uncharted lands, offended some pedants, he had his staunch admirers. Count Schack of Munich was one of them ; for many years he was the purchaser of Böcklin's most important pictures.

At Basle he made a series of frescoes for the Garden House of Herr Sarasin, and he also painted the frescoes over the staircase of the Basle Museum.

His first great success was in 1859, when he was thirty-two, with " Pan Among the Reeds," which is now in the Munich Pinakothek. The Schack Gallery at Munich contains his " Pan Startling a Shepherd," " Villa by the Sea," and " Triton and Nereid." The Basle Museum has his " Centaurs Fighting " and

" Sacred Grove." At Dresden is his " Faun Family at the Fountain," and Leipsig has his celebrated " Island of the Dead," of which five versions exist. A detached painter, who pursued his own brooding way using nature as a background for his dreams, Böcklin belongs to no school: you cannot catalogue him: he painted what Arnold Böcklin saw and felt.

Jules Breton was born in the same year as Böcklin. What a contrast! The idealistic pictures of Jules Breton became as popular in France (and in America) as the cattle of Sidney Cooper in England. A man of sentiment, and a writer of verse, Jules Breton, a minor poet at heart, attracted the public by his idealisations of the peasant girl. " His young women," said Millet, " are too beautiful to remain in the country." It is the story in his pictures that the public likes, such as " The Return of the Gleaners " and " Blessing the Crops," well designed, but of small account artistically. His " Song of the Lark," a girl with a sickle in her hand, wandering over the fields, and singing rapturously to the accompaniment of the lark, is in the art gallery of Chicago. In 1920, when votes were taken, observations made, and the sales of picture postcards counted to discover which were the most popular pictures in the gallery, the first place was won easily by Jules Breton's " The Song of the Lark."

P. G. Hamerton called Rosa Bonheur " the most accomplished female painter who ever lived." Certainly she was the most successful. " The Horse Fair," exhibited at the Salon of 1853, is now at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and the small study of it she made for Gambart is in the National Gallery. It is a powerful

and dramatic animal picture rather than a landscape. " Ploughing the Fields in Nivernais," is nearer to a landscape ; but animals were always more important than nature to this talented painter who had a great career, and who was quite right in refusing to adopt the dressmaking business which her parents had selected for her.

" Sowing in Autumn," by Emile Michel (Luxembourg Gallery), has a bold simplicity that is very attractive. Leon Belly, a friend of some of the Barbizon painters, specialised in Eastern scenes : " A Pool in the Forest " is one of his finest landscapes. Emil van Marcke was a pupil of Troyon's. His " Vaches au Pâturage " is strong and imposing.

These excellent, and in the cases of Jules Breton and Rosa Bonheur, popular painters, are but the tail of this chapter. The outstanding figures are Puvis de Chavannes and Arnold Böcklin, each great in his own way. Puvis was the greater : he founded a school : he taught the modern world what a mural decoration should be.

X

The Grand Amateur and Others

BRABAZON, 1821-1906.

H. G. HINE, 1811-1895. W. J. MÜLLER, 1812-1845. SIR JOHN GILBERT, 1817-1897. SAM BOUGH, 1822-1878. BIRKET FOSTER, 1825-1899. A. W. HUNT, 1830-1896. T. COLLIER, 1840-1891.

Soon I shall have to cease devoting separate chapters to the Water-colourists, for the practice of this intimate

art will become so general, that it will be possible to chronicle only the performances of the Leaders.

Hercules Brabazon holds a distinct and special place in the history of water-colour painting. This Grand Amateur, who carried on the tradition of Turner's later and more abstract water-colours, was spared the conflict of competition, and of earning his living by his brush.

Judging from the outside, I do not suppose that any artist had a happier life. A country gentleman, rich, well-educated, he gave his leisure to the arts, and to travel, producing water-colours that may be described as his personal impressions of the beauty of the world. Why not call them letters that he wrote, for those who care to read, from Italy, Spain, Holland, Algiers, Egypt, and from his own flower-garden at Oaklands.

His early work shows that he began, as all must, by carefully drawing the forms of objects; but as the years passed, bringing with them increase of knowledge, he grew confident and fearless in painting the effect, not the fact. Light and colour became the essence, the reason of his pictures.

He was the squire of Oaklands, Sussex, but, having no taste for the usual pursuits of an English country gentleman, he handed over the management of the estate to his nephew, and devoted his life to the two passions of his life—water-colour painting and music.

He never painted an oil picture: he never undertook a commission: he never had a studio: he never used an easel: he would work anywhere, whenever the mood seized him, whenever some loveliness of nature

inspired him, and if there was no table handy he would balance the drawing-board upon his knees.

Throughout his life he painted adorable water-colours, often one, even two a day, at home or abroad.

He was a great admirer of the works of other artists, and when he saw a picture that especially interested him, he did not write or talk about it : he sat down and made an Interpretation in water-colour. These Interpretations give the essence of the picture as he saw it, with the omission of such details as did not interest him. Turner was his favourite painter, and through his long life he made over four hundred Interpretations of this master. Of Velasquez he made nearly one hundred, of David Cox about forty, of Constable, de Wint and Müller over twenty ; and of other artists, such as Guardi, de Hooch, Courbet, Bonington, Wilson, from one to a dozen Interpretations. They are extraordinarily vivid ; the *flair* is caught : the essentials are given. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that, in the case of some of the lesser men, the Brabazons are better than the originals.

So you see his life work consists of original water-colour paintings, hundreds and hundreds of them, and hundreds of Interpretations. Some are in pastel, which he used with rare skill.

He and Mr. J. S. Sargent had a common interest and enthusiasm in music. The story goes that Mr. J. S. Sargent, lunching one day with Brabazon at his flat in London, was astonished and delighted at certain water-colour paintings upon the walls. He learned that they were by his host. Brabazon was then seventy years of age.

I do not suggest that Mr. Sargent entirely discovered

Brabazon. Certain artist friends had known the value of his work before, and had tried to persuade him to exhibit, but he had always refused. He painted for love, not for fame. But I have no doubt that it was Mr. Sargent's admiration for Brabazon's work that kindled the New English Art Club in 1891 suddenly to elect him a full member. He was proposed by Mr. Wilson Steer, and seconded by Mr. Francis James. To the winter exhibition he sent two pictures, " Lago Maggiore " and " Venice."

The following year, 1892, when he was seventy-one, he was persuaded by Mr. D. Croal Thomson (very difficult it was) to hold an exhibition at the Goupil Gallery. He showed sixty-two water-colours, and Mr. Sargent contributed a note to the catalogue. It is no exaggeration to say that this exhibition placed him, at a bound, first of living British water-colour painters. There were no discords. Critics and public alike were united in praise and astonishment. Mr. George Moore was writing art criticism at that time : he said—" His ' Riva dei Schiavoni ' is as exquisite as a flower ; it is not a thing that has been made—it has grown—exquisite as a flower—bright as a flower—delicate as a flower. . . . The love of a long life is in those water-colours—they are all love ; out of love they have grown, in its light they have flourished and they have been made lovely with love."

Ruskin said of Brabazon, long before he was " discovered " : " He is the only person since Turner at whose feet I can sit, and worship, and learn about colour."

William J. Müller was a very different kind of artist—

not very successful : he, too, was a traveller. Besides his oils, Müller produced a great number of quiet water-colours, simply seen and fine in colour. There are ten pages of Müller's in the Tate Gallery catalogue, including some of which Brabazon made Interpretations.

Müller was born at Bristol, the son of John Samuel Müller, a Prussian, who was curator of the Bristol Museum. He was the artist in contradistinction to the painter. In his time the age of the official, popular, highly-paid picture was just beginning in England, and there was no bench for an artist like William Müller in that galley. But, after his death, there was quite a rush for his pictures. The three days' sale of his oils and water-colours reached £4,600. Müller understood the tact of omission, and he had the virtue of simplicity as his water-colours at the Tate Gallery testify. He possessed a fine eye for colour, and a nice sense of composition.

One of the most attractive of his oils is his " Carnarvon Castle " seen through the golden mist of a summer morning ; but it would be better without the huddle of boats and figures.

The life of Birket Foster ran contemporaneously with that of Brabazon, but no two men could be farther apart in outlook and performance. Birket Foster had no vision beyond rural scenes : his standard of art was finish, excessive finish, and prettiness. He did his work well, within its limited range, and his stippled renderings of Surrey cottages, lanes, hedgerows and flowers, are cherished by some. I am sure that Birket Foster would not have asked Courbet to tea if he had met him

in a Surrey lane. Until 1859, he worked for the wood engravers, and he never quite freed himself from the restrictions of drawing on the block.

Birket Foster is still popular. A sunset scene on the Thames by him fetched at Christie's in 1924 the large sum of 1,800 guineas. This drawing was exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, "to show the French the attractions of our national art."

If Birket Foster was a niggler, Sir John Gilbert was a dasher. He sent two hundred and seventy water-colours to the Royal Water-colour Society between 1852 and his death. The Guildhall Collection possesses a great number of John Gilberts: they lack clearness and cohesion.

Sam Bough had, and has, a considerable reputation in Scotland. R. L. Stevenson was one of his admirers, the man rather than the artist. Bough had the sense of beauty in him, with a pleasant freshness of technique.

Alfred W. Hunt was a scholar and a poet as well as a very capable water-colourist. He won the Newdigate in 1851, with a poem on "Nineveh." Hunt's water-colours are prized by many collectors. It is said that he took to heart the failure of the Royal Academy to recognise his merit. Perhaps out of this came his statement, quite true, that "the real reward for an artist is his own pleasure in the work itself." Ruskin was his champion, due, no doubt, to Hunt's interest in Pre-Raphaelite methods.

H. C. Hine was born near Brighton, and found many of his subjects by the coasts and on the uplands of Sussex. Tom Collier, born later, is another favourite. His fresh landscapes have charm.

I might add many names to these sincere, patient water-colourists, so essentially English.

Of this group one stands out—Brabazon. He is in a class by himself. He carried the Turner shorthand a step farther in abstract simplification ; and it is difficult to see how the Brabazon method of landscape, flashlights of colour, and subtle blurs of form, can be carried farther.

XI

Pre-Raphaelites

FORD MADOX BROWN, 1821-1893.
HOLMAN HUNT, 1827-1910.
MILLAIS, 1829-1896.
WILLIAM DYCE, 1806-1864. CHARLES DE LA BERGE, 1807-1842.

The Pre-Raphaelites were not especially concerned with landscape. It was incidental in their work, but because Millais, Ford Madox Brown and Holman Hunt were men of genius, their landscape became, in many cases, memorable. The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood did not introduce Pre-Raphaelitism to the world : they merely consolidated and intensified a way of seeing and painting that certain artists, now and again, have practised : there were the German " Nazarenes," there was William Dyce, born in 1806, fifteen years before Madox Brown ; there was the Frenchman, Charles de la Berge, born in 1807 ; there were others ; but Rossetti and his Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood companions made the title world-famous.

Pre-Raphaelitism was a sneer at Raphael, a statement which I, at once, proceed to modify.

To sneer at Raphael is like sneering, say, at the Tower Bridge. A sensitive man crosses that structure and, while filled with wonder and admiration, he thinks of a little stone bridge in the country with a sheep track running over it, beautiful in design and rhythm, simple with the simplicity of the unvexed mind, the expression of some village craftsman who had learnt how to build a bridge from his father. Thinking of this little stone bridge, slowly and seriously built in the days when faith was an actuality, the man, when he reaches the Surrey side, turns to survey the Tower Bridge, and as he turns, he shrugs his shoulders. The gesture denotes disapproval of modernity and materialism, and in it lurks a sneer.

Raphael symbolises the crest of the pass up which the artists of Italy marched so magnificently. He is autumn : the efforts of spring and summer have passed into full fruition. Painting which had once been a humble craft, had become in his day the plaything of popes and princes. Raphael, a genius, facile and most accomplished, went with the tide : he stepped with easy grace upon a pedestal and there he remained for three hundred years—" the divine Raphael."

A time comes in the history of the world when men begin to revalue the decrees of tradition. Such men are usually called revolutionaries, but in reality they are merely men of independent thought and observation who have strong convictions, with the desire to express them. There is always a Stalwart, sometimes two, around whom weaker men, with similar convictions, gather.

So began the mid-Nineteenth-Century sneer at Raphael, which solidified into the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. They did not attack Raphael: they ignored him; they discovered that they were much in sympathy with the Primitives, with the earnest men who helped in the making of Italian art before Raphael of Urbino dazzled the world and floated forward on the tide of pomp and prosperity. They preferred the pauper to the prince of art, so they passed Raphael, peered back into the age of faith, and called themselves Pre-Raphaelites.

Ford Madox Brown was the father of the movement. He became so without effort. The idea was in his blood. He was "a Pre-Raphaelite before the word was invented." He took Rossetti as a pupil, but he was never actually a member of the Brotherhood.

Rossetti brought to the movement ideas, knowledge and connoisseurship. After the Brotherhood had been formed, and during the two years that it lasted, he became the chief influence. His stored, active brain, simmering with mediaeval lore, and the love of lovely things, influenced John Everett Millais, who produced his finest work while under the spell of the eyes and talk of Rossetti and Ford Madox Brown. Holman Hunt was as earnest as Ford Madox Brown. Then there was Woolner, the sculptor; Stephens, the writer; James Collinson and W. M. Rossetti, who edited *The Germ*.

With all of them, except Millais, landscape painting was an episode. But when they touched it the very intensity of their method, the loving care with which they dwelt on every detail, gave to their landscapes, so realistically unrealistic, an unforgettable quality. Madox

The Scapegoat (Manchester)
HOLMAN HUNT, 1827-1910
Photo : Eyre & Spottiswoode

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The Pretty Baa Lambs (Ashmolean Museum)
FORD MADOX BROWN 1821-1893

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Brown's landscapes, like his historical and other pictures, were despised, if not actually rejected, by the Royal Academy. His " Pretty Baa Lambs " was hidden away in the Octagon Room. What a strange, attractive, child-like picture it is, sunny and fresh, yet an entirely different kind of sunniness and freshness from Monet's. Of the " Pretty Baa Lambs," R. A. M. Stevenson said: " By God ! The whole history of modern art begins with that picture."

Holman Hunt was more preoccupied with landscape than Ford Madox Brown. How insistent is Holman Hunt's " Hireling Shepherd ! " Who can define it, or excuse it, or fail to be delighted with it ?

In a survey of Nineteenth-Century landscape painting, his " Scapegoat " must be included. In his desire for truth, the last externality of truth, Holman Hunt was rather like the actor who blacked himself all over when about to play Othello. To paint " The Scapegoat " he went to Palestine, set himself to get the absolute local colour, underwent hardships—result, " The Scapegoat," lost in a real Palestine landscape. This, too, is an unforgettable picture, nature (and an amazing goat) seen with the mind and the piety of this member of the Brotherhood.

As Holman Hunt was a patient craftsman, as well as an idealist, he was able to paint his pictures so thoroughly, in such a workmanlike manner, that to-day they retain their brilliancy. Call the landscape of " The Scapegoat " dry and hard, but it is most attractive, both in the original picture and in the smaller version that is now in the Manchester Gallery. Holman Hunt was a fine landscape painter, because he loved nature, and

was reverent before her. In many of his works, such as " The Two Gentlemen of Verona," I prefer the landscape—pure bright sunshine—to the figures. So with " The Hireling Shepherd," the symbolism of which is so insistent through the picture, that it would need a whole page to explain it; but it is the landscape of " The Hireling Shepherd " that we enjoy—the care with which he has painted every blade of grass, every little flower: why, you can count the ears of ripe corn!

Of " The Strayed Sheep," which was commissioned by a collector who admired " The Hireling Shepherd," but who did not wish for so large a picture, Ruskin wrote: " It showed to us, for the first time in the history of art, the absolutely faithful balances of colour and shade by which actual sunshine might be transposed into a key in which the harmonies possible with material pigments should yet produce the same impressions upon the mind which were caused by the light itself."

The ignorant have confused Pre-Raphaelitism with early Victorian finish. They are vastly different. The Victorian ran with the herd, the Pre-Raphaelite sought a pasture that had been almost unvisited since the days when the early Italians, and Roger of the Pasture and the Master of the Life of Mary, roamed there.

There have always been, as I have said, Pre-Raphaelites. William Dyce, a Scotsman, who was born fifteen years before Madox Brown, was a Pre-Raphaelite at heart. His " Pegwell Bay," at the Tate Gallery, has all the qualities that distinguish P.R. from V.F.—Pre-Raphaelitism from Victorian finish. So has his " George Herbert at Bemerton composing ' Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright.' " Dyce was an artist of

c. 1850

Landscape (F. A. White Collection)
FORD MADOX BROWN, 1821-1893
Photo : Gray

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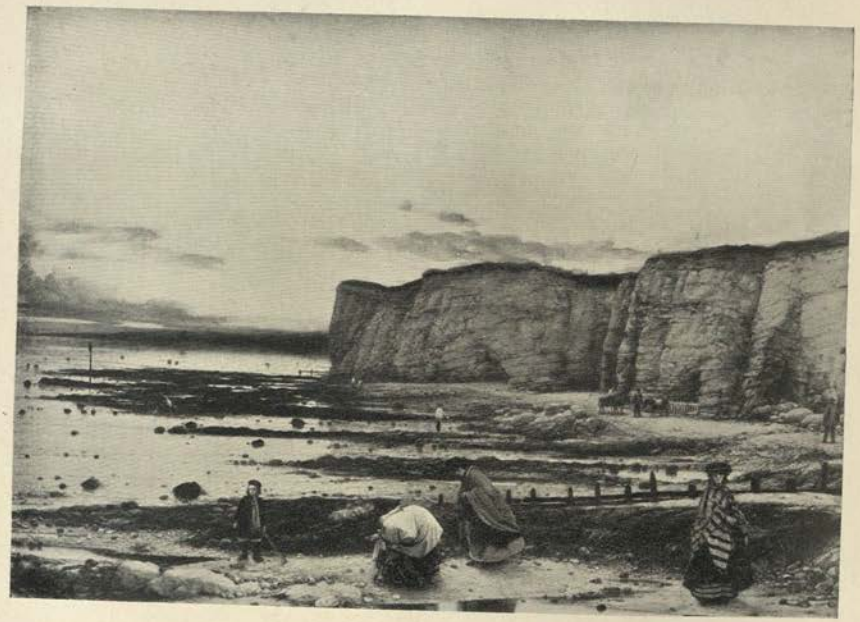

Pegwell Bay (National Gallery)
W. Dyce, 1806-1864
Photo : National Gallery

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distinction and charm who, in an unfortunate moment, wrote a paper on " Art Education," for which he was made head of the government Schools of Design. His pictures are better teachers than his pamphlets.

Dyce lived at a time when it was thought that art could only be great if it was painted in the grand manner, with historical and classical groups in studio attitudes, and Wardour Street costumes ; but sometimes Dyce escaped and found life. Such an escape was his when he painted his son, seeing him in that moment just as he was, a small, fair-headed, big-eyed, wondering boy ; he escaped, too, during the summer of 1858, when he painted " Pegwell Bay," now in the National Gallery.

We can imagine the conditions. Holiday time has come round again, and Dyce, his wife, her two sisters, and the child have gone to Pegwell Bay. Be sure that the painter meant to have a lazy time gathering shells, wandering round the cliffs and helping young William to make sand castles. You see the boy in the picture with his toy spade, and the artist himself, portfolio under his arm, standing under the cliff, noting, no doubt, what a nice picture his wife, Miss Grace and Miss Isabella make in their crinoline frocks, with large bonnets shading the demure faces flushed with exercise.

Of the Pre-Raphaelite group, Millais was the greatest artist, but not the greatest mind. The others were artists always : half of Millais became the English country gentleman, handsome, hearty, with a " palace " in Kensington and a " place " in Scotland, a salmon-fisher, a hail-fellow-well-met, enormously popular, to

whom the proprietor of a well-known soap paid a record price for the right to use his " Bubbles " as an advertisement. He became a baronet, and president of the Royal Academy. And in his youth he had been a member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

The explanation is that Millais was greater with his hands than with his head. But he had also the artist's delicate antennae : he was susceptible to influence ; he reacted quickly. His lively sympathies responded immediately to the influence of Rossetti and Ford Madox Brown, and equally quickly in later years to the popular acclaim that greeted him, annually, as he rose to the highest position in British art.

He was nineteen when he made friends with Rossetti and Holman Hunt, and began to make the Pre-Raphaelite movement first hated and then—later—adored by the public. He had been a kind of wonder-child ; at the age of eleven he passed easily into the Royal Academy schools ; at seventeen his " Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru " was hung. Then came the influence of subtler and richer minds, and from that period up till the age of thirty or so, he produced landscapes and other pictures that place him in the forefront of British artists of the Victorian age. If he took any interest in the intellectual and visual development of art that was agitating France, his work shows no sign of it. He was as insular as Hogarth, and like Hogarth, he could paint anything. But, unlike Hogarth, he weakened. Prosperity weakened him. Like Raphael, he became a social lion. Beginning as a Pre-Raphaelite, he ended a Raphaelite.

It is the Pre-Raphaelite Millais we esteem ; that is, the Millais who lives ; but in his later manner he could

The Blind Girl (Birmingham Art Gallery)
MILLAIS, 1829-1896

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April Snow (French Gallery)
W. McTaggart, 1835-1910

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also produce such a masterpiece as " The North-West Passage." The lion remembered something from his mighty youth.

Could there be found two more beautiful landscapes than those in his Pre-Raphaelite " Ophelia " and " The Vale of Rest " ? Bastien-Lepage would have been proud to sign the lovely, clear-sighted landscape that rises up the hill to the " antient town " of Winchelsea in his " Blind Girl." And " Autumn Leaves," now at Manchester, painted when he was twenty-seven ! Is it not one of the most alluring examples of the British school which has been so faithful to landscape, and landscape with figures, since Wilson, Crome, and Gainsborough strove to make an unwilling public believe that nature might be as attractive as man ?

A biographical dictionary calls Millais' " Chill October," painted when he was forty-two, " the first of his large landscapes." It was : it was also the beginning of his professionalism. He was no longer Millais the Pre-Raphaelite : he had become Millais the popular.

Millais was a great craftsman, born with the skill to succeed early in his craft, like a great violinist, cricketer, or golfer. I should not call him a connoisseur. I never heard that he collected, or made any pretence of connoisseurship. He was a sane, hearty Englishman, with some French blood in his veins, who took up the profession of painting because he had an extraordinary natural aptitude for it, and who had the good luck, at the most impressionable time of his life, to come under the influence of Rossetti and Holman Hunt. It is idle to speculate how his career would have developed had

he never met them, and other earnest and talented young men who hovered about the P.R.B.

Volumes have been written about the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It lasted for two years ; but its influence is unceasing. We call them Primitives now, but they are less successful than the Pre-Raphaelites. The Primitives try to be naïve ; the Pre-Raphaelites wanted only to be real.

XII

England, Scotland, Ireland : Mainly Sea Painters

HENRY MOORE, 1831-1895.

NATHANIEL HONE, 1831-1918.

WILLIAM MCTAGGART, 1835-1910.

J. C. HOOK, 1819-1907. JOHN BRETT, 1830-1902. J. AUMONIER, 1832-1911. KEELEY HALSWELLE, 1832-1921. VICAT COLE, 1833-1883. M. W. RIDLEY, 1837-1888. COLIN HUNTER, 1841-1904. NAPIER HEMY, 1841-1917.

There were painters of the sea between Turner and Henry Moore : there were Bonington, Courbet and Boudin, to name but three ; but one of the earliest to make the sea the subject of his brush to the exclusion, after about 1858, of almost everything else, was Henry Moore. He had a Pre-Raphaelite mind, and the Interior scenes which occupied his earlier life were painted with Pre-Raphaelite particularity. A voyage with a friend in a yacht from Devonshire to France opened the waters to him : he was fascinated ; he devoted weeks of eager study to the movement of waves, the roll and rush of billows, and for the rest of his life he painted the Channel waters and little else.

His aim was truth : there was nothing of the romantic in him ; he loved colour ; he loved the ever-changing moods of the ocean, but he painted always just what his eyes saw. His pictures look like the sea seen through a cabin port-hole.

I remember Henry Moore as a silent man with a big black beard, an aggressive eye and a manner that was not exactly clubable. I remember the first time I saw his " Clearness After Rain "—nothing but sea and sky. It fascinated : it is the actual open sea, drawn and painted consummately; blue, shimmering with movement. France thought well of this picture, for at the 1889 Exposition it won for Henry Moore the Grand Prix and Légion d'Honneur.

Other sea pictures by him have similar qualities, if they have not the perfection of vision and treatment of " Clearness After Rain ": such as " Catspaws off the Land," with its rich, glowing colour, that makes neighbouring pictures seem dingy. He became the painter of the sea and nothing else—the solitary, shipless sea. He studied nothing else—he specialised in the open sea. So effective was the decision he made on that voyage between Devonshire and France that the writer of his biography in Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters* permitted himself to say : " No modern man, and perhaps no artist at all, has ever approached him in his special capacity to render with unerring accuracy and magnificent colour the ever-changing moods of the restless sea."

Yet Henry Moore was not a great artist, simply because, as every schoolboy knows, there are heights in the art hierarchy higher than mere truth to vision. The aim of art is to paint the unseen through the seen.

Moore's aim was absolute truth ; he scorned the idea of imagination, or of any special poetic fervour. He would have spurned the child-like waves that lull the lovely feet of Botticelli's " Venus " : he would have scorned the sea that breaks in fairy foam about the base of Claude's " Enchanted Castle."

And yet—— ?

William McTaggart was a Scot, a West Highland Scot, who remained in his land, and unlike most of his contemporaries, abjured London with its prizes and penalties. He was an open-air man, a nature man, a light and atmosphere man, and so vivid and insistent were these conditions to him that his figures partake of these attributes. The children who frolic in his airy seascapes and landscapes are like wills-o'-the-wisp in pinafores and stockings. Because he painted light, because his matter is rapid and elusive, he has been likened to Monet. They were born in the same year—1840. He was more interested in humanity than Monet; he was more of a picture maker. He was an individualist. A McTaggart in a picture gallery always asserts itself. They are joy pictures : they sing. The refrain may not be deep, but it is song. A fellow Scot, an artist, summed him and his pictures up thus : " They are nothing short of just downright fresh air, and if that isn't everything, I don't know what is . . . you have got the gift of putting such delicious freshness into your work, that it's nearly as good as going to the country." He could be epical, elemental, too, as in " The Storm," which Mr. James L. Caw describes as " perhaps the most wonderful representation of a great elemental disturbance ever painted."

He was one of the pioneers, at any rate in Scotland, of the *plein-air* movement, and in his own way solved many of the modern problems of light and colour. McTaggart, outside Scotland, has not yet received the recognition he deserves; but he has his strong and faithful admirers. In the dining-room of the house of Mr. and Mrs. Workman, in London, there hang eight McTaggarts—a feast of light and movement.

Nathaniel Hone, who had a long life of eighty-seven years, was, I believe, a descendant of the Nathaniel Hone, whose name lives through his squabble with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Angelica Kauffman.

Justly Nathaniel Hone has been called the greatest Irish landscape painter, for Orpen is primarily a figure and subject man. J. B. Yeats once described him as "the foremost landscape painter in the British Isles." With that I am unable to agree. Outside Ireland he is little known. There is a landscape by him in the Luxembourg, and one at Johannesburg, due to the generosity of Sir Hugh Lane, who was his great admirer.

His work suggests the vastness of earth, sky and sea, and the silence of solitary places; he has the secret of a great simplicity; he was not attracted by the niceties of painting, he was wedded rather to a harsh and forceful technique. Two of his most impressive pictures are "The Derelict," and "Evening: Malahide Sands." Of the latter "A. E." wrote: "There is something thrilling in this twilight trembling over the deserted world. . . . There is some magic in the vision made up of elemental light, darkness and loneliness, and we feel awed as if we knew that the Spirit was hidden in his works."

Hone, who was born in Dublin, spent the early years of his life in Barbizon and Fontainebleau, where he knew Corot and Harpignies. Someone once called him " the last of the Barbizon School stranded in another generation and country." His " Path Through the Wood " certainly has a Barbizon look. Those who wish to study the work of Nathaniel Hone must visit the National Gallery of Dublin, which contains, through the bequest of his widow, a gift of about 550 of his landscapes and nearly 900 water-colours. Of these water-colours, Mr. Michael Gahan says : " Not one of them but could be extended into noble landscapes ; not one which is not ample pasture for the outer and inner eye."

James Clarke Hook, who was the senior by some years of the three outstanding men discussed above, was taken at the age of fourteen to Constable for advice as to the adoption of the career of art.

Robust, without much feeling for surface quality, Hook was a bold user of the palette knife. He, like Henry Moore, used the sea as his chief model—not the open sea, but the coves and inlets of England, where seaweed gathers on the rocks, and the breakers swirl foaming landward. His weakness was his figures ; he insisted on introducing them into every picture, and they usually seem adventitious.

John Brett, who began, under the influence of the writing of Ruskin, as a kind of pre-Raphaelite, caught the sea fever in middle age, and painted many panoramas of the ocean seen from a height, hard yet vibrating, glittering with movement. It is a pleasure, the pleasure that one has in space, sunshine and movement, to stand

before his " Britannia's Realm " and " From the Dorsetshire Cliffs."

Great praise has been given to his " Val d'Aosta " ; indeed, someone has called it " the most astonishing landscape in the English School." Certainly it is a *tour de force* in Pre-Raphaelitism of the eyes, not of the heart. There is more beauty in " The Stone-Breaker " ; but my feeling before this picture and before " Val d'Aosta " is wonder at the painter's patience, not at his vision.

Napier Hemy was a dashing painter. He was never dull ; but his sea pictures rarely move one to enthusiasm. Stay ! there is vigour, movement and youth in his yachting transcripts. His " Catch of Pilchards " is interesting, an interesting illustration. He was a breezy craftsman, with a sense of drama, but he had not the subtlety of Henry Moore.

Vicat Cole devoted ten years of his life to painting pictures of the Thames from " Source to Sea." A good example of his art, somewhat heavy in manner and dull in colour, is " The Pool of London," painted in 1888.

Colin Hunter, who was born in Glasgow, devoted himself mainly to sea and coast pieces, such as " Their Only Harvest." M. W. Ridley was a finer artist. His " Pool of London," painted as early as 1862, is vigorous and strong in colour.

James Aumonier, whose " Sheep Washing in Sussex" allures by its good but hard colour, developed into a tone painter, and joined in later years the group of Tone Painters who exhibited together, calling these annual shows simply " Landscape Exhibition." His landscapes are constructed.

There are others I might mention; but landscape painting is now so widespread and fairly profitable a branch of art that it is becoming more and more difficult to mention all the practitioners. Aumonier was a learned painter; but the three who stand out from the group considered in this chapter are an Englishman—Henry Moore; a Scotsman, William McTaggart; and an Irishman, Nathaniel Hone. Now we turn to Benjamin Williams Leader, and the era of Popularity of Victorian landscape painting.

XIII

Great Britain: Victorian Popularity

B. W. LEADER, 1830-1922. H. W. B. DAVIS, 1833-1914. PETER GRAHAM, 1836-1921. DAVID FARQUHARSON, 1839-1907. JOHN MACWHIRTER, 1839-1911.

The landscape painters whose names appear at the heading of this chapter, all born in the 'thirties, were fortunate in their epoch. For years their Royal Academy pictures were beloved by the public; but not often by the critics. What did that matter? To an interviewer B. W. Leader, R.A., said one day: "I know no artist whose work has been so consistently blamed by the critic as mine. I make this statement with the greater freedom because, happily, those criticisms have not prevented every picture of mine selling."

There were many capable landscape painters who shared in Leader's popularity in those golden years. They had their reward in handsome incomes, and handsome houses; but posterity may disregard them. They

were insular, with but little interest in the re-birth of painting that was agitating France.

Under the presidency of Lord Leighton, painting became fashionable and popular in Great Britain, and the chief market-place was the Royal Academy. The great merchants, fostered by the great dealers, bought the " pictures of the year." They really bought names.

The popularity of subject pictures extended to landscapes. Each Royal Academician had the right to hang eight canvases (the number has since been reduced), and there were years when landscape painters presented their full quota to the hanging committee.

When I think of the astonishing success of Benjamin Williams Leader, the title of a novel by William de Morgan comes to mind: " It Never Can Happen Again." The reason is that critics, collectors, ay, and the public, are now better educated in art matters.

To understand why the name of Leader was a household word for fifty years in England, it is necessary to glance at the relations between painter and patron. I suggest that only ten per cent. of the public are in any way educated in the craft of painting. It is for this ten per cent. that the master painter, who usually is not popular, works ; also to please himself : it is from the ranks of this ten per cent. that the critics of the best papers and journals, the magazine writers, the authors of books on art, the directors of galleries and museums are drawn : and this specialised body of men and women extol and write up the few painters, possibly the masters of the future, who have especial vision and technique. This specialised body either ignores such a painter as Leader, or throws him a few chilly words, but the ninety per

cent. who know nothing about painting as a craft, and who are uninterested in personal vision, and in their hearts distrustful of it, go on admiring Leader, or thinking they do, and talking about him, and making him famous.

The reason is that Leader had the average eye and brain. He saw nature as the ninety per cent. see her—normally, and he never disturbed, shocked or exhilarated anybody by peering beneath the surface of things and showing on canvas the unexpected, the flying fancy, or that beauty touched with strangeness that Botticelli expressed in the figure and in landscape. Not that Leader was a bad painter. Far from it. He had a good sense of design, he drew well in a precise, commonplace way, but his colour was poor, and all his landscapes have a trite look, whether he painted the hayfields and lanes of Worcestershire, where he first lived, the hills and mists of adjoining Wales, or the sand and fir trees of Surrey, where he resided for the second half of his life. He painted rural scenes on large canvases that the ninety per cent. could recognise at once, without effort, as something they had seen and liked in nature. One of his best early works is the representational " The Churchyard at Bettwys-y-Coed," painted in 1869. Not until 1881 did he make his first great success with " February Fill Dyke," a large Worcestershire landscape, with gaunt trees against the evening sky, vividly reflected in the water overflowing the road. He repeated this success in the following year with " In the Evening There Shall be Light," which contained, in title and picture, the sentiment which the ninety per cent., quite properly, enjoy. This picture earned for the artist one

of the gold medals given at the Paris Exposition of 1889, and Meissonier, also a ninety-per-cent. painter, angry that it did not receive a Grand Prix, started a movement which ended in Leader obtaining the Legion of Honour.

With these two pictures there was opened out for him another avenue of popularity and wealth—the reproduction of his works in black and white. The French etchers, Chauvel and Brunet-Debaines, and later the process of photogravure, distributed Leaders all over the country. In black and white the poverty of his colour was avoided. So Leader became the popular landscape painter of the day, and descended from his eminence so slowly that the descent was hardly noticeable. Reproductions of " In the Evening There Shall be Light " still sell. It was of this picture that Bishop Magee said that if he could sit quietly and gaze at it, he would get into such a peaceful state of mind that even a curate could play with him.

Leader himself did not raise a finger to advertise himself. Modest, retiring, loving the country, he lived but to paint popular Academy landscapes. He had his reward.

Peter Graham was another ninety-per-cent. painter. Of him also it may be said that such a career can never happen again. For years, indeed, until the time of his death in 1921, few critics troubled themselves to say anything about Peter Graham's pictures of shaggy Highland cattle, in rough Scots weather, with the mist swirling up over the desolate hills. There was nothing to say about them. One picture was like another. Year after year he showed these same shaggy Highland cattle

in the same " nasty " Scottish weather as I heard it described by a lady who was standing before a Peter Graham ; but she called the Highland cattle " darlings." It was her husband who kept her delaying before the Peter Graham. He was interested, not in the picture as a work of art, but in the scene. " I've tramped those hills many a time," he said, " but I could never get near the cattle."

The public is faithful. The critics might ignore Peter Graham, but thousands and thousands of people—when they saw those Highland cattle, those desolate hills, that creeping mist, that faithful heather, those eroded rocks, those lashing waves, those screaming gulls—greeted them as old friends. Such pictures belonged to the established order of things, like the Bank of England, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, the House of Lords, bread sauce with chicken, and line engravings.

I have not the least desire to own a Peter Graham, perhaps because I am not a Scotsman and shaggy cattle and eroded cliff motives do not appeal to me. At any rate, Peter Graham was true to himself, and never faltered in allegiance to the vision of his own eyes.

Could Peter Graham have done better than he did is a question that cannot be answered. He began splendidly. For obvious reasons I did not see his picture called " A Spate in the Highlands," when it was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1866, but everyone I have spoken to who did see this picture recalls it with enthusiasm. *The Times*, in its notice of the exhibition, referred to this work as " the most impressive landscape of the year."

I have seen it many times since in the Manchester Gallery, where " A Spate in the Highlands " now hangs. It is certainly a *tour de force*, dingy but impressive. P. H. Hamerton called it " one of the most impressive pictures of Highland scenery ever painted." Which it is.

I have dealt at length with Leader and Peter Graham because they may be taken as typical examples of successful Victorian Landscape Painting.

Among the others were John MacWhirter, who exhibited his first picture at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1853, at the age of fourteen. In early years the Highlands provided most of his subjects, but later he struck a very popular vein with his pictures of spring flowers in the Italian Alps. His most successful effort, which was reproduced in colour and sold widely, was " June in the Austrian Tyrol," showing an Alpine valley, the pastures a mass of white and blue flowers, and the peaks of the Dolomites beyond—scenic, but in its way quite attractive, as was its companion, " Meadows and Mountains—Tyrol." Such pictures gave the ninety per cent. (and some of the ten per cent.) great pleasure.

H. W. B. Davis was also a sculptor ; but his popularity came from his pastoral subjects, of which " Returning to the Fold " is a typical example. He was a quiet painter, who was fortunate in working at a time when the kind of placid work he produced was esteemed. He became an R.A. in 1877.

David Farquharson, who was born in Perthshire, and studied art in Edinburgh, also had a share of popularity. Two of his pictures, " In a Fog," painted on Beer Common, South Devon, in 1897, and " Birnam

Wood," painted in 1906, were purchased (why ?) by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest.

There were others also, but these suffice.

Again, how often, at the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, have I seen an open-air, ruddy Englishman, certainly not the kind that is interested in art, standing rapt, lost to the world, before a Leader, a David Farquharson, a Peter Graham, or a MacWhirter ; and, if you could overhear what he is saying to himself, it would surely be something like this : " Ah, that's the kind of place I know. There I've ridden, or walked, or shot, or sailed."

The average, out-of-doors Englishman liked these representations of nature so much that, if he could not afford to buy the picture, he would purchase a reproduction in black and white. The right to reproduce one of these representational landscapes sometimes cost more than the picture itself. But—it never can happen again.

XIV

Holland Revives

JACOB MARIS, 1837-1899.
MATTHEW MARIS, 1835-1917.
ANTON MAUVE, 1838-1888.
J. BOSBOOM, 1817-1891. J. H. WEISSENBRUCH, 1824-1903. MESDAG, 1831-1905. WILLIAM MARIS, 1843-1910. B. J. BLOMMERS, 1845-1922. W. B. THOLEN, 1850- . THEO. DE BOCK, 1851-1904.

In the seventeenth century, Holland was mistress of the world in landscape painting. She made the art domestic : she cared nothing for mythology, ruins, or

for the " grand manner " commentary on nature ; she cared only for her wide skies, her waterways, where little towns doze, her busy brimming canals. The seventeenth century gave the world van Goyen, Rembrandt, Ruisdael, Vermeer of Delft, Hobbema, and half a hundred others.

The eighteenth century produced virtually nothing in the way of landscape painting in Holland ; but in the nineteenth century Holland revives, and again takes a leading place. Indeed, in the painting of atmosphere, of the incorporeal " envelope " that enfolds and reveals, of the watery sunshine, more beautiful in Holland than anywhere ; of the blonde foreground and the hazy distance, of the vast blue skies flecked and piled with vast clouds—in all these things Holland not only takes a leading place—she is unrivalled. Recall the names of her atmospheric and tone painters—Jacob Maris and his brothers Matthew and William, Mesdag, Weissenbruch, Mauve and others. To see a collection of picked atmospheric landscapes in oil and water-colour by these painters, gathered into one large gallery, would convince the observer that, in this convention—*i.e.*, the suggestion of atmosphere and tone, so subtly and delicately rendered that the colours seem to be wafted upon the canvas, not put on with brushes—the art has reached perfection. These home-loving Dutchmen were not enticed by the blazing sunshine of mid-France or Spain : not for them the heat dazzle of Henri-Martin and Sorolla ; they painted Holland as she is, as she has always been, a land of pale sunshine, far distances, and grey masses, where church towers and windmills rise up from the moist meadows.

The best of these atmospheric modern Dutch pictures astonish by their freshness and luminosity : they seem to have been painted yesterday. Yet how will they look in a hundred years ; how would they appear if varnished as freely and richly as certain Claudes and van Goyens have been varnished.

In the National Gallery are two magnificent river views by van Goyen, painted about 1645. The shipping and wharf-life are a little tiresome because van Goyen, like Claude, was overfond of detail and afraid of the eloquence of bare spaces; but the great skies, wherein he could put nothing but light, clouds and wind, are wonderful.

I can imagine Jacob Maris standing before these two pictures and uttering one word only—" Master ! " But these majestic skies of van Goyen are not like the incorporeal skies of Jacob Maris. They are covered with varnish, and the dull glow of dirt and smoke that 250 years works into pictures. This is not altogether a disadvantage : it knits a work together : composes it into a whole : simplifies it and subdues vagrant activities. Sir John Millais used to say that Time is the best Old Master. But the question we ask ourselves when standing before such pictures as these van Goyen river scenes is, " What were they like on the day they left the artist's easel ? "

The two van Goyens have breadth, but they certainly lack freshness. How interesting it would be if the varnish were removed. Would these mid-seventeenth-century landscapes emerge as fresh as a Jacob Maris of the late nineteenth century ?

Jacob Maris, the chief of the nineteenth-century

Dutch landscape painters, has both breadth and freshness. Unfortunately, he is not well represented in public galleries outside Holland. Half a century ago certain connoisseur dealers saw the commercial possibilities of this group of Dutchmen, and pictures by them that once could be bought for small sums now fetch small fortunes. The Frick Collection, New York, owns a magnificent Jacob Maris, and the Campbell-Bannerman family possess a very fine Matthew Maris, acquired by the late Premier. In the Metropolitan Museum, New York, is an exquisite water-colour by Jacob showing the moist liquid quality in his technique, of which he was so consummate a master.

The Mesdag collection at The Hague and the Rijks Museum owns some of his finest examples : his " Shell-Gatherers " and " Windmill in the Snow " in the Mesdag collection are unforgettable. Jacob Maris was often to be seen painting on the shore of Scheveningen, his burly figure clad always in a black frock coat.

The three Maris brothers—Jacob, born in 1837, Matthew in 1835, and William in 1843—all became famous. William was the least of them ; but he was also a fine painter. Some of his duck ponds, with cattle at the edges, are charming.

Matthew told Mr. D. Croal Thomson that their grandfather was a Bohemian soldier of fortune. Their father was a printer in The Hague, where these three sons were born.

During the latter years of his life, Matthew Maris became a legend and a reproach to the tender-hearted. Articles would appear in the English papers saying that this distinguished Dutch artist, old and friendless, was

living in a single room in the north of London, and asking if he could not be aided and comforted. Nothing could be done. He was living the life of his choice, that of a recluse in a foreign country, involved in his pictorial dreams, the world rejected. For nineteen years he dwelt in one humble lodging in London : for eleven in another.

His reputation had long been established. At any time during the thirty years of his hermit life in London, this recluse might have made any money he wished ; but he had an unreasoning grudge against the world, and was suspicious of its ways ; he had a passionate determination not to allow his later pictures to leave his studio. He laboured upon them incessantly : he strove to remove every trace of realism, and to express nothing but his inner vision. " Vanished Illusions " was one of these pictures. Year after year he worked upon this unsubstantiality, until it became the wraith of a picture. There were others. He never meant them to be shown : he had not fully expressed himself ; but after he had passed away they were exposed. For Matthew Maris had become a noted figure in the picture market. Expression, in his latter period, meant obliteration, except to his peering eyes. No doubt in the long, lonely years that he worked upon these canvases, he saw, what others could not see, his ideals slowing taking form.

Matthew Maris was not a great draughtsman, but he had extreme sensibility. He was a sensitive, and he had the power to impart a kind of magic to homely scenes. What is the charm of such earlier period pictures as " The Young Cook," " The Girl at the Well," " The Christening," "The Flower," and "Feeding Chickens"?

c. 1880

The Shell Gatherers (Amsterdam)
JACOB MARIS, 1837-1899

Facing page 128

c. 1880

The Shower (Dublin)
ANTON MAUVE, 1838-1888

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They haunt the memory: they seem to be the Platonic heavenly patterns of what such simple scenes should be. Sometimes, even in his earlier period, he failed to reach his aim and went on perseveringly failing; but at his best, when he attained his goal, or when a picture was taken from him by a purchaser, and he could not labour longer upon it, how firm and right and deep-visioned he is. Think of his "Montmartre," and "The Four Mills," and the "Souvenir of Amsterdam"! How direct they are, how apt in tone and in the drawing of the lie of the land. In such fantasies as "The King's Children" and "The Prince and Princess," he seems to have suggested, indeed stated, the essence of Fairyland. All that could be done for Matthew Maris, contented recluse and pure artist, during his long residence in London, was done. Although he denied himself to strangers, and rarely left his lodging until nightfall, his few friends and admirers were persistent in their kindliness. There was J. M. Swan, the artist; there was Van Wissenlingh, connoisseur and dealer, who drew that lovely picture "The Bride" from the muddle of his studio-livingroom at 18 Westbourne Square. And there were D. Croal Thomson and Mr. Friedlander who have written illuminatively about him. All visited the ungregarious artist, and he trusted them.

Matthew came to London to assist Daniel Cottier in designing stained glass. He spoke English tolerably, and in a queer, complaining letter that has been published, he reveals the kink in his mind which was that he was forced to paint "pot boilers." No one seems to know quite what he meant. Mr. Friedlander further

reveals the strange disposition of this unworldly artist, who held life at arm's length. He disliked fires as much as he loved open windows, and any pedantic or classical allusion in conversation made him furious or sulky.

Let him rest. His work remains. In a world where painting has become a profession with the lure of honours and luxury, Matthew Maris was, like Albert P. Ryder, the American, a type of the essential artist asking nothing but to be allowed to paint and explore in peace. This rare painter was an unpractical mystic astray in the hubbub of life.

Mesdag was a lifelong painter of the sea. Certainly he represented the sandy, yellow waters of the Dutch coast with great skill; but his hand was heavy: he had not anything of the lightness of Jacob Maris, and pupils who went to him, including Americans, tell stories of how jealous the gruff old man was of Jacob Maris, and how uneasy and brusque he became when his pupils were unable to conceal the transference of their admiration. The irony of it is that it was Mesdag himself who introduced the Marises and others of the brilliant young Dutch School to his pupils.

Mesdag was a very rich man, as well as a capable painter, and he spent some of his fortune, as I have already said, in collecting the works of the modern Dutch and French masters. He bought with the shrewdness of a banker, and the knowledge of an artist. He preferred the study to the finished picture, the inspiration to the sustained and often enfeebled effort, and so we find in the Mesdag collection, on the Laan Van Meer der Voort, a series of artists' pictures, that is, works done for pleasure, not for the public. Not all are

studies or sketches ; there are pictures carried as far as the artist could take them, such as those wonderful works, " The Cook " and " The Bride," by Matthew Maris. And there are Courbets, and Segantinis, and a little Corot, an " Early Morning," one of those lovely, limpid Corots that make us lament his glide into professionalism.

Anton Mauve has well earned the epithet—delicate Mauve. But like Botticelli he combined strength with his delicacy. His subjects were anything so long as they were simple—a " Changing Pasture," a " Return to the Fold." One of his most exquisite water-colours is merely a woman hanging out clothes to dry. He chose the simplest themes, but so sensitive was his art that to look at his drawings of sheep passing through a gate on a wet day ; or leaving a barn with dawn peeping through the open door ; or returning under bare trees by one lighted window, is to have the feeling that you have been away in the country. The freshness and simplicity of his work touches and invigorates like wind in the face, and raindrops on the forehead. How beautiful is his little picture called " A Shower," merely a country road, a slip of meadow, and a sky. Seven trees stand there ; and seven small figures, umbrellas over their heads are bending to the shower. That is the subject, but oh ! the treatment of it, the fresh, moist charm, the unforced pathos of this rainy evening with the clouds breaking into beauty.

The beautiful landscape by Weissenbruch, " The Seashore," at The Hague, merely a great Dutch sky and a vast Dutch shore with a man or two, and a boat or two, might hang beside the best Jacob Maris, but

Weissenbruch is chiefly known as the painter of town views with cloud shadows sweeping over them, and church interiors.

Johannes Bosboom, who was born earlier, also painted town views, and church interiors, white and bare, in which the chief model is not architecture, but light. Bosboom carried on the tradition of Saenredam.

B. J. Blommers paints a wreck, but without the horror that would startle you in a Salon picture. He gives in this small drawing of huddled figures the effect of the anxious moments on the fisher folk. You feel their dread, you do not witness it.

It is difficult to see how the best of these Dutch landscapes, pure statements of the beauty of the world, adventures in atmosphere and tone, encompassed by light, can be improved upon ; it is difficult to see how men can paint better, in this convention, than Jacob Maris, Matthew Maris, Weissenbruch and Mauve. This may be the reason why *les fauves*, despairing of ever excelling in this, and in other painting conventions, broke upon a startled world with something raw, rough, rude, but full of great possibilities—Post-Impressionism.

The Shore (Hague)
WEISSENBRUCH, 1824-1903

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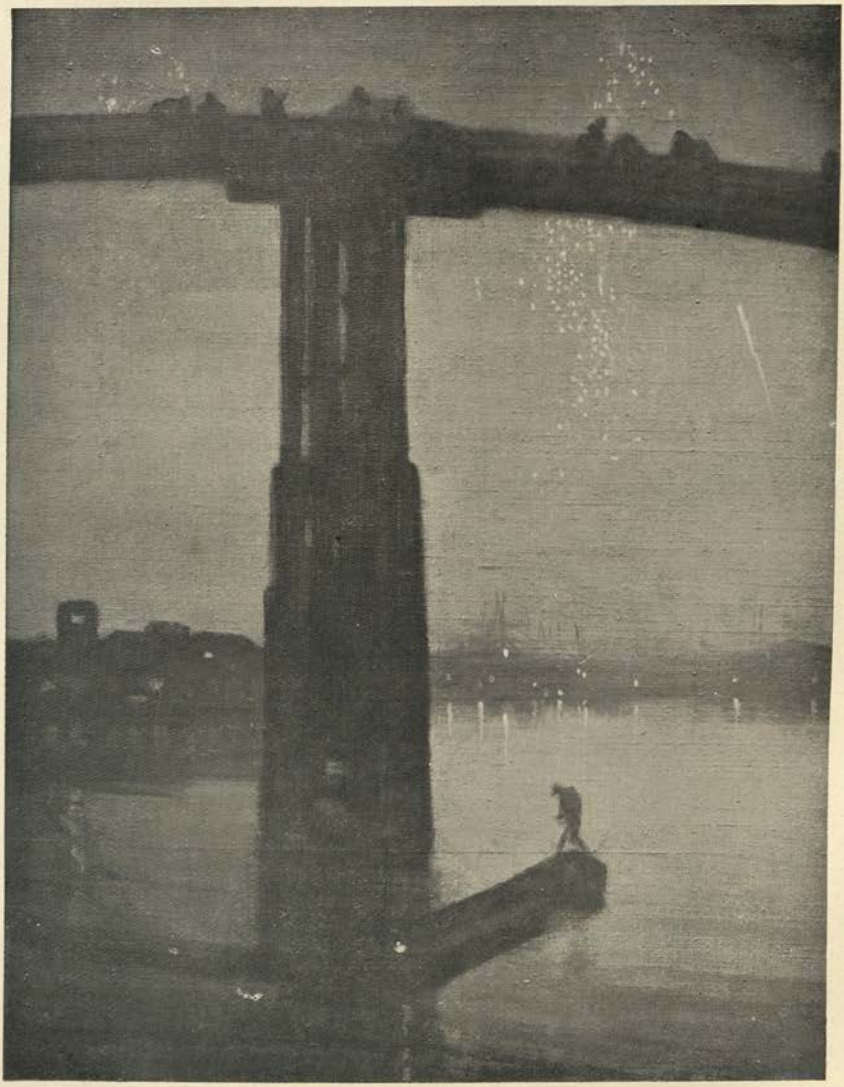

Old Battersea Bridge : Nocturne in blue and silver (Tate Gallery)
WHISTLER, 1834-1903
Photo : Tate Gallery

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XV

The United States

(*Artists born before* 1850)

GEORGE INNESS, 1825-1894.
WHISTLER, 1834-1903.
WINSLOW HOMER, 1836-1910.
WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT, 1824-1879. HOMER MARTIN, 1836-1897. ALEX. H. WYANT, 1836-1892. MARK FISHER, 1841-1923. ALBERT P. RYDER, 1847-1917. RALPH A. BLAKELOCK, 1847-1920. ABBOT THAYER, 1849-1922. DWIGHT W. TRYON, 1849- .

George Inness was the first great personality in American landscape painting. The Hudson River painters, discussed in Chapter V, are usually considered as a School, with Thomas Cole as head boy; but George Inness is an individual figure. Although he died only in 1894, he has already taken on the complexion of an Old Master.

It is affection rather than admiration that the normal appreciator of pictures feels for Inness. When I see a large, solemn sweep of country by this pioneer American landscape painter in an American gallery, I have the feeling of resting tranquilly in my affection for him. He does not stir; he does not transcend; he is like some old oak tree in a park that we take for granted, that we should miss if it were not there, but that we have ceased to examine with any particularity. The Metropolitan Museum of New York would not be quite the same if Inness's "Peace and Plenty" were

not there. Yet I never really look at its 78¼ inches of width, and 48½ inches of height. It is there. That is enough. I am content. He is the Father of American landscape painting, and " Peace and Plenty," painted in 1865, may be regarded as his Diploma picture.

But some of the many Innesses exposed in American galleries have a livelier message. There is his bold " Sunset in the Woods " at Washington ; his " Approaching Storm " at St. Louis ; his " Early Morning " at Chicago, and " The Juniata River " at Cleveland. And I remember the excitement at the Hearn Sale in March, 1918, an evening session, packed with people, when the curtain parted, showing Inness's " The Wood Gatherers," and the cheers of the assembly when it was knocked down for 30,800 dollars, the highest price ever paid for an Inness at a public sale. I wrote against the entry in the catalogue one word—Corot, and with a photograph of this sylvan, silvery picture before me, I underline the word—Corot.

" The Wood Gatherers " was painted in 1891, while Inness was in Scotland. That was, I think, his third visit to Europe. The first was in 1850, the second in 1870, and who can wonder that the influence of Corot, and of Rousseau and Daubigny should have lasted throughout his life. When an artist of fine sensibility like Inness sees the work of such masters he takes from them almost unconsciously. This is not plagiarism : it is but an instance of the internationalism of art. Similarly, in his earlier pictures, we can trace the large, spacious, tidy view of nature, which we associate with the Hudson River School, particularly the influence of Thomas Cole, who was born twenty-four years earlier.

American landscape painting has made such strides since Inness flourished, and has broken out into so many paths that I am not surprised to find to-day no trace of his influence. In all the books he is given separate chapters, and is regarded as fixed, settled, beyond competition or criticism—an Old Master. So I was startled to find in the *International Studio* the following by Mr. Guy Pène DuBois, painter and writer :

" Inness is a mumbler and a frail one. He is an early American awed by the art of the foreigners, afraid that he could never reach to their glorious pedestals ; a gaby and still timid primitive. His line wants valour and force ; his colour, the subjective element of inspiration."

But America is the land of contrasts. In another quarter I find Mr. Elliot Dangerfield saying of " Late Morning—Hudson River," an early Inness, painted in 1848, " I do not think Hobbema at his best ever painted anything finer than this canvas, and once more I acclaim (and thank God for my enthusiasm) our George Inness as the greatest landscape painter who ever lived."

The truth may lie half-way between these two statements.

As a man, George Inness was nearer to Wordsworth than to Tennyson, and far, far away from Walt Whitman. We are told that he was given to reasoning upon the Eternities, and for many years was a professed and ardent Swedenborgian. Best of all: he loved Nature with a profound and lasting passion.

With Whistler, born nine years after Inness, we reach the first of the American cosmopolitan painters, who

belong to the world, and who have attained universal fame.

Whistler as a landscape painter ! Is this a misnomer ? Certainly he never painted cows, or barns, or ploughmen wending home, or stags reposing in forests. For his landscapes he looked seaward or riverward. Water was his artistic passion—rivers and seas, with here a boat, there the silhouette of a bridge, or a faint figure in rose-pink idling on a green shore.

Whistler was the greatest exponent of taste in the Nineteenth Century. His masters were Courbet and the Japanese ; but his strength and guidance were his power to select the artistically essential from the artistically unessential, coupled with his technique which enabled him to suggest, nay, to embody, an effect upon the canvas with an economy of means which is the despair of others. Try to copy his " Variations in Violet and Green," that lovely gleam of water with the high horizon. It eludes. The copy becomes heavy. Whistler's thin, shimmering surface has the qualities of depth. " Watch it," he said of one of his pictures, " and you will see the stars come out."

We know that Frans Hals and Hogarth were the painters he most admired ; we know that he adored the early Chinese and Japanese ; we know that the man had a shrewd mind, a witty tongue, and that he was a master of the Gentle Art of Making Enemies. But the method of his paintings defies analysis. There they are, and the titles are as beautiful as the pictures—" Symphony in Grey and Green," " The Blue Wave," " Crepuscule in Flesh Colour and Green."

One of his most beautiful pictures is " Old Battersea

Bridge: Nocturne in Blue and Silver," painted in 1877, and now at the Tate Gallery. It gives me a start of pleasure each time I see it: it is a final episode of beauty, and it was made possible by such more reasoned, more particularised, less impulsive early works as Mrs. Hutton's " Wapping," painted in 1860, and Mr. Edmund Davis's " Harmony in Brown and Gold." Students should study the " Wapping," for only by thus searching out every detail, as he does in this picture, could the Master fit himself for the exquisite improvisation of " Variations in Violet and Green " and " Old Battersea Bridge: Nocturne in Blue and Silver," so ethereally distant from the " Wapping " and from other early works, influenced by Courbet, such as " The Coast of Brittany " and " The Blue Wave."

Whistler stands by himself. There is little to say about such expressions of his rarefied artistic sensibility as " Cremorne Lights " and " Old Battersea Bridge "; there is little to say but " How beautiful ! " and to be glad that such expressions of loveliness are in the world.

It is generally agreed that the three greatest masters of painting of former days were Titian, Rembrandt and Velasquez. May I be bold and say that the three greatest masters of our days were Manet, Degas, and Whistler.

Once in public I called Whistler the first master of taste in western painting. Somebody challenged me with Botticelli. Having high respect for the challenger, I changed my statement to this—Botticelli was the greatest master in grace, Whistler in taste.

How Whistler inherited his kingdom we know not. " Art happens." He entered it and reigned, and his art

sovereignty sways wider and more potently each year. Genius makes its own laws, and guides its own courses. Why should an American boy who began his career at West Point Military Academy become, against every kind of obstacle, the greatest figure in modern art, for although he was not as fine a draughtsman as either Manet or Degas, I place him above them as an artist.

Whistler, a few years ago, was honoured by the opening of the Freer Gallery at Washington, a wonderful memorial, which may be compared to the magnificent memorial Turner has in the Tate Gallery.

For a quarter of a century and more Charles L. Freer was collecting Whistlers—oil paintings, water-colours, drawings, pastels, etchings, lithographs—but when he showed me the treasures in his house in Detroit, in 1908, I realised that Whistler was but part of his idea. Mr. Freer explained at great length, and subtly, the golden thread of art, to be linked with Whistler, that he saw winding through the ages ; but I was not convinced. I could understand the relation of Whistler to Oriental Porcelain, but I could not see how the American painters, Dwight W. Tryon, Abbot H. Thayer, and Thomas W. Dewing, were joined to it ; and I wondered that he should have gone to the great expense of buying and transporting the Leyland Peacock-room to America, for that was but a prank of Whistler's, a gorgeous prank, but not vital to his production. I thought then, I think still, that it would have been better if this ardent collector had confined himself to Whistler. He did not. But so magnificent is the Freer gift to the American nation that I am loth to utter the smallest cavil.

Any one of Whistler's masterpieces, and there are

many, at their present value would have saved Whistler the agony of his bankruptcies. The 'seventies were a bad time for art, but although Whistler always had a few devoted admirers, it is amazing to reflect how blind many artists and critics (Ruskin was one of the blindest) and most of the public were to the genius of Whistler. In many quarters he was regarded either as a mountebank, or as a letter writer with a witty, waspish pen.

He was also the author of the " Ten O'clock," the subtlest and most profound art statement of our time, and of the amusing, cruel " Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

I dined with him at the height of his quarrel with Sheridan Ford (there were two sides to that quarrel), and I came away from that dinner disheartened. Ready to sit at his feet, eager to hear wisdom from the lips of the author of the " Ten O'clock," I listened for hours to nothing but a series of crows of exultation at the way he had tracked, ferreted out, and " scalped " the unfortunate Sheridan Ford. As I walked home, I said to myself : " How sad that so great a man should have so little a nature."

Yet, when I reflect to-day upon the career of this great artist, I can find plenty of excuses for his littleness. He must have been aware, always, of his supreme gifts, and when they were received with disdain he became soured, and his quick brain returned venom for misunderstanding. He was not a great character, but he was a very great artist, and to-day it is the best of him, his artistic genius, that we reverence and cherish. He stung the Philistine world, but he also showed it what essential beauty is.

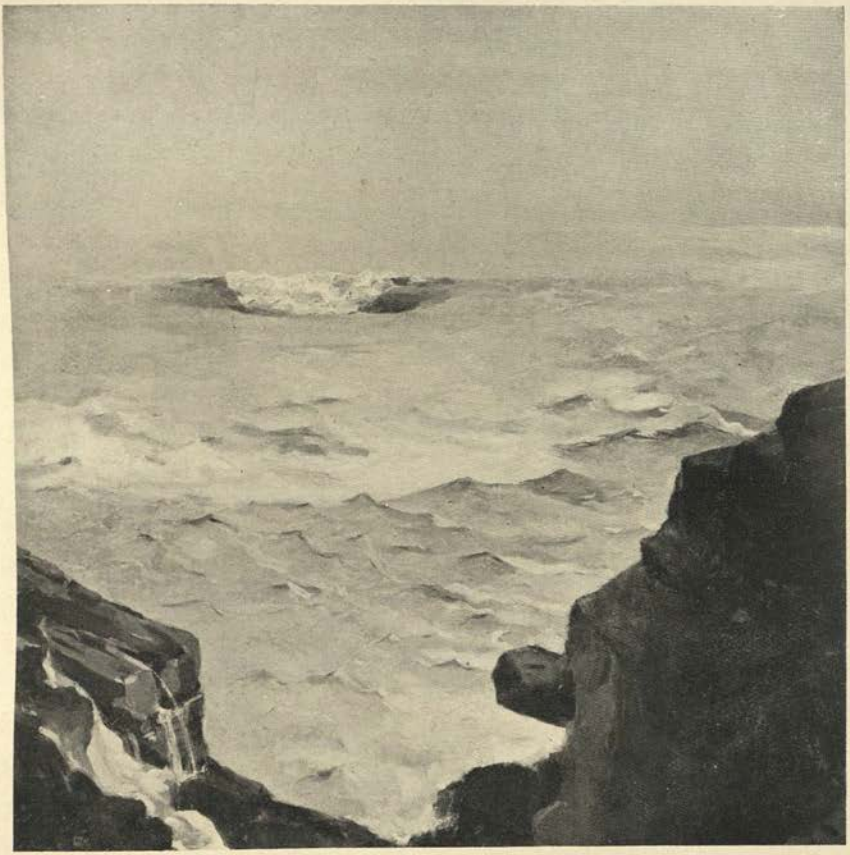
Whistler and Winslow Homer were born within two years of each other. Inevitably one contrasts these two remarkable artists. When I first saw the group of pictures by Winslow Homer at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, I said to myself: "This American is the greatest painter of the sea in art history."

Having whispered this confidence, I began mentally to hedge. "Be judicial," I murmured, "reflect! It is not likely that this Winslow Homer is the greatest painter of the sea of all time."

I left his startling pictures. I walked out into Fifth Avenue reflecting, and saying to myself: "Who in the past excels him?"

The actual raging, deep, glorious, smiling or sinister sea as a theme for painters is a modern adventure. The earlier men had little taste for wild nature. They loved still, blue pools and spacious inland waters. Fantastic Patinir saw the beauty of rivers. Botticelli was content with a delicate symbol of waves. Claude, with all his genius, rarely used the ocean but as a grand accessory. Turner? Of course he painted the sea, but it was a Turnerian sea, grandiosely imaginative, but not seen, felt, and as it were plunged into, with all the colour, movement, rage and profundity that we find in the seas of Winslow Homer. Turner's whirling waters are often theatrical. Homer's are direct, the sea itself. The movement of his waves is like a symphony by Beethoven.

Courbet made fine pictures of the immensity of the sea. Jacob Maris and Weissenbruch produced wonderful atmospheric renderings of the waters about the flat shores of Holland, with great moist skies, suffused with pale sunshine. Henry Moore, the best true painter of



Cannon Rock (New York)
WINSLOW HOMER, 1836-1910

Facing page 140

1895

Northeaster (New York)
WINSLOW HOMER, 1836-1910

Facing page 141

the sea that England has produced, had a great gift; so had John Brett, but not to be compared with Homer's forthright genius. Matisse (not Henri), the Frenchman, is unequalled in painting the sullen, oily movement of the deep. And there are others. But what are they all compared with Winslow Homer?

When my reflections had reached this point I returned to the Metropolitan Museum and stood before Winslow Homer's group of pictures. What a master! What force and virility! "Cannon Rock," "Northeaster," and "Moonlight, Woods Island Light"—the surging colour of them! What a trio! To look at them is almost as refreshing as a walk along the coast of Maine. Then there is "The Gulf Stream," dignified melodrama, with the terrible human interest of the half-nude negro. But I find myself always going back to "Cannon Rock," realism seen through the eyes of a painter-poet, or shall I say a painter-novelist, for Homer had an extraordinary power of seizing the dramatic moment, even when man is absent from a picture, and giving to the scene a forcible glamour. When I see a picture by him, oil or water-colour, I think of the couplet that Tennyson put into the mouth of Will Waterproof:

> I look at all things as they are,
> But through a kind of glory.

Sudden admirations for painters often fade with experience. Not so with Winslow Homer. Roaming about America, in public and private galleries, I came to regard his pictures as friends that never fail. They are such direct statements. He seems to owe nothing to any other artist, European or American. He was cast

in heroic mould: he stands with Walt Whitman, entirely and racially American. He has a Miltonic grandeur. A great technician, he was never afraid to be dramatic even in such diverse subjects as "All's Well," "The West Wind," and "The Fox Hunt."

In water-colour, too, he is supreme, not the delicate, stained-paper designs of the early English School, not the fine, final, ethereal visions of Turner; no, a bold, sweeping method of water-colour often as dramatic as his oils. In that remarkable three-man exhibition of water-colours held at the Boston Arts Club in the spring of 1921 there was a wall of Homers, a wall of Sargents, and a wall of Dodge Macknights. It was a stimulating exhibition, but I found after being there for two hours that it was the Sargents and Macknights I contrasted and compared. The Winslow Homers seemed fixed, final, beyond competition.

His "legend" is so near to us, that it seems quite clear. I met many men in New York who had known him, and a few who had visited him in his home of splendid, voluntary exile, Prout's Neck, near Scarboro on the coast of Maine. He went there to be himself. There he would watch the sea and paint, locking his studio door in December and journeying to Canada, Florida or Bermuda. On the coast of Maine he lived, holding to the resolve that he had made as a boy of nineteen: "If a man wants to be an artist, he must never look at pictures, a great denial, and greatly necessary."

Paris knows Winslow Homer. He received a gold medal at the Exposition of 1900, and "A Summer Night" was bought for the Luxembourg. I wish that

a great collection of his pictures could be shown in London, but it would have to include the Metropolitan Museum group.

Winslow Homer is a face we meet in the street and frankly enjoy seeing : Whistler is a face behind a window curtain, half veiled and all mystery. Homer prods us wide awake with the shout of Virility. Whistler tantalizes us with the whisper of Beauty.

Albert Pinkham Ryder was a recluse who painted mental pictures. They were founded upon life, because man has nothing else to found his dreams upon ; and the facts of life—a cloud, a field, a sail, a figure—lingered in his brooding mind, taking on mystery upon mystery, until they became a decorative pattern, and perhaps the quintessential idea of what he had first seen. Like Matthew Maris, he would work upon his pictures for years, putting on glaze after glaze, using varnish plentifully, submitting them to processes, which he sought by instinct and acquired through innumerable experiments, till the paint assumed a jewel-like quality, and in time the varnish crackled, and the motive—a cloud, a field, a sail, a figure—seems to be peering out from depths of wrought-in pigment. The Ryder effect was obtained, but it is impossible to see how it was attained, and perhaps Ryder himself could not have explained.

He was loth to let his pictures leave his studio. There was always something that he wanted to add to them. He said once to a patron who wished to carry a picture home which he had purchased, and which Ryder had been working on for years : " Why do you always want to take a picture away before it is finished ?"

No one knows how many years he worked upon that gem-like picture, glowing as it were by some interior light, " Jesus Revealed to the Magdalen," of which he did more than one version. This is a remarkable illustration. I have rarely seen a religious picture that seems to express so adequately and intimately the inner significance of the scene. The ethereal central figure of " Jesus Revealed to the Magdalen," is wonderfully realised. But Ryder was not usually happy with the figure. Landscapes and marines were the true expression of his genius. He was more than a nature-lover : he was absorbed in nature, not midday sunshine, not the sparkle and glitter that obsessed the Impressionists : no, Ryder was a student of the midnight sky, of moonlight, and the sun setting ominously in darkening heavens, with bars of blackness above the horizon. I never saw this recluse, but the picture I have of him is this supplied by a friend : " When New York slept and the Hudson was black with night, he sought the Palisades and walked hatless, forgetful of self, seeking the revelation that is in moonlight."

His message, if that word may still be used, is entirely personal. He was an isolated phenomenon in American art : the nearest approach to him was George Fuller, but Fuller had not the depth of Ryder's mental vision. He had the will but not the power. Ryder, I think, would have been the same in whatever country he had been born, and there is nothing in his ancestry to indicate what he would become, any more than there was in the ancestry of Blake.

Sprung from fisher folk, he was born in 1847, at New Bedford, Massachusetts. At the age of twenty-three

c. 1890

The Temple of the Mind (Buffalo)
ALBERT P. RYDER, 1847-1917

Facing page 144

c. 1890

Moonlight Marine (New York)
ALBERT P. RYDER, 1847-1917

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he went to New York. He studied for a time in the National Academy, and there are records of attic studios he occupied in Greenwich Village, all of which is set down in Mr. F. F. Sherman's biography, an intimate and understanding book. He was elected National Academician in 1906, he was " taken up " by Daniel Cottier, and later by Mr. Montross, who was, and is, his enthusiastic admirer. His whole creative period, says Mr. F. J. Mather, jr., was brief, roughly from 1880 to about 1900. " He was a gentle, owlish person, a good reader of a few great books—the Bible, Shakespeare and Chaucer, with a considerable gift for a wilding verse of his own."

Ryder was no neglected genius : he had a few kindly and intelligent patrons, who looked after him, and occasionally irritated him by entreating that he should let them have the pictures they loved, and had purchased.

His admirers seem to have settled upon " Jonah," " Constance " and " The Flying Dutchman " as his greatest works, but my personal taste would select " The Forest of Arden," " Moonlight Marine," and " The Temple of the Mind " as three pictures that fully express his romantic, intimate, laboured and mysterious vision.

A remarkable man, a lonely, self-centred man, who spent his life striving for expression through the sombre ways of nature half lighted, and who saw her not in episodes, but in patterns of deep harmonies.

William Morris Hunt, nearly a quarter of a century older than Ryder, was an excellent painter ; he was also a man of brain and heart with speech and pen

which could be at times as witty and apropos as Whistler. I thought that Whistler was the originator of the crushing retort when Counsel, in the Ruskin suit, cried: "What, you charge that sum for a picture that took you two hours!" "No, for the knowledge of a lifetime," replied Whistler. In *Boston Days of William Morris Hunt*, by Martha A. S. Salmon, I find that this satisfactory retort is given to Hunt apropos his landscape of "Gloucester Harbour," a *plein-air* picture painted in an afternoon in 1877, for which he received 4,000 dollars. "What?" said a candid friend, "four thousand dollars for four hours' work!" "No," replied Hunt, "it has taken me my life to paint that picture."

How many people have a copy of Hunt's *Talks on Art*, a book now, I believe, out of print? It clamours for reissue. I first made its acquaintance years ago at St. Ives, Cornwall. An artist living there, Louis Greir, owned a copy, and he would read extracts aloud whenever a few were gathered together. It is practical, pointed, wise, very helpful, unencumbered by rhetoric or ornamentation. It reads like a man talking, not writing, and I learn from Miss Salmon's volume that this is just what it is. *Talks on Art* was Hunt's talks to his pupils. At the end of three years he handed over his class to Miss Helen M. Knowlton, promising that he would come in every day or two and correct the work. Soon, Miss Knowlton, eager that a record should be kept of his "brilliant, witty remarks criticising or praising," fell into the habit of stepping behind a screen and hastily writing his remarks down: hence *Talks on Art*. Here are a few:

" Painting is looked at as an accomplishment. But it is only a universal language."

" If the birds should read the newspaper they would all take to changing their notes."

" Art belongs to this age just as the air belongs to it. Give me the fellow that can find honey in the flower that grows."

" If Homer were to come here and sing, they would say, ' Hold on. You're in our way. We're looking back into the Past.' "

The four outstanding figures in American landscape painting of this period are—Inness, Whistler, Homer, Ryder. If I devote but brief space to the others, all of whom have a considerable reputation in their own country, it is because of lack of space.

Homer Martin, who was born in the same year as Winslow Homer, was an able exponent of the French-American picture, of which his " Harp of the Winds : A View on the Seine," is an excellent example. His " Sand Dunes : Lake Ontario " was an attempt at emancipation.

Alexander Wyant is still a power. At the Hearn sale in New York I saw, amid enthusiasm, " In the Adirondacks," by him, fetch 21,500 dollars, a record price for this capable painter. He was a pupil of Hans Gude of Karlsruhe.

Dwight W. Tryon was a pupil of Daubigny. His work is delicate and sensitive. One of his most attractive pictures is " Moonlight," a farmhouse silhouetted against the sky, the moon near the horizon.

Ralph A. Blakelock was a romantic painter who, rather late in life, had a great vogue. Just before his

death, in 1920, one of his landscapes, a pond in a forest, with trees arching about it, fetched 17,500 dollars at auction. His most popular picture is the scenic " Moonlight " in the Toledo Museum.

Abbott H. Thayer was a fine and dignified figure painter, who occasionally produced sensitive landscapes, very personal, usually large and dimly impressive, such as " Mount Monadnock," now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

Finally, Mark Fisher, born in Boston, U.S.A., in 1841, of English and Irish parents, who came to London in 1871, began exhibiting at the Royal Academy in 1872, became an Associate in 1911—a long wait—and a full member in 1919. He died in 1923.

Mark Fisher looked with his own eyes. He copied nobody ; but Constable was his true ancestor. He went his own way, after he settled in England, having persuaded himself that Boston, Mass., was not a lucrative field for the landscape painter. He never painted classical, heroic, or composed landscapes ; distances, and half a country of foreground did not attract him : he was content to be a home man, as domestic to his garden as a Dutchman. He found inexhaustible themes in that garden, and in the near mill-stream and meadows. I verily believe that if he had been given five hundred years of life he would have been willing never to stray beyond half a mile of his house. There would always have been enough to paint, because his prime interest was in the myriad transformations of nature under the influence of light and wind. His pictures, painted in the open air, have an extraordinary freshness : the greenery glitters ; individual leaves reflect the light ; breezes

flutter the grasses, and as they sway it seems as if the actuality of nature is, indeed, upon the canvas.

You cannot mistake a Mark Fisher. Each of his busy, unsentimental, unpicturesque pastorals, palpitating with life, is hall-marked by his prepossession for the particular. He did not think out a picture; he saw freshly, and he painted what he saw freshly. One of his pleasantest pictures is " Boys Bathing," in Dublin.

Of these American landscape painters born before 1850, one only—Whistler—achieved cosmopolitan fame. Winslow Homer is known in Paris, and slightly in England. The work of Inness may be known to a few in Europe through the excellent biography by his son. William Morris Hunt is more widely known through his *Talks on Art*. Mark Fisher is, of course, known and esteemed in England, but of the others—Ryder, Thayer, Martin, Wyant, Blakelock, Tryon—I doubt if even their names are familiar in artistic circles in Europe. It is to be hoped that the Gallery of Contemporary Foreign Art at Millbank will contain a comprehensive collection of American pictures.

XVI

France, Germany, Russia, Belgium

(*Artists born before* 1850)

BASTIEN-LEPAGE, 1848-1884.

France : POINTELIN, 1839- . G. GUILLAUMET, 1840-1887. LEROLLE *c.* 1840- . J. CAZIN, 1841-1901. H. ZUBER, 1844-1909. LHERMITTE, 1844- . A. P. ROLL, 1847-1923. BESNARD, 1849- . VICTOR BINET, 1849- . X. X. ROUSSEAU, 1850- . *Germany :* LENBACH, 1836-1904. HANS THOMA, 1839-1918. MAX LIEBERMANN, 1847- . LUDWIG DILL, 1848- . *Russia :* AIVASOVSKY, 1817-1900. VERESTCHAGIN, 1842-1904. *Belgium :* ALFRED VERWEE, 1838-1895.

Bastien-Lepage was born eleven years after Cézanne, and eight after Monet ; so this remarkable artist, one of the chief practitioners of values and *plein air*, was younger than the fathers of Impressionism and Post-Impressionism. Neither of these movements influenced Bastien-Lepage. He, like Augustus Saint Gaudens in sculpture, was a classicist, a traditionalist ; but these two bathed their classicism in morning freshness.

It is well to discuss Bastien-Lepage before turning to such revolutionary figures as Monet and Cézanne, for he belongs to the older school, and went his own sane, serene way, giving himself wholeheartedly to *plein-air* painting and the study and practice of values, which came to him through Velasquez and Manet. Values were in the air, and Bastien-Lepage employed them rigorously and delightfully in landscape painting.

Bastien-Lepage's short career of thirty-six years greatly influenced and illumined certain young English, Scottish and American artists—who were his contemporaries—Clausen, La Thangue, Guthrie, Walton, Stott of Oldham, Gari Melchers, George Hitchcock, and others—who sought in France the inspiration they had not found at home. He was the most natural and realistic of painters, almost pre-Raphaelite in his eagerness to put on canvas the things seen that his eyes had chosen from nature. But although he painted the particular, each detail is merged into the whole. Finish, which with many painters is a synonym for lifelessness, became in his rare hands a living quality. The highly finished landscape in his " Haymakers " vibrates with heat, and the subtlety of it is as fresh as the freshness of it. This wonderful picture, which hangs in the Luxembourg, is one of the finest examples in the world of landscape with figures. Few have equalled the tense realism of the two resting, exhausted figures—the sleeping Lorrainer and the sturdy Lorraine girl ; and when the eyes pass from them—disturbed a little by their consummate draughtsmanship, anatomy, and structure, indicated but subservient to their humanity—the eyes fall almost with relief on the still and lovely landscape, with the high horizon line, that fills the upper portion of the picture.

Equally significant and outstanding is his " Potato Gatherers." Again we are shown a sun-parched field in Lorraine : again the actual facts of the thing seen are stated, with Hogarth's forthrightness. The figures have nothing of Millet's sentiment, nothing of his Homeric quality. Bastien gives to man and nature

just life. His art has the life-giving quality, and he achieves this without the slightest sacrifice of the academic exactitude which the schools teach.

Why could Bastien-Lepage do this? How did he acquire the Bastien touch, the Bastien life-giving air, without sentiment but with great charm—a Constable minus roughness? He was a Gallic Constable; that is, without losing one touch of his contact with nature he added to his picture the logic and the *esprit* of France. How is this to be explained? "Pupil of Cabanel" does not help us. Pupils of Cabanel were like the sands of the sea. The answer is that his home country, Lorraine, was his master and mistress, and behind Lorraine was the parent-mind—nature. Although he painted some magnificent portraits, his mother, his uncle, M. Hayem, Edward VII when Prince of Wales (*à la* Holbein in miniature mood), Sarah Bernhardt (*à la* Japan and Puck), he regarded portrait painting as "only a side issue, a form of relaxation between two landscapes."

Bastien-Lepage went his own way, a troubadour singing his premeditated songs; but though the songs were fresh and new they were founded on the eternal verities—fealty to conviction and fealty to love. Like most creative individualists he was great because he limited himself. In his early pictures he parleyed with allegory; he parleyed with allegory also in the traditional angels floating in his "Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices," but he learnt to rue his mistake. He "renounced forever the element of the marvellous." He became a natural painter of natural things, and he had the strength of character to reject in art what his natural disposition did not assimilate.

1878

The Potato Gatherers (Mrs. Coutts Michie)
BASTIEN-LEPAGE, 1848-1884

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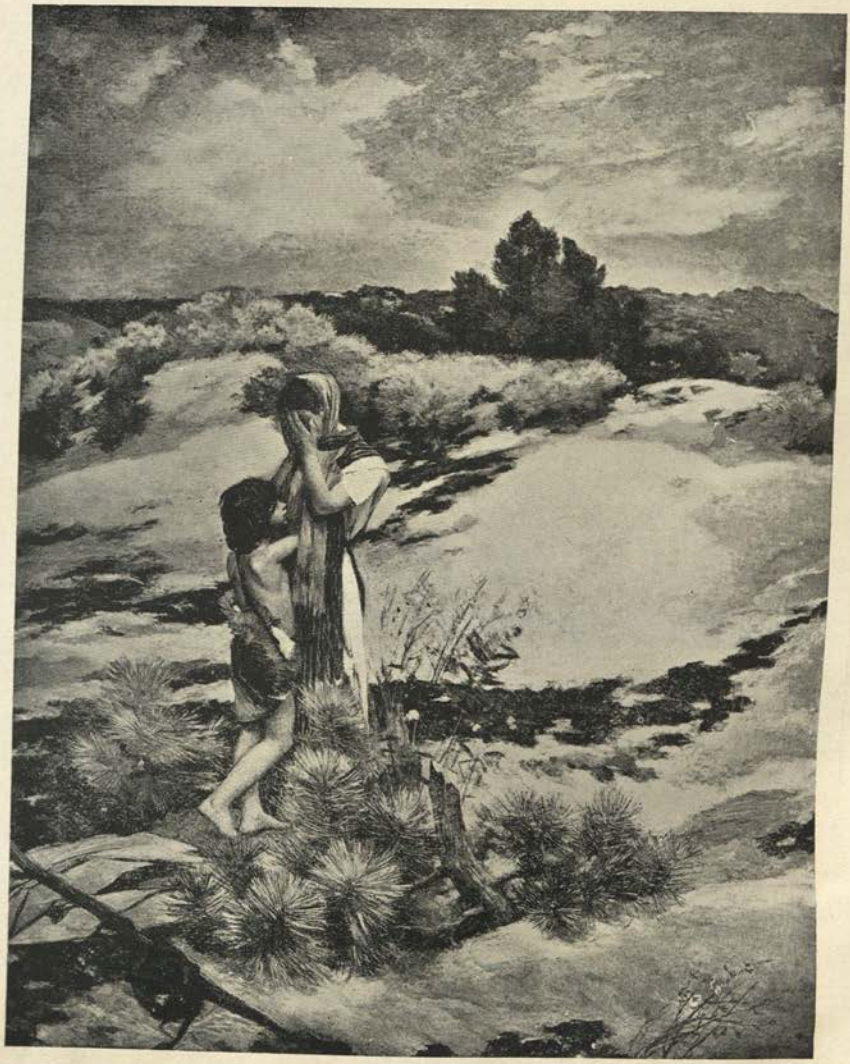

Hagar and Ishmael (Luxembourg)
CAZIN, 1841-1901

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He became a great influence because he declined to study the work of others. " What a pity," he wrote, " that we are initiated, whether we will or not, into traditions and routines, under the pretext that this is the way to train us to be artists ! It would be so simple to teach the use of brush and palette, without once mentioning the name of Michelangelo, or Raphael, or Murillo, or Domenichino."

When he visited Venice the works of Titian and Veronese bored him. He could not accept, says M. Crastre, " their fantastic interpretation of nature : he returned to Damvillers, his birthplace, profoundly disillusioned and more than ever convinced that nature alone, such as he saw her, was deserving of the attention of the true artist."

From his standpoint Bastien was quite right. Titian and Veronese remain unapproached and unapproachable. They are for others : they were not for him. He was all for the open air, daylight, not studio light. *Plein air* was a new thing, and Bastien had the sense and integrity to be an undeviating *plein-airist*.

During his visit to England he painted the Thames. Never shall I forget visiting Mr. Johnson's house in Philadelphia, during the absence of the owner, late one evening in 1908, and seeing by the light of a guttering candle, stacked on the floor, propped against a door, Bastien-Lepage's lovely series of Thames landscapes which I thought were lost. Mr. Johnson had a way of collecting precious things and hoarding them in that astonishing house.

Jean Charles Cazin was, like Harpignies, a pure landscape painter ; he is one of the group of French artists

whose works have been acquired in rather a wholesale manner by American collectors. In sentiment and tender delicacy there are few finer things than a fine Cazin. He was an able figure painter, without Bastien's intensity and fierce naturalness ; but his figures always compose beautifully into his pictures, and for perfect propriety in landscape with figure painting it would be hard to find a more adequate example than his " Hagar and Ishmael " of 1880, the year in which Bastien exhibited his " Joan of Arc."

Cazin was the painter of tenderness in nature, luminously seen, gracefully treated, and to imitate him is to topple over into the golden syrup of sentimentality. How charming Cazin can be ! When the full August moon, a fire opal in a milky, sapphire sky, is hanging over the white village, we pause and say—" Look, a Cazin ! " His art has labelled this moonlight crepuscular moment of nature. Cazin was a feminist in art.

Bastien-Lepage was of sterner stuff. He was wedded to frankness, and out of sympathy with any kind of poetical camouflage. Although he was not the first *plein-airist*, he was the first to make *plein air* an essential, and that being in those days in England rather a novelty, in spite of Constable, he came upon young England, Scotland, and the cosmopolitan America, as a voice crying, " Awake ! Awake ! "

Sombre, sad, lonely are the landscapes of Auguste E. Pointelin. He may be called a one-string man ; he sees nature in tone, not in colour ; but to encounter a Pointelin reverie in a gallery, such as " The Jura Chain seen from the Plain," in the Luxembourg, is to be again reminded of the quiet pleasure that a painter

The Edge of the Wood
LUDWIG DILL, 1848-

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Taunus View (Munich)
HANS THOMA, 1839-1918
Photo : Hanfstaengl

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of sincere temperament, even if of a narrow vision, offers us.

Lhermitte has a considerable reputation. He is a well-equipped painter: he is not an impulsive artist. Highly trained, an accomplished draughtsman, he supplies high academic accomplishment, but hardly the allure of colour, or artistic surprises. His interest in nature is accessory to his absorption in the figure.

There is a singularly attractive landscape by Victor Binet in the Luxembourg, "Factories at Rouen," beautifully seen; and there are many other Frenchmen of this period who have been drawn to landscape, such important artists, for example, as Besnard ("Algiers Harbour" in the Luxembourg) and Roll; but those who indulge occasionally in landscape are now so many that usually I can do no more than record their names at the head of each chapter.

Ludwig Dill was born in Gerusbach, near Baden-Baden, in 1848, the same year as Bastien-Lepage. He, of all the Germans of this period, impresses us with the imaginative and forceful decorative qualities of his landscapes, such as "Willows" and "The Edge of the Wood." He is a fine artist, personal in his vision, who has had considerable influence on German landscape painting. Professor Ludwig Dill was president of the Munich Secession from 1893 to 1900. His dream trees, seen mysteriously, are as individual as Menard's dream hills in dream lands.

One of Hans Thoma's pictures, the "Taunus View," at Munich, may be regarded as a pioneer of a certain kind of German romantic landscape with a reclining figure in the foreground musing upon the outstretched

world. Some of his pictures are reminiscent of Puvis de Chavannes and Arnold Böcklin. Hans Thoma, whose pictures have spaciousness and atmosphere, began well: he seemed to be an original, but when he had achieved popularity he became somewhat superficial. He has the distinction of having introduced Manet to Germany, which was rather like introducing a modern rifle into an armoury of blunderbusses.

It is a pleasure to meet a Hans Thoma in a gallery. He opens a window: the prospect may be empty, but the window has really been thrown open.

Such famous artists as Lenbach and Liebermann are landscape painters incidentally. I am told that there is a "magnificent" "Shepherd Boy Lying in the Sun," by Lenbach, in the Schach Gallery in Munich. Everyone knows Max Liebermann's "Country Tavern, Bavaria," and his "Rope-Walk"—expert painting by an expert painter who has turned slightly and temporarily from man to nature.

A word about Russia. Aivasovsky, who was born in 1817 and died in 1900, had a brisk feeling for the colour and movement of the sea: his pictures are attractive, if somewhat theatrical. Verestchagin's tempestuous war pictures, some of which were landscapes, once seemed striking and important.

Of this group of artists, born before 1850, the outstanding figure is Bastien-Lepage, apostle of *plein air* and values: then delicate Cazin: then romantic, straight-seeing Ludwig Dill.

XVII

Impressionists

CLAUDE MONET, 1840-
CAMILLE PISSARRO, 1831-1903. EDOUARD MANET, 1833-1883. DEGAS, 1834-1922. ALFRED SISLEY, 1839-1899. BERTHE MORISOT, 1840-1895. A. GUILLAUMIN, 1841-
F. J. RAFFAELLI, 1845-1924. HENRI-EDMUND CROSS, 1856-1910. H. MORET, 1856-1913. SEURAT, 1860-1891. THEO. VAN RYSSELBERGE, 1862- . SIGNAC, 1863- . LUCIEN PISSARRO, 1863- .

Manet, Monet and Degas are the chiefs of the movement known as Impressionism. (And Manet and Degas are greater than Impressionism !) Seurat and Signac are the lights of the movement known as Neo-Impressionism. (And Seurat is greater than Neo-Impressionism.) Cézanne, van Gogh and Gauguin are the chiefs of the movement known as Post-Impressionism. (And Cézanne is greater than Post-Impressionism.)

Labels ! Labels ! Labels ! We employ them : we use Impressionism, Neo-Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, because they are useful in grouping, and because custom has sanctioned them ; but each artist, as I have remarked before, obviously stands by himself. These movements in the beginning were derided and scorned : each was anathema to officialdom and to some official painters. Impressionism ! To-day it is as customary as bread and butter.

In the beginning the Impressionist painters were regarded as " madmen and charlatans," and the Salon juries resolutely refused to accept their " audacities."

Inpressionist pictures now hang in every gallery in Europe. One rich American collector, determined to be at the heart of the movement, bought forty Monets for her Paris house. And in 1922 a million francs worth of Monets were bought for Japan.

What is Impressionism ? The origin of the name has been told a hundred times. It is due, without intention, to Claude Monet. When, in 1863, the works of certain artists—Manet, Monet, Whistler, Braquemond, Jongkind, Fantin-Latour, Renoir, Legros and others—were rejected by the Salon jury, the Emperor, who, like Paul, was all things to all men, ordered that their works should be exhibited in a special room which became known as the Salon des Refusés. One of the works was a sunset by Claude Monet entitled " Impressions." The name adhered and was adopted by the group.

History records many other names intended as a taunt becoming a tribute.

The term Neo-Impressionism was invented by some quick critic : it meant simply that a certain group had pushed the technical analysis of colour still nearer to technical formalism and consequently farther from art.

M. Camille Mauclair, the ablest and most sympathetic historian of Impressionism, has said : " Impressionism is an art which does not give much scope to intellectuality, an art whose followers admit scarcely anything but immediate vision." That is true and untrue. The passing observer who pauses before a Monet, a Manet, a Sisley, a Pissarro, or before a Degas or a Renoir may protest at the lack of what the world calls intellectuality. But—here is the point—these men were far more intellectual than the majority of painters, only they

did their thinking and discussion before they began to paint, not, in the manner of most painters, while they were painting. If only the talk at those humble cafés—the Batignolles and the Guerbois—had been fully reported what a guide to the making of Nineteenth-Century art we should have.

Colour was their passion. Helmholtz and Chevreul were their Bibles. Optical discoveries were their adventures. Light was their beacon. As to their pictures it may be said, speaking generally, that they painted the effect, not the fact. Frith painted a railway station; so did Monet; but Frith painted the fact, Monet the effect. The danger of Impressionism, a danger which eventually wrecked those who pushed the theories into Neo-Impressionism, was its near approach to natural science. Their formula outran their emotion. Impressionism raced into Divisionism and farther. What does it matter? A good picture is a good picture whatever technical methods may be employed. The particular "ism" is of no moment; but it may mean a kind of progress. Synthesism was that.

It is an axiom that individuals are greater than movements. So we may brush aside these adventures in technique, which are hardly to be explained verbally, and fix our attention on the two Master Impressionists, Edouard Manet and Claude Monet. Yet even as I write his name, Manet passes out of the survey. He was greater than Impressionism: he was Manet. His fine and vital mentality engineered the movement.

Years later, when the youth of the world had absorbed and adopted Impressionism, and were paddling in the shallows of imitation, Manet had swum out into deep

waters, and was magnificently afloat. Once he said to Mallarmé: "Each time I paint I throw myself into the water to learn swimming." However, Manet was not a landscape painter, although the few he painted were wonderful. Man subservient to light was his preoccupation and his joy.

Manet was not a landscape painter, but like Degas, like all great artists, greatly trained to perform with the hand what the eye commands, Manet astonishes us when he drops into landscape. There is the grey-green "Winter Twilight" by him, at Boston; the beautiful "Marine," a delicate impression of sea, boats and sky, shown at the Lèfevre Galleries; and the smudgy view of Paris, at New York, that are worth a special journey to see—slight sketches but great art, all said that he had to say in those initiate moments.

Claude Monet is different. He has always kept near the shore, a sunny lovely shore; he has watched the sunlight on blue waters. For over half a century he has been the Master Impressionist. Able men, very able men, have eddied around him—Camille Pissarro, Alfred Sisley, Theo. van Rysselberghe, Paul Signac. Monet has remained supreme. Occasionally he will paint a diaphanous lady in a sunny garden, but nature, not man or woman, is his inspiration, always some momentary loveliness snatched from summer fields or summer shores, from blue seas and bluer skies. Heat haze, atmosphere palpitating with light, are his themes. Effects that were a pastime to his painter ancestors—Claude, Watteau, Turner—he has made into a business—a business which is pleasure and in which the dream lingers. His pictures are like the flash of a kingfisher's

c. 1870

Marine (Lefevre Galleries)
EDOUARD MANET, 1833-1883

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Waterloo Bridge
CLAUDE MONET, 1840-

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wing, but Manet is the sweep of an eagle. Manet, somebody said, is the genius of Impressionism, Monet is the best marksman. Monet usually hits the mark, but his aim is not high. One more parallel. Manet has been called the master of Mass Impressionism, Monet the master of Broken Colour Impressionism.

Broken colour ! You see it in all his charming pictures. You see it in the famous series of works, each the same form, each painted at a different hour of the day, beginning with dawn and ending with sunset. What an education it is in the variations of sunlight to study, one after the other, his " Hay-ricks " series—the aspect of a hay-rick from hour to hour during a long summer day. Close the eyes and visualise the Monet groups of sparkling effects—the Poplar series, the Cliffs of Etretat, the River Banks, the Cathedrals, the Water Lilies, and the Thames sequence. How beautiful, and how unlike the thing itself as presented to the average eye, was his impression of the Houses of Parliament.

To think even of these pictures is a pleasure ; but it is not well to see them too often. I am conscious of disappointment when I examine a group of Monets. Of Manet one never tires. He has structure ; he builds : in his pictures there is always that " something more " leading into great art. Monet's effects grow thin. Whatever intellectuality went to the making of them they show little of it. They are like a very pretty face that allures at first and then—— ?

And yet ? Recently I stood captivated by Monet's " Vetheuil : Sunshine and Snow " at the Tate Gallery. What lovely colour it is, and how subtly his blues, golds, reds—are united.

Claude Monet had an unique experience in 1923, when he was eighty-three. In the company of his old friend, M. Clemenceau, he visited the Tuileries Gardens in Paris to examine the building which was being constructed to contain his gift of nineteen pictures, the " Water Lily " series, which he had presented to the French nation. The " Water Lily " series is perhaps the most attractive of the groups of pictures that he has painted, representing objects under the changing conditions of light at various times of the day, and through the seasons of the year.

Monet, who has outlived criticism, has had an extraordinarily successful life, and I imagine an extraordinarily happy one. For what happier career could a man have than to live in a lovely garden, continually painting the lovely objects of his affection and care. The " Water Lily " series was painted from the pond in the garden of his small estate in Giverny, in Normandy, where he has lived since 1883.

America has many Monets. In various exhibitions, and on the walls of private houses, I have seen numbers. In January, 1920, I witnessed the sale of the Emmons collection in New York. This collector owned nineteen Monets, and we were told that the instructions to his agents had been, " Buy the best. I don't mind what they cost so long as they are the best."

No one can tell what effect time will have on the sparkling glory of Monet's pictures. Turner's " Frosty Morning " has long lost its brilliance. I am afraid that Time is no friend to the swift loveliness of Monet's Impressions. Manet's facts will outlive Monet's effects.

Degas—brilliant, caustic, super-intelligent Degas—

did not often paint a landscape, but, when he did, this master could not help producing a masterpiece, such as the small landscape acquired by Sir Hugh Lane (he had an unerring instinct for the best), and now in the Foreign Section of the Tate Gallery, a little thing, but exquisite, " La Plage," searchingly and amusingly observed, and done in a manner almost pre-Raphaelite, yet lively and witty, the yellow sand so firm, the sea watery, and the distance as atmospheric as the upper portion of Bastien-Lepage's " Les Foins."

We no longer regard Manet and Degas as Impressionists. They are by themselves ; and of the others, the many others, the two, after Monet, who have best stood the test of time are Camille Pissarro and Alfred Sisley.

Camille Pissarro has quite an interesting place in modern art annals, but not a great place. To speak plainly, he was a follower, not a leader or originator, but he was a pioneer in one branch of modernism. I do not say that he was the first to paint busy street scenes from a height, usually from a bedroom window, but he certainly set a fashion in such scenes. When I visit my young friends in Montparnasse and Montmartre, and watch them painting the busy life of the street far below from the windows of their little shabby bedrooms, I murmur, but not to them, thinking of Pissarro, the words of Horace—" Non omnis moriar—I shall not wholly die."

Yet when M. Caillebotte bequeathed his collection of Impressionist pictures, which included seven Camille Pissarros, to the Luxembourg Gallery, he omitted examples of Pissarro's street scenes. I have often

wondered at this. These seven, which are not always exhibited, seem to me a little sad. Their gaiety has gone : they have faded, as effects fade.

Yet there is still lingering loveliness in these Luxembourg Pissarros ; they are whispers : they are the lyrical mood of the moment caught in passing, flashed delicately upon canvas. Very beautiful they must have looked when they first came from his hand.

His street scenes wear better, for architecture, and the definite blobs of figures and motors are more perdurable than blossoms and the afterglow on red roofs. When I visit Paris I usually stay at an hotel facing the Place du Théâtre Français, and when I look from the window I see a Camille Pissarro : I see his " Place du Théâtre Français." That picture is true, delightfully and amusingly true. It is all there, except the noise : you see the glitter, the movement, all the life of this vivid quarter of Paris. Another of his street scenes is a winter impression of " The Boulevard Montmartre," slower in movement, for the ground is thick with snow. There are others, too : he soon learned how to do them. And there are his churches, " St. Jacques, Dieppe," et cetera, but Monet was better at that.

Mr. Wynford Dewhurst, in his admirable book on " Impressionist Painting,"* shows us that he admires Camille Pissarro very much. Yet from his chapter on this artist I can support my charge that Camille Pissarro was a follower, not an originator. Mr. Dewhurst refers to Pissarro's " four periods, his temperament being curiously influenced at times by novel technical ideas."

* *Impressionist Painting*, by Wynford Dewhurst. Newnes, 1904.

His first influence was Corot. Pissarro worked by his side in the woods of Ville d'Avray. His second was Millet, " whose methods he copied most faithfully." His third was Monet, with whom he visited London during the war of 1870. The fourth influence was Pointillism, originated by Seurat and Signac.

In 1902 Camille Pissarro wrote a letter to Mr. Dewhurst telling of that visit to London with Monet, and how they looked with admiration upon the works of Turner, Constable and Old Crome.

Lucien Pissarro, Camille Pissarro's son, made many visits to London, and finally, in 1893, settled there. In England he has remained ever since. His landscapes are in the Impressionist tradition, plus a reserved Pointillism. He is a welcome exhibitor at the New English Art Club : his " Railway Cutting, Acton," was bought in 1913 for the Leeds Art Gallery, and one of his landscapes has been purchased by the Contemporary Art Society.

Alfred Sisley was born in Paris of English parents. When in England he usually made his painting grounds in the Thames Valley. There is a tired look about Sisley's work, but he produced many more beautiful examples than " Etude d'Arbres en Fleurs " at the Tate Gallery, which is dull in colour and not well drawn. Sisley was not fortunate as an artist. Of him an old friend said, " Sisley worked always, struggled long, and suffered much. He faced bad fortune with undaunted energy."

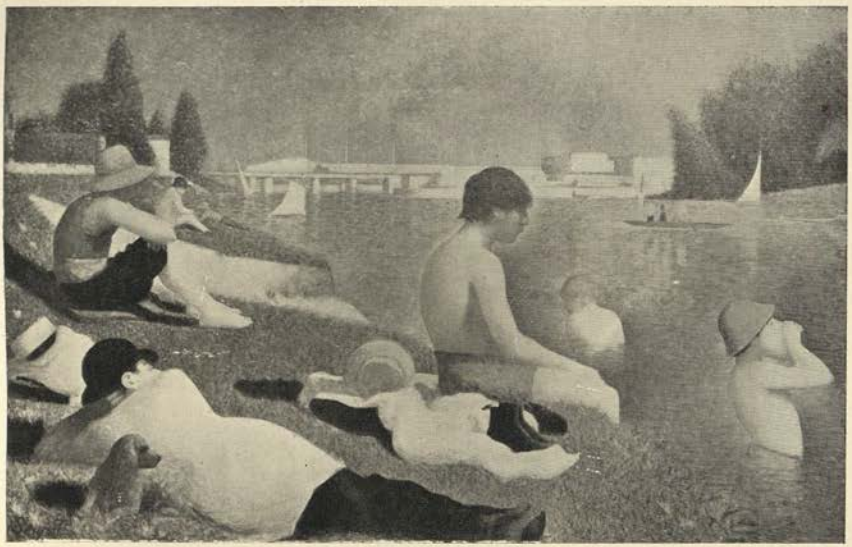
It is impossible to notice in detail the many excellent artists, more or less allied to the Impressionist and the Neo-Impressionist movement—Raffaelli, the gay, the

personal, the originator, the classic experimenter; the sensitive strength of Berthe Morisot; van Rysselberge, the exuberant Belgian Impressionist; and Signac, one of the founders of Neo-Impressionism, who has not changed. They are considered, with others, in Mr. Dewhurst's volume already mentioned, and in M. Camille Mauclair's informing book.*

Georges Seurat, that remarkable artist, whose influence is stronger to-day than ever, demands longer notice. He was the originator of Divisionism, which the Neo-Impressionists practised. Briefly and baldly, it is a method of putting the pigment upon the canvas in such a way that the eyes of the observer do the work, or some of it. The Divisionist painter does not (or perhaps I should say did not) mix his colours upon the palette in the ordinary way, but places dots or touches of pure pigment upon the canvas, juxtaposed one to another, leaving it to the eyes of the observer, as I have explained, to compose them, willy-nilly, into the colour scheme. Or, as M. Signac puts it, "By means of the suppression of all impure mingling, by the exclusive use of the optical mingling of the pure colours, it guarantees a maximum of luminosity, colouration and harmony." Or, as M. André Salmon puts it, "According to the masters of the Neo-Impressionist group, 'diviser' is to secure all the advantages of luminous and harmonious colouring through the optic blending of absolutely pure colours, including all the shades of the prism in every tone."

Where did this remarkable artist, Georges Seurat, as a young man, in the early 'eighties, get the idea of

* *The French Impressionists*, by Camille Mauclair. Duckworth.



The Bathers
GEORGES SEURAT, 1860-1891

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c. 1865

La Plage (Lane Collection, Tate Gallery)
DEGAS, 1834-1922
Photo : Tate Gallery

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Divisionism from ? Once it was called Pointillism, but that word has now been discarded.

I learnt from *The Story of American Painting*, by Charles H. Caffin, that it was New York that gave Seurat the idea of Divisionism. It arose from an account he read of certain optical experiments by Professor Rood of Columbia University. " Seurat took the hint and communicated the results to Monet and Pissarro." He and Signac developed Divisionism, and in time became known as Neo-Impressionists.

Divisionism is a method of painting only, a means toward an end. I have seen numbers of Divisionist paintings, but if the artists have nothing to say, these paintings, however vibrant, vivacious and glowing they may be, remain mere technique. Signac is in this category, but Seurat is different—very different.

After Manet, few modern painters impress me as Georges Seurat does. His Divisionism was but a method of expressing his profound and balanced vision. Dearly would I have liked to see his " La Grande Jatte," which was exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1886, and which was a revelation to Theo van Rysselberge and others ; but in 1886 I was too young and untrained to appreciate the static quality and the learned pattern of this expression of a smart holiday crowd taking the air by the Seine. A few years ago I saw the sketch for it at the Bourgeois Galleries in New York—Divisionism at its highest, plus the wonderful repose that marks this busy, buoyant scene.

Perhaps the picture I saw by the Belgian, Theo van Rysselberge, at Weimar, was inspired by Seurat. At the end of the Grand Duke's Art Museum I was dazzled

by a flaming picture, women bathing, by van Ryssel-berge, the drawing accomplished, the colour laid on pure in cubes of paint like mosaic work, one colour juxtaposed against the other scientifically, staring, vivid, a picture before which the eyes blink.

Seurat's technique is lively, his vision is calm—that is Seurat. In none of his pictures is this so evident as in his masterpiece, " La Baignade," merely a group of boys and young men bathing in a river, but these statuesque, self-contained, classic figures have an extraordinary eloquence. It is man here that seems permanent, it is nature that seems fleeting. And how beautiful is his study for " La Baignade," what an alluring pattern ; and what deep satire, in the classic manner, he gives us in those classical drolleries called " Le Chahut " and " Le Cirque."

Signac wrote a book on the movement called, *D'Eugène Delacroix au Neo-Impressionnisme* ; and Seurat also wrote profoundly on his ideals. His formula, which he was for ever repeating, was, " L'art c'est l'harmonie, l'harmonie c'est l'analogie des semblables, l'analogie des contraires."

A very interesting, uncommon artist—this Seurat, the " father " of Divisionism. His technique and vision fuse beautifully. But there is nothing new under the sun. Great artists, long before Seurat, employed Divisionism by instinct. There were Pinturicchio and Vermeer of Delft—to name but two.

I have tried to compress into a chapter an outline of the personalities in Impressionism, which most writers can hardly contain in a thick book. One fact emerges—that in Impressionist landscape painting Claude Monet

towers above all others. He has remained an Impressionist : he has watched the movement from its day of neglect to its day of prosperity, and, if the shouting has now died away, it is because much of modern art has been infused by the principles for which Monet stood, and which that great patron of the movement, M. Durand-Ruel, believed in and supported with large faith and open purse. But in painting, as in other departments of life, nothing stands still, and Monet has seen, unmoved, the rise and spread of what is known as Post-Impressionism, now a much greater influence than Impressionism.

XVIII

Post-Impressionists

CÉZANNE, 1839-1906.
GAUGUIN, 1848-1903.
VAN GOGH, 1853-1890.
ROUSSEAU, " LE DOUANIER," *c.* 1840-*c.* 1900. HENRI MATISSE, 1862- .

Custom has ordained that Cézanne, Gauguin and van Gogh shall be called the leaders of the Post-Impressionist movement. To them the label would have been meaningless. They had been affiliated to the Impressionists, but becoming ill-content, seeking something more durable, they broke away from Impressionism, or through it. The name Post-Impressionism was invented by Mr. Roger Fry when he was meditating the catalogue to the famous 1910-11 exhibition, at the

Grafton Galleries in London, which described the aim of Cézanne and the others as attempts " to paint the treeiness of the tree and the horseiness of the horse." That was their aim : they sought the essential significance of objects, not the surface look they assume to the average eye. As Post-Impressionism was a development of Impressionism, something that came after it, a breaking away, Mr. Fry called the movement—Post-Impressionism. How simple ! The simplicity of the phrase has all the simplicity of Cézanne. A better term than Post-Impressionism is, maybe, Expressionism ; but the other label was accepted by friend and foe, and for better or worse these artists, who have had such a marked effect on the art youth of the world, are now known as Post-Impressionists. Very few of the elder painters have been affected by their performances. It was a movement for youth, as wise old Cézanne knew when, in 1906, a few days before his death he wrote to his son :* " Je crois les jeunes peintres beaucoup plus intelligents que les autres, les vieux ne peuvent voir en moi qu'un rival désastreux."

There must be a mile of writing about Paul Cézanne —perhaps miles. And the strange thing is that as a maker of pictures there is not much to say about him. His work offers little to the descriptive pen. What could I say that would interest a reader about his " Bathers " ? or about his " Montagne Victoire," golden-green, untidy, scattered yet united, enfolded by a tree, so huge and embracing that it seems to dwarf the mountain ? There, I have begun to describe " La Montagne Victoire."

* *Paul Cézanne,* by Ambrose Vollard. Paris: G. Crès et Cie.

Why these miles of writing about Cézanne—the arguments, the quarrels, the hero-worship, the derision? Why, of all the artists who flourished in the nineteenth century, and lapped over into the bewildered twentieth, does Cézanne have a lion's share of the talk and writing? Monet and Pissarro disturb no one. We have ceased to talk about Manet. His work is beyond discussion. We look, admire and wonder. Why then all this chatter and dispute, reverence and scorn about Cézanne?

The reason, I think, is because the message of his life is spiritual not material. Cézanne was a splendid failure judged by the material world's standards.

Like most others, Cézanne, for years was eager for honours and distinctions. But he was suspect; a Communist, it was whispered (how laughable); so the official dispensers of patronage ignored him. His grievances passed from his mind when in 1899 he retired to his native town, Aix en Provence, to spend the rest of his life painting; rich, not through his art, but because his father was a banker.

In a world where picture making had become mainly a business, Cézanne held to it as an art. He was an example of that amazing kind of person who does not wish to profit by his skill. After he had retired to Aix he no longer sent to exhibitions; he no longer entered into competition; he painted with single-minded fury, and when he had expressed himself, he took little interest in his canvases; he "left them in the fields." Cézanne broke the exhibition habit. He painted, not for applause, not to outshine his contemporaries, but because he had to paint, and happily, as I have said, he was not obliged to make money by it.

Everything he did fell short of his ideal. He growled when the light gave out, because he could paint no more that day ; he studied the weather, not the newspapers ; he was forever beginning on a new picture. For what ? To express himself. To force upon canvas in colour and mass, weightily, fundamentally, the miracle of nature that repeated itself, in myriad manifestations, new each day to his peering eyes. He lived in a state of " timid savagery " ; there were within him profound, confused desires : he wanted to make of Impressionism, which he had cast aside as slight and ineffectual, something solid and durable, like the art of the museums ; and near the end, after incessant struggle, all he would say of himself was " I am the primitive of the way that I have discovered."

He was pure artist. Such a character is rare, and it is just because he was pure artist that writers and painters are constrained to write endlessly about him, and to produce (vain hope) innumerable pictures in his manner. Behind the artist is the man. Is not he the real interest, the cause of all the writing and talking ?

In his silent way he knew that he was but a pioneer of synthesis and simplification ; knew that he was one who tried to paint the weight of the earth, not the flowers on the surface ; the hidden movement of the sea, not the iridescent curl of the spent waves ; the mystery of a forest, not the crowding trees ; the disposition of a party of card players, not their clothes and their cards ; the contour and content of a group of bathers, not the mere flash of flesh ; the volume of a bastion of cliffs, not the lichen and bridle paths. In an assortment of apples upon a tray he gives the rich, full

Paysage (Davies Collection, Tate Gallery)
CÉZANNE, 1839-1906
Photo : Tate Gallery

c. 1890

Paysage
CÉZANNE, 1839-1906
Photo : Bulloz

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feeling of harvest, not the mere merchandise of the fruiterer.

The public was bewildered. It has little use for a great artist who never produces a masterpiece. People often say to me, " Where can I see a Cézanne ? " Well, at the " French Art of the Last Hundred Years " exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, there were seven Cézannes. A drawing master would call them efforts, not accomplishments. I prefer to call them the dream not the business of art.

Before they were scattered to the homes of their owners, I noted their characteristics.

1. Landscape. An upland rising to purply-blue hills. Single, vivid trees like sentinels on scrubby, ochreous ground, a half-hidden blue lake, a splash of a red roof, the whole untidy yet knit together, green and yellow predominating.

2. Landscape. Rising up the picture are tangled, abstract trees. Beautiful colour, strong in the foreground.

3. Landscape. A smudgy study of four figures and a horse, just a solid impression.

4. Apples. Seven of them, red and green, on a table.

5. Still Life. Upon a table are a teapot, apples, a knife and a rug.

6. Still Life. A bit of Cézanne's own living-room. A fireplace, and upon a table apples and a teacup.

7. Still Life. Apples and a jug upon a table.

There ! I have noted for you a group of Cézannes—typical efforts by this practical visionary, this great influence in modern art, who painted not for fame, but to relieve his overcharged sensibility, and who chose as subjects—anything at hand. For to him everything—

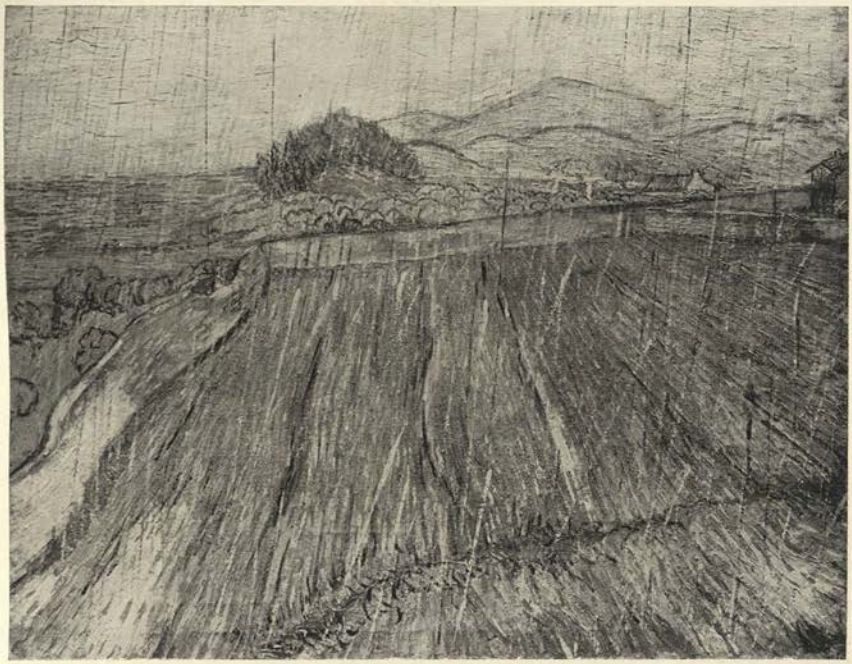
an apple or a mountain, a teacup or a bather—was a part of the wonder of life, and a model for a painter.

The first landscape mentioned above was lent by Miss G. Davies to the Foreign Section of the Tate Gallery. Fervently I hope that it may remain there, as it indicates, in its present surroundings, better than any description could do, the fundamental power—inchoate, brooding—of Cézanne. Let your eyes roam down this wall, mainly of French Impressionist pictures—Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, Berthe Morisot—lively and charming effects of light: then, when you have absorbed their pleasant surface gaiety, dwell on the Cézanne landscape, and you at once feel that you have passed into a region of profundity and depth, of weight and permanence. It is like reading a classic after skimming a clever work of the moment; and you have a better understanding of Renoir's question, "How does he do it? He cannot put two touches of colour on to a canvas without it being already an achievement."

In scores of books, in innumerable articles, you see the names of Cézanne, van Gogh and Gauguin linked together. Cézanne is always placed first. By common consent the title of Father of Post-Impressionism is accorded to him: he is the sun, and around him revolve his satellites—van Gogh and Gauguin.

Cézanne swept away rhetoric and sought reality. Van Gogh leapt like fire through convention and made art democratic. Gauguin not only expressed Post-Impressionism in static, decorative pictures: he also explained in pointed language the processes of his thought, the purpose of his art, and the truth that he believed to be true. The others also wrote concisely

c. 1885



Rain Effect
VAN GOGH, 1853-1890

LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

c. 1880

Street and Trees
VAN GOGH, 1853-1890
Photo : Duret

and confidentially about the processes of their thought, but Gauguin's exposition is better. It is clear, concise and luminous.

In van Gogh's lexicon there was no such word as camouflage. His fiery, furious nature compelled him to express to their uttermost his flaunting " Sunflowers," and the flaring ruddiness of his " Man with the Red Hair." In landscape he was equally direct and forcible. Some of his pastorals are almost frightening in their eddies of significant lines, such as his " Landscape with Cypress Trees," now in the Tate Gallery, with its whirling clouds, stark green cypress, and dazzling yellow foreground. Others—well, there are landscapes by van Gogh that are final, statements so direct, so palpitating with life, that again we feel that, in this convention, art can be pushed no farther. Of such are the pictures called " Rain Effect " and that named " The Fields." Surely rain has never before been suggested so vividly as in his " Rain Effect "—the land is drenched and cut by the strident streams. And has open country, rolling and untidy, cut up into cultivated sections, ever been rendered so vividly as in " The Fields " ?

For direct and vivid representation what could be more telling than his " Street and Trees " ?

The wild virility of many of his pictures exemplifies his written explanation of his method—" In painting I observe no system : I lash the canvas with irregular strokes and let them stand." Painting with him was like war. He fought while he painted : he was always geared up to the highest speed : he would sit bareheaded in the sun painting five canvases at once. Colour was his

passion. " I think in colour," he said : " the painter of the future will have to be a colourist such as has never yet been seen."

The influence of van Gogh lies rather in the intensity of his nature, than in the actuality of his picture. An artist who reads his letters and ponders over them must feel an increase of intensity and concentration in his own production. You cannot warm yourself at a fire without being aware of the blaze. " I am in a frenzy of work," he wrote once, " for the trees are blossoming."

What sophisticated and sheltered people cannot understand in van Gogh is his fury for expression, the art anguish, the vitality of this preaching friar turned painter. Sir Michael Sadler, who contributed a preface to the catalogue of van Gogh's 1923 exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, wrote : " The three master painters —Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh—have had an influence comparable to that which Karl Marx, Edward Carpenter, and Ruskin have had upon man's outlook in the sphere of economics." Also—to some van Gogh is a pest, to others a problem, to others a passion.

Paul Gauguin, friend of van Gogh, son of a Breton father and a Peruvian Creole mother, was of a more placid, introspective temperament. Like Cézanne, he fled Paris, but Gauguin found his peace outside civilisation in Tahiti, in Dominica. There, living and consorting with the natives, he painted those magnificent, still, decorative pictures that made the wall of his works at the Grafton Galleries exhibition one of the most remarkable statements of decorative painting that London has seen.

The young painters who came to him when he was

living at Pont Aven " grew restless," we are told, " under the fire of Gauguin's talk." No wonder. He was telling them things which have been the inspiration of a large section of the youth of the Twentieth Century. He told them such things as—" Have a model, but never paint from it, always paint from memory," and " Simplify, paint from memory, so that your work may be your own sensation, so only can decorative unity and harmonious accord be created." He was the author of the advice to the youth of the world to recapture the childlike vision, to hark back to the innocence, the credulity of the childhood of art. Sensible people understand exactly what this advice means, which has been so derided by the scoffer.

Gaugin expressed his theories masterfully in his paintings. His " Red Dog " landscape, owned by Mr. Maresco Pearce, known officially as " Le Pouldu," is an expression of his advice to simplify and to paint from memory. The colouring of this remarkable Breton landscape is not the colour of nature. The sea is certainly blue, the corn yellow and the mounds of grass green, and there are dogs in the world of a tawny hue that approach red ; but no realist would permit himself to key up these colours as Gauguin has done in this " Le Pouldu " landscape, or to make the animal a flaring red. He wanted that note, so he struck it firmly and joyously. What a splendid decorative thing it is. Some day of hot sunshine in Brittany he saw this scene or something like it. It affected him ; it lingered in his memory; and later, perhaps months later, he painted the sensation of his remembered vision, everything omitted except a few salient forms, and the blaze of

rich and glowing colour. You may see repetitions of this picture, and a dozen others like it derived from Gauguin's opulent brush, in landscapes by his followers in Paris, London, New York, in all the chief cities of Europe.

Another remarkable example of Gauguin's powers in landscape is his "Paysage Exotique," which has been acquired by Mr. and Mrs. Workman. It is an expression of tropical life, decoratively treated in reds and greens, with a gleam of reposeful blue in the lake just below the skyline. There is an apropos passage by Gauguin himself in M. Morice's volume*—" . . . . Dans chaque pays il ne faut une période d'incubation, apprendre chaque fois l'essence des plantes, des arbres, de toute la nature, enfin, si variée et si capricieuse, ne voulant jamais se faire deviner et se livrer. . . ."

Henri Matisse and Pablo Picasso are usually linked with Cézanne, van Gogh and Gauguin. As Picasso was born in 1881, this disturbing Cubist belongs to the Twentieth Century, so consideration of the geometrical landscapes he has originated must be postponed.

Matisse, an occasional painter of landscapes, may be dealt with here. His "L'Etang de Trivaux," is a picture of bold simplification, but without the quality of paint that we find so attractive, say, in Forain and Vuillard. But we must not ask Matisse to give us what he does not possess.

Matisse's chief gift to the world is colour. His pictures, when he is at his best, sing ; and if we sometimes think his songs discordant, it may be because we are not attuned to them. The carol of the lark has its

* *Paul Gauguin*, by Charles Morice. Paris: Fleury.

The Red Dog Landscape (Le Poldhu) (Maresco Pearce Collection)
PAUL GAUGUIN, 1848-1903
Photo : Newbert

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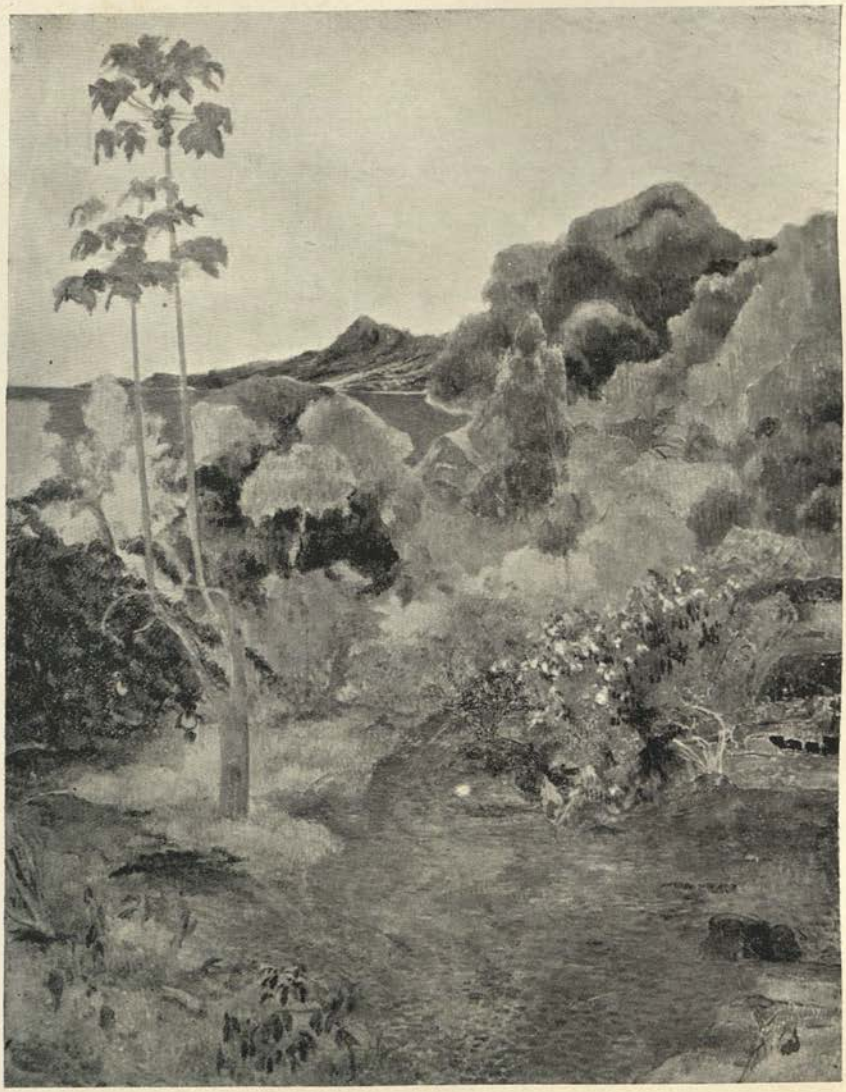

Paysage Exotique (Workman Collection)
PAUL GAUGUIN, 1848-1903

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particular beauty, so has the caw of the crow. His use of colour is intellectual and arbitrary. An interviewer commented on a certain picture by him with violet walls, violet floor, violet table, and asked him why he made white walls, brown floor, and brown table—violet. Matisse replied, " I wanted to draw a rhythmic design, that you see in the pictures on the wall of my picture, some high, some low, and in order to make this design stand out I found that everything else had to be violet."

What can you say to an artist who talks like that ? The strange and amusing thing is that this violet interior, which I have seen, is very beautiful. And who else would treat a dish of apples as if it were an article of attire, and hang it like a hat or overcoat upon the wall ? It looks delightful and quite natural. The fact is the world has so long regarded painting as something that the normal eye recognises when reproduced upon a canvas, that it is affronted by painting that is not representational, forgetting that a Persian rug, or a Cloisonné enamel, which are a near approach to Matisse's paintings, are never representational. But the ordinary eye is accustomed to the non-representational aspect of a rug or an enamel. It regards them as decorations : so are Matisse's paintings.

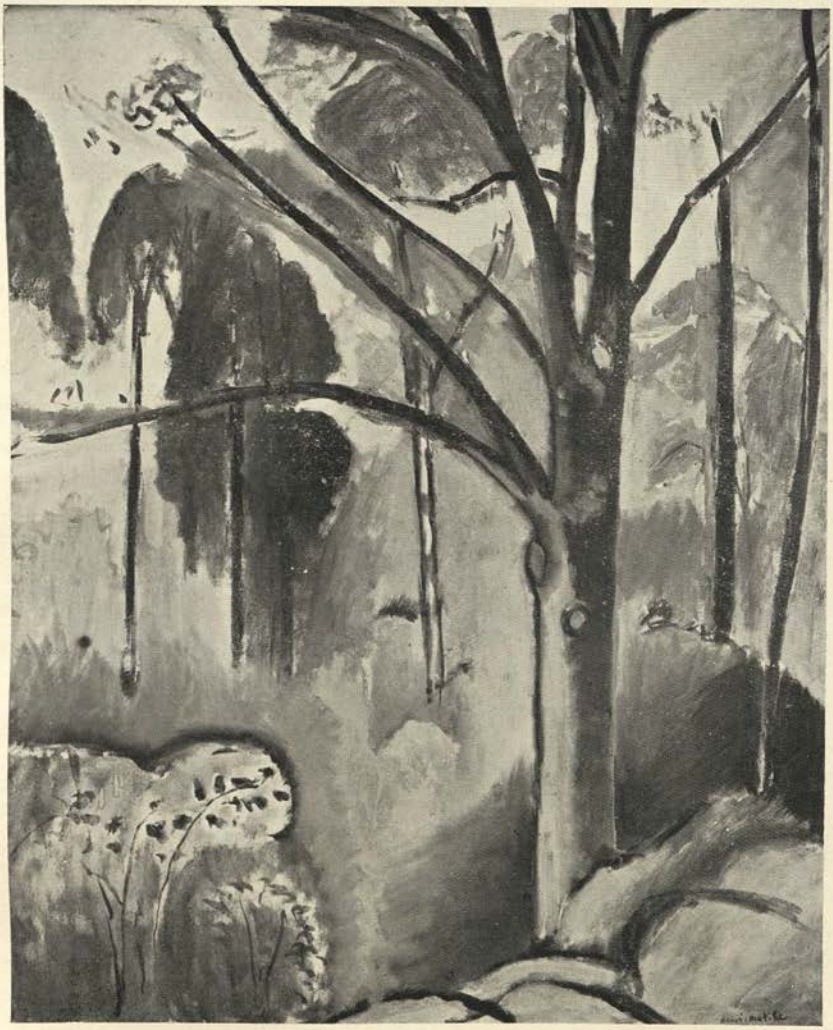
Following Cézanne, he paints the sensations of things, not the accumulations of things. There is rhythm in his pictures, never rhetoric. They are bare because he goes for the significant lines and disregards superfluities. He paints conversation—not two people talking ; he paints dancing, not dressed-up dolls engaged in a dance. So the ordinary man who likes to see in painting what he

is accustomed to, and what he has seen before, dislikes Matisse's productions as much as the Academic practitioner, who sees in them the menace of the dreaded, words, " Bolshie Art." Nothing of the kind. Matisse has no quarrel with traditional art. He is merely expressing himself as does a man who prefers flying kites to playing golf.

This revolutionary, this destroyer of idols, this Henri Matisse lives an exemplary, domestic, temperate, hard-working life, rising at six in the morning to get all the light he can, in his pretty villa near Paris. He was born at Cateau-Cambresis (Nord), and strange to say was a pupil, for a time, of Bouguereau. He attended l'Ecole des Beaux Arts : then worked with Gustave Moreau. " Did Moreau teach you much ? " asked Mr. Frank Harris, who has added the " Chef des Fauves " to his brilliant Talks with the Famous. " Nothing," replied Matisse, " no one teaches us anything, and Moreau was too literary ; they don't see things as we painters do."

Matisse added, " In the afternoons, as a youth, I went to the Louvre and copied the Chardins and Poussins and Raphaels." Many of his copies were bought by the French government and loaned to provincial museums. The copy of Annibal Carracci's " Chasse " at Grenoble is by Matisse. One day he drifted into Durand Ruel's establishment and saw the work of Cézanne and other moderns—that was his rebirth.

So you see the " Chef des Fauves " is founded on the past as all are. Henri Matisse is different from most other artists because he has found himself. Like him or not, he is indubitably—himself.



L'Etang de Trivaux (Leicester Galleries)
MATISSE, 1862-
Photo : Mason

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c. 1880

The Quarry (Miestchanioff Collection)
HENRI ROUSSEAU, " LE DOUANIER," *c.* 1840-*c.* 1900

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Henri Rousseau was called " le douanier " because he was a Custom House Officer, and painted in his spare time. He is very interesting : his direct pictures have an extraordinary appeal ; he belongs to no school ; he taught himself to paint because he loved doing it, and about all his work there is a naïve originality that is very attractive. It seems to me that he succeeds in doing what Matisse, by precept and by practice, sometimes fails to achieve, that is—to recapture the fresh vision of childhood, when all the world is new. There is not an atom of self-consciousness in him. Rousseau, " le Douanier," set down what he felt about things, rather than what he thought things should look like, which is the usual way. He was a pre-Raphaelite in particularity ; but he was not thinking about making a picture ; he was intent only on expressing himself pictorially, and I am sure that he had great fun doing it. He cared nothing about perspective, or values, or balance, or drawing-master composition. This grown-up child in art, unlearned, unsophisticated, with a great love for painting, and considerable power for expressing himself—just painted.

Has Rousseau, " le Douanier," been overpraised ? I remember an enthusiastic article on him, a delightful essay, full of gusto and prankishness, by Mr. Clive Bell, in which, so far as I remember, the only doubt in the writer's mind was as to whether Rousseau," le Douanier," is the first or second of contemporary painters. And an American critic, who also has the courage of his enthusiasm, has said of Rousseau, " le Douanier's," picture called " The Jungle," that it is " one of those miracles of art that take the breath away."

I have seen his " Jungle." It is the kind of landscape that the first landscape painter might have built on his first canvas through sheer pertinacity in the love of doing it. Looking at some of the advanced pictures that are being painted to-day, I ask myself if the influence of Rousseau, " le Douanier," is not almost as great as that of Cézanne.

The Post-Impressionists are now a very large family, and I shall have occasion to say more about them in the Twentieth Century section. Meanwhile I may quote Mr. Jan Gordon's method of analysing this very large family.* In this stimulating book he calls Cézanne, van Gogh, Gauguin, Seurat, Signac and Renoir the *grand-fathers* of the Post-Impressionist movement; the *fathers* include Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Vlaminck, Bracque, Utrillo, Bonnard, Modigliani, Friesz, Marie Laurencin, Gontcharova and others ; the names of the *sons* he does not enumerate, for the sufficient reason that they are too numerous.

Cézanne remains the all-powerful, outstanding figure, and I cannot conclude more fittingly than by a reference to the " Hommage à Cézanne " picture by Maurice Denis, who has written so illuminatively on the Master. " Hommage à Cézanne " was exhibited in the Salon of the Champ de Mars in 1901 : it showed, gathered admiringly around one of Cézanne's pictures, which is placed upon an easel, Bonnard, Denis, Redon, Roussel, Serusier, Vuillard, and Mellerio and Vollard.

Other movements were to follow from Cézanne, and here it may be well to repeat Mr. Borgmeyer's excellent little dictionary of art movements :

* *Modern French Painters*, by Jan Gordon. John Lane.

" Orthodox art in painting : the imitation of things.

" Impressionism : painting the effect of things : concentration of atmosphere.

" Post-Impressionism : painting the psychological feeling or sensation of things.

" Cubism : painting of forms lineally in planes ; concentration on form.

" Futurism : painting of ' states of mind ' and glorification of movement."

When the " Hommage à Cézanne " was painted, England, for better or worse, had not yet awakened to Post-Impressionism : England was still pleasantly and attractively insular with—Fred Walker and Lionel Smythe, who were born one year after Cézanne. The British lambs had not begun to lie down with the French lions.

XIX

Great Britain

(*Artists born between* 1840-1850)

FRED WALKER, 1840-1875. LIONEL SMYTHE, 1840-1918. HAMILTON MACALLUM, 1841-1896. BUXTON KNIGHT, 1842-1908. THORNE WAITE, 1842- . EDWIN ELLIS, 1843-1895. WALTER GREAVES, 1846- . J. M. SWAN, 1847-1910. ALFRED PARSONS, 1847-1920. R. W. MACBETH, 1848-1910. F. W. HAYES, 1848-1918. ALFRED EAST, 1849-1913. DAVID MURRAY, 1849- . E. A. WATERLOW, 1850-1919. ERNEST PARTON, 1850- . JOSEPH FARQUHARSON, *c.* 1850- . ARTHUR LEMON, 1850-1901.

The chronological plan of this record now entails chapters entirely devoted to British artists.

Fred Walker, who died at the age of thirty-five, follows George H. Mason in heralding the school of sentiment, in figure and in landscape, which is still popular with the public ; but which is ignored by the severer critics and flouted by the younger generation of painters. The " feeling " Fred Walker introduced into English painting—his graceful peasants and consistent pathos—may have had their day. I do not prophesy.

Fred Walker was essentially English, and he is highly admired by the faithful, some of whom knew him. Facts are facts : at the Red Cross Sale in 1917, his " Plough," which was " an attempt to emulate the rhythmic grace of the Greek bas-relief," fetched £5,670 and was presented by Lady Ludlow to the nation. " It owes its charm," we are told, " to the overpowering sentiment of the landscape." His " Marlow Ferry," a delightful water-colour, brought £2,625 at auction.

Beginning as an illustrator, Fred Walker worked for *Once a Week*, *Good Words*, and the *Cornhill Magazine ;* but in 1867 the success of his " Bathers," at the Royal Academy Exhibition, directed him to the painting of pictures, and to such well-known successes, with charming landscape passages, as " The Old Gate " and " The Harbour of Refuge."

Lionel Smythe was a delicate painter, loving the byways of life and nature, and sunshine. He lived the latter part of his life at Wimereux, in Northern France, painting chiefly fishing and rural subjects in the Pas de Calais. He looked the landscape painter, this tall, slight, sunburnt, loosely-built man, in appearance a sort of modern Don Quixote, who visited London

occasionally, bringing with him the sense of fresh air and blue skies. In 1889 a water-colour by him, " Germinal," was purchased by the Chantrey Trustees—a meadow full of daisies and wild flowers, with unobtruding figures. Perhaps his best picture is " Field of the Cloth of Gold (Harvest Time)." His biography has been written by Miss Rosa M. Whitlaw, and Mr. W. L. Wyllie, his half-brother.

Buxton Knight was a stronger artist, constructional in his pictures, and robustly independent. He had little success in his lifetime. It is a matter of congratulation that so strong a picture as his " Old December's Bareness Everywhere " was bought by the Chantrey Trustees in 1908. Good judges always pause before this magisterial presentment of winter. His " Hamlet: Winter Sunshine " was bought for Melbourne in the year 1906.

Buxton Knight's reputation is assured. His " Springwell " of 1905 is a beautiful picture: so is " The Estuary: Poole Harbour." There are four works by him in the Johannesburg Gallery.

Alfred East had a passion for painting; he was always at work, ever in a state of excitement about the picture of the moment, and he talked about it as eagerly as he painted. He composed a book on Landscape Painting; he lectured; he wrote articles; he was a stimulating companion on a painting tour; he made bold, pictorial water-colours and etchings; he produced a vast number of landscapes showing knowledge and facility, and yet somehow he never painted the lasting, unforgettable picture. His quickness made for superficiality. " Faith "—a symbolic, decorative

landscape—promised to be an outstanding picture while he was working upon it, but it fell short of distinction. I watched him painting it at St. Ives. " Figures," he said to me one day, " should be merely partakers in the colour harmony. I'll show you." And he led me to his studio where there was a six-foot canvas of a gorgeous, decorative landscape laid in southern France—his " Faith " picture. He began to paint quickly on sky, hilltops and trees, and at intervals, with full brush, his hand dropped to the foreground, and smudged there blobs of colour. As he worked he would turn, from time to time, to shape these blobs into contours, and they gradually became a procession of peasants winding up toward the hills.

Perhaps the nearest approach he made to producing a great work was " A Winter's Dawn." It is lamentable that the Tate Gallery should have nothing from his brush, but in his native town, Kettering, there is a permanent Memorial Collection of his pictures.

East suffered from his ardours, from his passion for too hastily producing on canvas aspects of the nature he loved. If he had reflected more and painted less ; if he had been enchanted by some hobby that would have beguiled him occasionally from the excitement of painting he might have left a more enduring legacy of art. He was always piling on the fuel in his engine : he needed the brake. Yet many love his work. Mr. Edmund Gosse, who wrote the appreciation to the Alfred East Memorial Exhibition in 1914, concluded thus : " His streams and skies, his aerial foliage, his orange autumns, his pearly moonlight nights, will be the joy of successive generations."

A Gleam Before the Storm (Laing Gallery, Newcastle)
ALFRED EAST, 1849-1913

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The Cold North (Barbizon House)
J. M. SWAN, 1847-1910
Photo : Gray

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Ernest A. Waterlow was a painter of quiet pastorals, competent and unobtrusive, who became a Royal Academician in 1903, who produced his set of landscapes each year, giving reasonable joy, pleasing many, exciting nobody. Alfred Parsons was another pastoral painter, who began as an illustrator. He liked flower and garden subjects. " When Nature Painted All Things Gay," a fresh, attractive picture, represents him at the Tate Gallery. Freshness was the note of the work of F. W. Hayes, who was drawn to mountain rocks and their wild vegetation. He practised what he called " thin oil painting," that is to say, transparent oil colours diluted with turpentine upon size-coated white paper, or card.

David Murray has devoted a long, successful life to landscape painting, usually large, luminous, scenic pictures—light and airy. A Scotsman, a great worker, he produces them with regularity. His method is to transcribe rather than to interpret. " My guiding principle," he once wrote in a magazine, " is to paint landscape in the open air," adding, " My plan is to have three or four canvases on hand and to take out each day the one most in harmony with that day's atmosphere and weather." He is well represented in the Tate Gallery. His favourites among his productions, if we may judge from the list printed under his name in *Who's Who*, are " River Road," " Mangolds," " Gorse," " Hampshire," " Long After," " Swedes," and " In the Country of Constable," which is in the Tate Gallery. Joseph Farquharson, another industrious and popular Scots painter, has a partiality for snow scenes which he repeats year after year, and which have

a great vogue in photogravure reproductions. His "The Joyless Winter Day" of 1883, a Chantrey purchase, is thus described in the Tate Gallery catalogue: "A shepherd with his two dogs guarding a flock of sheep on a desolate moor in a snowstorm"—a typical Joseph Farquharson.

Walter Greaves! It was in May 1911, when he was sixty-five, that his pictures were first exhibited at the Goupil Gallery. Walter Greaves, then quite unknown save to a few Chelsea artists, was described in the catalogue as "a pupil of Whistler," and those who saw him diffidently mingling with the private viewers, a little bewildered, a little astonished, were amused to notice that in appearance and sartorial arrangements he was not unlike a rough and battered edition of Whistler. The exhibition was a "sensation," a "nine days' wonder," mainly through an enthusiastic article, in leaded type, that appeared in the *Times* under the arresting title of "An Unknown Master." The Goupil Gallery was crowded every day for weeks.

At first sight these pictures—nocturnes, portraits and impressions—by Walter Greaves looked like Whistler's. Many of them were beautiful, but gradually it was realised by the public, instructed by the Whistler experts, that the difference between a Whistler and a Greaves is the difference between a work of genius and a work of talent. As the years passed, Walter Greaves dropped into his place as a pupil of Whistler who had founded his style upon that master. Probably Whistler, being very friendly to him, and seeing him constantly, had, to certain of Greaves's pictures, added vitalising touches. Many of his works shown in 1911 had been

generously restored, for they had lain for years rolled up in the cellars of a bookseller's shop in New Oxford Street.

There was one picture in the Greaves exhibition quite different from all the others—a strange, vital, amusing, decorative picture, more akin to a Breughel or to a lively Japanese print than to a Whistler. It was called " Hammersmith Bridge on Boat Race Day," and it was painted when Greaves was sixteen years of age, before he knew Whistler. I ask myself, " How would Greaves have developed had he never met Whistler, had he gone on working out this very personal, spontaneous and delightful vision ? " Walter Greaves was asked this question by a friend, and was understood to say that his submission to Whistler was the beginning of his artistic downfall, but that may be only the fretfulness of an old man excited by the purchase of his picture for the nation, suddenly, more than sixty years after it was painted.

" Hammersmith Bridge on Boat Race Day " now hangs in the Tate Gallery. It is a large picture suffused by a golden glow, a gay, crowded picture, containing probably two hundred figures, each accentuated, each alert—unrelated reds, blues and yellows. " Chelsea Regatta " is a larger work than the " Hammersmith Bridge," and it shows all Walter Greaves's power of wittily differentiating the units of a great crowd, his love of quick gestures, and a red note, with his facility for conveying a sense of movement and life.

A strange case this of Walter Greaves, waterman, an unequal artist—sometimes superb, as in " The Thames, Battersea, Early Morning "—a beautiful picture.

Walter Greaves is now an inmate of the Charterhouse. In that home of peace and leisure what stories he may

tell, if his memory serves him, to the other venerable Brothers. Does he remember *how* he was able to paint " Hammersmith Bridge on Boat Race Day " ?

A glance at the names at the heading of this chapter will show that some are unmentioned in the text—the robust work of J. M. Swan and Edwin Ellis, the sensitive pastorals of Arthur Lemon, for example. This is inevitable, for landscape painting is now becoming general and there is a limit to space. Soon almost everybody, figure painters and others, will be occasionally producing landscapes. I shall continue to give a comprehensive list of names in the chapter headings, but detailed notice can only be claimed by those who show a particular vision or technique.

XX

Great Britain

(*Artists born between* 1851-1860)

CECIL LAWSON, 1851-1882. W. L. WYLLIE, 1851- . JAMES CHARLES, 1851-1906. G. R. WETHERBEE, 1851- . GEORGE CLAUSEN, 1852- . J. W. NORTH, *c.* 1852- . ADRIAN STOKES, 1854- . JOHN R. REID, *c.* 1854- . MOFFAT P. LINDNER, *c.* 1855- . YEEND KING, 1855-1924. A. W. RICH, 1856-1920. GROSVENOR THOMAS, 1857-1923. WILLIAM STOTT OF OLDHAM, 1858-1900. H. TUKE, 1858- . EDWARD STOTT, 1859-1918. H. H. LA THANGUE, 1860- . FRED HALL, 1860- . C. H. COLLINGS, 1860- . F. FOOTET, 1860- . P. WILSON STEER, 1860- . TERRICK WILLIAMS, 1860- . DERMOD O'BRIEN, 1860- .

Cecil Lawson was born one year before George

Clausen. Who thinks of them as contemporaries? Cecil Lawson seems long to have passed into the category of an elder master: he was but thirty-one years old when he died in 1882. It is idle to speculate how his art would have developed had he lived to the age of Mr. George Clausen, who in 1924 exhibited at the Royal Academy one of the most beautiful pictures he has produced, " Sunrise in September."

Cecil Lawson painted romantic, conventionally-lighted landscapes, full of detail, in a magisterial manner. A contemporary of Bastien-Lepage, there is no sign in his work of the pioneer Frenchman's joyous *plein-air* methods. Lacking the power of selection, and the instinct to choose the vital episodes only, yet Cecil Lawson was able in three pictures, of large size, to convey an impression of breadth and vigour uncommon in British art of his day. Those three pictures are " The Hop Gardens of England," " The Minister's Garden," and " The August Moon." When " The Minister's Garden " was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878 he was hailed as the coming man. " The August Moon " was painted two years later. Cecil Lawson stands high in the second class of Nineteenth Century British landscape painting. He was insular, but it was a grave and comprehensive insularity.

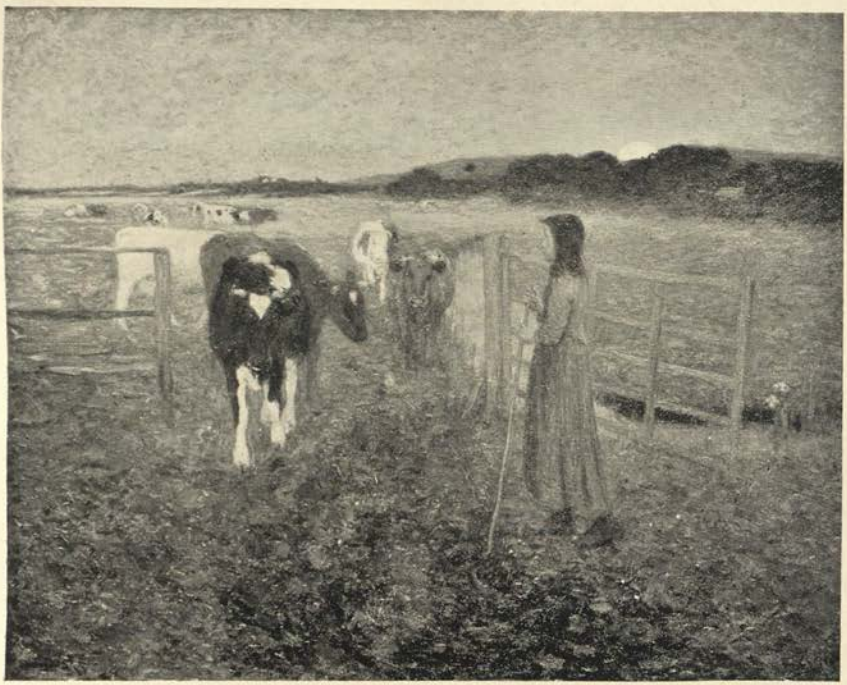
Perhaps his finest work is " Valley of Doon," painted in 1882, the year of his death. We look over the valley, with a rocky bank and a stream in the foreground, and overhead is a wet, stormy sky with a rainbow. " Don Saltero's Walk " in the Burrell collection, vivid and sparkling, is one of his few landscapes that does not look overworked.

James Charles was born in the same year as Cecil Lawson. He was entirely a *plein-air* man : he was influenced wholeheartedly by the movement in France : he spread it in England. Mr. Clausen wrote in the preface to the Charles Memorial Exhibition : " Some of us, who have gained wider recognition than ever was his, feel gratefully how much we owe to his influence and example." Charles had small recognition in his lifetime, except among artists, but he had the good fortune to find an enthusiastic patron in Mr. Maddocks.

He was an unambitious painter ; that is, he lived to paint, not to exhibit, and his themes were chiefly village and rural life, freshly seen, beautifully rendered. In his hands a labourer returning home, or a child carrying the midday meal to her father, was a subject for fine, fresh painting. A rough man, unhappy in argument about art, he gave his all to his craftsman's power to express the minor episodes of village life, but he expressed them in the major way, and in terms of mastery.

Sunlight was his preoccupation. That is plain from his pictures. Some call the subjects commonplace ; but when a man lives in a village, and paints what he sees, not what he dreams, the subjects must be rural—children at play, the mill-pond, the harvest field, the rustic bridge. They have been painted a thousand times. The distinction of Charles is that he painted them better than most other people. Perhaps his work will never be really appreciated except by artists. To others it is fresh, but ordinary.

Edward Stott was a poet—a mute poet except in paint. He was a solitary in art, not from distaste for the society of his fellow men, but because his absorption in



Changing Pastures (Tate Gallery)
EDWARD STOTT, 1859-1918
Photo : Tate Gallery

Sunrise in September (Hull)
G. CLAUSEN, 1852-
Photo : Grove

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his art was so intense that he resented severance from her. He lived alone for fifty weeks of the year in his modest house in a Sussex village, and so unpractised did his tongue become that, when he visited London for the May picture season, he found it burdensome to express himself. Genial, but almost inarticulate, was Edward Stott. Although he collected nothing ; although he seemed to be without interest in what other men were doing, or had done, yet he was an omnivorous collector. He collected the effects and efforts of nature, interminable studies of the ways of clouds, the lie of the land, the changing lights, and these he wrought into small jewel-like landscapes that, like Keats's poetry, possess essential beauty. Latterly he concerned himself with the figure, toiled at Biblical scenes. This was, I think, a mistake. His province was nature—intimate nature, the moist sunshine of England, the brief loveliness of sunset on still ponds, and lush meadows worked into beauty with the pertinacity of a Primitive.

After his death the Chantrey Trustees acquired his " Changing Pastures," a characteristic and charming picture. He left the bulk of his fortune to the Royal Academy for the benefit of young painters.

William Stott, who adopted the sobriquet " of Oldham " to distinguish himself from Edward Stott, was Paris trained, one of the early Englishmen to appreciate the advantages of the French method of teaching. He went to Paris in 1879, to the studio of Gérome : two years later his " Le Passeur " was hung at the Salon, and in the following year his " La Baignade " was awarded a medal.

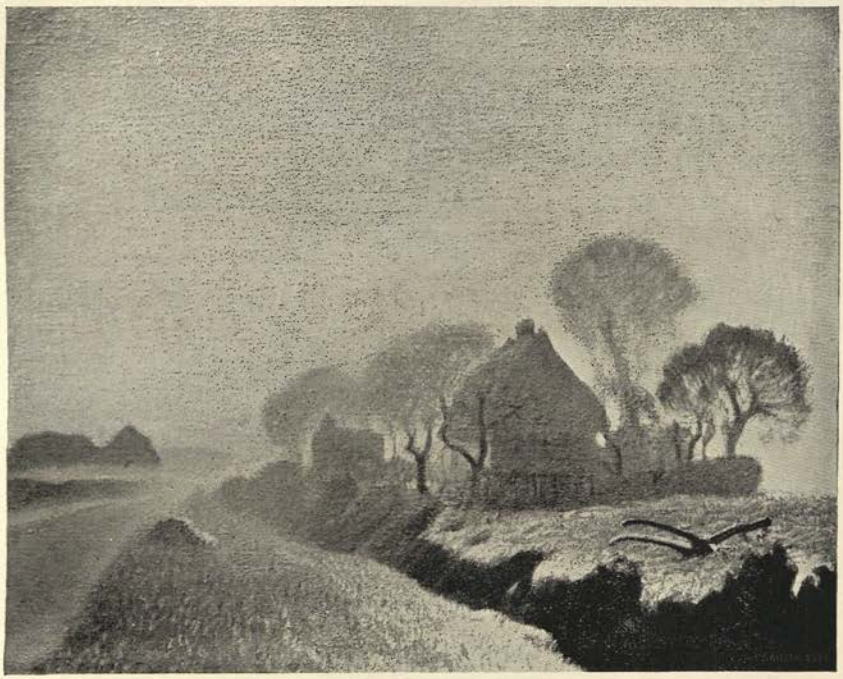
When he returned to England he became, in a small

way, a cult: his work was admired by the few and fit, but his pictures have not yet found a place in any of the national galleries of England. Sir Hugh Lane acquired a beautiful work by him for the Dublin Municipal Gallery, "An October Morning." He was one of the first to paint snow mountains sensitively and delicately.

George Clausen, although a master, is still a student, and the small, lyrical pictures he produces to-day are beautiful as ever—indeed, his work grows more beautiful. I have already referred to "Sunrise in September" in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1924. It is one of the most charming pictures he has painted; and "Barnard's Farm" is equally attractive.

He leans to light, the chill light of dawn, the glow of the hour of the long shadows, as well as the dazzle of sunshine. Like all good landscape painters, he is also proficient with the figure, and he has painted some charming interiors and half-lengths, often of his own family, done rather in the clear and intense manner of the early Flemish artists; but in his landscapes the figures are always subservient; they take their place in the splendour of light like trees. A typical picture by him is "The Gleaners Returning," in the Tate Gallery, painted in 1908. The three figures, with their loads upon their heads, are seen against the sun advancing down a glade, and so vibrating is the sunshine that they seem creatures of the sun rather than of the fields.

It appears to me that Mr. Clausen's paintings have a spiritual quality, yet the painting itself is direct and simple: he uses very little medium, and he works upon an absorbent canvas, putting on the pigment quickly and thickly, and rarely employing glazes. The



Morning in November (Raeburn Collection)
G. CLAUSEN, 1852-

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Gathering Plums (Manchester)
H. H. La Thangue, 1860-
Photo : Eyre & Spottiswoode

result is that his pictures have an air of spontaneity; they seem to show the effect rather than the fact. All his later works, that is the pictures he has produced this century, have, what shall I call it?—the mystical air, as if he is looking through the normal aspect of things, and seeking the source of their transfiguration. The mere titles of some of them suggest their delicate, fluttering observation: "Willow Trees at Sunset," "A Winter Morning," "Whispering Trees," "Early Morning in September," "The Budding Tree." He has also painted a series of pictures of sunlight, imprisoned in barns, flooding the greyness with glory, animating the dark corners, opening the dim recesses to our eyes and making them golden.

His artistic perceptions are so quick that, in the past, he looked with something more than admiration on Bastien-Lepage and Puvis de Chavannes, to name but two. Well, and why not? We are all, consciously or unconsciously, the children of those who have gone before. We must learn from them, and all that matters is—how soon does an artist begin to be entirely himself? Through this century, and earlier, George Clausen has been entirely himself.

H. H. La Thangue is also a painter of sunlight, but his vision is more prosaic than Clausen's, and he has a tendency to repeat his themes. He is a master of the figure. His favourite painting grounds are France, Italy, and Sussex, and his pictures might be described as Figures with Landscape. He devotes himself to the portrayal of farm-life and labour, showing peasants at work on farms, in orchards, by streams, always in sunlight. A characteristic picture by him is "Gathering

Plums," in the Manchester Gallery. One La Thangue is rather like another: his work is hard, reasoned, brilliant, never careless.

Adrian Stokes is a sensitive and glowing colourist, and a deft maker of the landscape pattern. Formerly he had a feeling for moist grey days, as in his " Upland and Sky " of 1887, but latterly he has felt strongly the delight of colour: one of his finest examples is "Autumn in the Mountains," a Chantrey purchase of 1903, painted in tempera on a plaster ground, a delightful decoration, as indeed are all the latter pictures of this refined artist, who rarely employs the figure, and who selects daintily from nature. He seeks beauty: his colour sense is delicately developed, so much so that at times his work shows signs of becoming over-sensitised.

Henry Tuke began as a painter of grey days and gleaming lights, such as his friends of the Newlyn School practised. Then he became enamoured of sunshine, and for years he has painted variations of one theme, the blue waters of the Falmouth sea with nude boys sporting in the waves or playing in boats. His " August Blue," a picture of dazzling light, is a characteristic Tuke.

P. Wilson Steer is the Great Outsider, which means that from choice, or from indifference, he has remained without the Royal Academy, preferring to show his pictures at the New English Art Club, or at the Goupil Gallery. He has a great reputation for his portraits and nudes, as well as for his landscapes. His water-colours —limpid, ethereal—are a joy, so is his oil picture of " Yachts," at the Tate Gallery, where several of his

Autumn in the Mountains (Tate Gallery)
ADRIAN STOKES, 1854-
Photo : Tate Gallery

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Chepstow Castle (Tate Gallery)
P. Wilson Steer 1860-

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imposing pictures hang, such as " Chepstow Castle," " Richmond Castle " ; but I find his learned technique rather overpowering. Like Constable, his forerunner, the painty details catch and disturb the eyes and hinder them from absorbing the general effect.

Once I wrote an article called, " On Landscape Loveliness." The title really rose to my lips when I was looking at Wilson Steer's " Chepstow Castle," an important, glittering landscape, a striking example of the Steer technique, but rather fussy and busy. I was the more interested in this picture because a critic had announced, in large type in his paper, that this " Chepstow Castle " is the finest modern landscape ; and although I like such brave statements, I knew at once that I should have to break a lance with this gentleman. It is not a great landscape because it treats a part not the whole ; it is a brilliant and accomplished performance, that will some day lose its freshness and sparkle, like Turner's " Frosty Morning," and most of Monet's pictures ; it is a good Wilson Steer, and that is saying a good deal, but I should not like to sign a paper saying it is the greatest modern landscape.

I turned away from the " Chepstow Castle " chagrined that I had so little reaction to it, and wondering why. Is it because this picture compels admiration, but does not offer beauty ? It is fine rhetoric : it is not essential loveliness, as are Wilson Steer's water-colours. And even as I turned away I caught sight of a small landscape by Charles Conder (1868-1909), he who painted exquisite fans and gay Watteau-like decorations. This small landscape called " Swanage " is an intimate expression of the look this Dorset coast hamlet once

had. It derives from Whistler, perhaps it never would have been painted had not Whistler shown the way, but how beautiful it is, the paint trickled on, the scene somewhat old-fashioned, but certainly an example of landscape loveliness. Why does the memory of it linger with me, why do I react to it, and not to the " Chepstow Castle " ? The answer is simple. One expresses the artist's power, the other his love.

Wilson Steer's position is so assured that these few words of criticism cannot affect him. I remember his " Valley of the Severn "—with a sky just about as beautiful as a sky in paint can be. I heard a visitor say, " Yes ; the sky is lovely, but the picture is unfinished."

Ah ! that is the trouble. We must get accustomed to the apparently " unfinished " look of modern landscapes. A picture is finished when the artist has stated the effect that he saw. The Primitives " finished " their landscapes, they can be peered into, and the charm of their tender visions of perpetual summer is unforgettable. But the masters of the future say, " A picture must interpret actual nature ; must be looked at from a distance, not as if you were passing a thread through the eye of a needle."

If you were so irreverent as to take " Chepstow Castle " on your knee, you would see nothing but blobs of paint and smears of palette scrapings ; but retire to the other end of the room and half-close your eyes—lo ! it comes together. The paint disappears, the vision of the artist may be yours.

Of the other landscape painters mentioned above, I can but refer briefly to the sound and vigorous painting of John R. Reid, one of whose finest works, " Toil and

Pleasure," is at the Tate Gallery ; the panoramic river views of W. L. Wyllie ; the sunny particularities of J. W. North ; the charming decorative landscapes of Moffat P. Lindner ; the joyous colour of C. H. Collings, an exquisite little master, as single-hearted in his devotion to water-colour as Brabazon, who would have appreciated Collings' beautiful Canadian Rocky water-colours ; the poetical visions of Fred Footet ; the accomplished work of Terrick Williams, whose " Quiet Evening, Honfleur," was bought by the Chantrey Trustees in 1924 ; and the grave harmonies of A. W. Rich's water-colours.

Of these British artists, born between 1851 and 1860, George Clausen and P. Wilson Steer are the chiefs. They are painting to-day as well as ever.

Now we turn to a group of serious artists who tried to give a separate glory to landscape painting.

XXI

Great Britain : A Landscape Society

T. HOPE MCLACHLAN, 1845-1897. A. D. PEPPERCORN, 1847- . E. A. WATERLOW, 1850-1919. R. W. ALLAN, *c.* 1850- . LESLIE THOMSON, 1851- . JAMES S. HILL, *c.* 1851- . (Original members.)

Towards the close of the Nineteenth Century a bold effort was made to give greater importance to landscape painting by showing landscapes by themselves, frankly dissociating them from all other kinds of pictures. The group of artists mentioned above, including E. A. Waterlow, already considered, founded the " Landscape

Exhibition." The wall space was, year after year, divided equally between the contributors. The original members of this society were generally known as Tone Painters, and I imagine that they were somewhat out of sympathy with the movements of the day.

In 1896 the first " Landscape Exhibition " was held in the old Dudley Gallery : the exhibitions were continued for many years, quite twenty, and many other artists occasionally exhibited with the group. J. Aumonier (see page 118) was one of them, and among the others were T. Austen Brown, B. Priestman, Campbell Mitchell, Arthur Friedenson, E. A. Walton, Frank Walton, J. Lawton Wingate, Arthur G. Bell, A. K. Brown, Joseph Farquharson, A. R. H. James, A. R. W. Lindsay, Lindsay G. Macarthur, and H. Hughes-Stanton.

Perhaps the most consistent of these tone painters was A. D. Peppercorn, who, in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1924, showed a solemn landscape called " Moorland," a deep harmony of eloquent desolation, that might be described as a synthesis of the particular yellowy-grey vision, remote and rhythmic, to which he devoted his life.

Because most of the artists were sympathetic to this vision, and because there were no subject pictures on the walls to lend variety, these exhibitions, to be frank, were apt to be dispiriting. I enjoy one Peppercorn, one grey tone picture, but a room full of large, solemn landscapes, year after year, became monotonous. I expressed this view in an article I wrote in 1907, and as this society no longer holds its exhibitions, I permit myself to repeat the article here :

" The environment was perfect. There was no crowding of pictures, and the spectators were few. Silence, a clear, cold morning, and fifty-three landscapes roaming round the walls of the dignified gallery, all on a line with the eye, easily seen : no clashing of temperaments, no discords. Only six men exhibiting—mature and capable painters—united in aspiration and intention. It must be so, because in the forefront of the catalogue is printed that fine reflection by Jean Francois Millet, the sum of his spiritual vision—' Every artist ought to have a central thought, *une pensée mère*, which he expresses with all the strength of his soul, and tries to stamp on the hearts of others.'

" I perambulated the gallery inviting the *pensée mère* of all or of any of the fifty-three landscapes by this Solemn Six, to touch my heart.

" The experiment was worth making. These men are all painters who take their work seriously. They are sound and straightforward, unaffected by the side gusts of fashion ; they are in the best sense British.

" For long I have known and admired their work—Aumonier's stately and scholarly No Man's Lands ; Robert Allan's fresh seas lashing against forlorn piers ; Austen Brown's decorative landscapes.

" These six honest men are no believers in startling the onlooker. They offer no thrill. I received none. But from two of them something passed from painter to spectator.

" One was ' The Cliff,' by A. D. Peppercorn. I imagine that the *pensée mère* in his mind was solemnity and solitude. There is no hint of the joy of life, of gaiety, sunshine, or lyrical beauty in this picture of

brooding nature, which is typical of all Peppercorn's work. A barren and rugged cliff rises above a desolate ocean, upon which there is one small sail. Of moisture and atmosphere there is nothing. Sad cliff, sad sea, sad sky loom out yellowy-brown, merged, as it were, in a mahogany glaze, eternally simple, eternally forlorn. It is the kind of landscape that a Hebrew prophet might have admired.

" The other was Leslie Thomson's ' A Dorset River.' His *pensée mère* was also solitude, but a solitude bathed in grey light, not in golden brown. Manet said that light should be the principal person in a picture, and Leslie Thomson has made light dominate his Dorset river country ; not the effulgent rays with which Turner materialised his dreams, but pearly light issuing from a sky rising over two-thirds of the picture and reflected in the estuary of the river. The sheen of the water ends abruptly against the dun bank. To the left rises one scraggy tree, on the right looms a punt. All is simple, grave and instinct with that particular loneliness that only a river far from a town has.

" These are gallery pictures out of reach of the average man, and he must wait until the Circulating Picture Gallery is started, if he wishes to enjoy one for a month or so in his own house.

" I walked round the room, amusing myself in trying to select a smaller picture that I should choose for my own apartment. Thirteen had been already sold, showing that thirteen people had found the irresistible thing. But I could not decide. They had so many qualities, but one was wanting—beauty, sheer beauty that will not be denied. In the mood of that biting cold day

I wanted something that would open a window, give a lilt to the moment, make it lyrical; something that would gladden and invigorate like the thought of spring.

"These pictures by the Solemn Six were too autumnal, too suggestive of the outlook of the poet who called his volume *In Russet and Grey*.

"Thus reflecting I descended the dark stairs, passed out into the bleak street, crossed the road, and there, in the window of a print shop, was for me the irresistible thing, a reproduction in colour of Whistler's nocturne in blue and gold, now in the Tate Gallery, called 'Old Battersea Bridge.'

"He had no *pensée mère* when he painted this lovely vision. He painted it because he had to paint it; because the impulse to express his vision of what he saw that twilight by the old Thames was overwhelming.

"I entered the shop. The price was the same as the new top-coat I purposed buying. Now, which shall it be—the new top-coat or the picture?"

The above was written years ago. I think the same to-day: but in 1924 I like the work of Peppercorn better than I did in 1907.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING

XXII

Scotland and the Glasgow School

(*Artists born between* 1845-1875)

J. LAWTON WINGATE, 1846-1924. J. CAMPBELL NOBLE, 1846-1913. JAMES PATERSON, 1854- . MACAULAY STEVENSON, 1854- . W. Y. MACGREGOR, 1855-1923. JOHN LAVERY, 1856- . GROSVENOR THOMAS, 1857-1923. ARTHUR MELVILLE, 1858-1904. JAMES CADENHEAD, 1858- . T. AUSTEN BROWN, 1859-1924. JAMES GUTHRIE, 1859- . T. CORSAN MORTON, 1859- . E. A. WALTON, 1860-1923. G. HENRY, 1860- . J. WHITELAW HAMILTON, 1860- . J. CRAWHALL, 1860-1920. GEORGE THOMSON, *c.* 1860- . ALEX ROCHE, 1861-1921. C. H. MACKIE, 1862-1920. J. CAMPBELL MITCHELL, 1862-1922. E. A. HORNEL, 1864- . D. Y. CAMERON, 1865- . WILLIAM FRAZER, 1865- . J. R. K. DUFF, *c.* 1865- . DAVID GAULD, *c.* 1867- . G. HAUSTON, 1869- . DAVID MUIRHEAD, 1872- . ALEXANDER JAMIESON, 1875- .

The artists grouped under the title of " Scotland and the Glasgow School," make a bonnie array of names. All did not belong to the Glasgow School, and but few of the members were born in the commercial capital of Scotland.

The Glasgow School is treated with much respect in art histories, and especially in works written by foreigners, such as Richard Muther's *History of Modern Painting*. In England it received considerable attention through the publication of Mr. James L. Caw's *Scottish*

Painting,* and also through an article contributed by him to *The Studio* for August 1902, on " E. A. Walton and the Glasgow School," of which Walton was a prominent member. Walton's " White Horse," lent by Mr. J. J. Cowan to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, is a landscape of singular beauty—a dream landscape.

Mr. Caw places the initial activities of the Glasgow Group, as he calls it, as far back as 1882, when certain young artists began to show in the Glasgow exhibitions, protesting in paint against the pictures of incident, fact and sentiment which were then generally popular. These innovators were fairly familiar with the works of the French and Dutch Romanticists, which certain Scotch collectors had acquired, and which were often seen at the Glasgow Institute. They saw, talked and were inspired to emulation : so the Glasgow School came into being, through mutual enthusiasm and a common aim, much in the way that the Canadian Group of Landscape Painters was formed a quarter of a century or so later.

Although the members have been long scattered, the School is not forgotten at home, or abroad. Again and again in American galleries, I have seen a group of pictures, bearing a familiar look, as of something delicately remembered from old days ; then on the wall I have noticed a placard bearing the words " The Glasgow School." Such a group I saw at Chicago, and from the wisps of memory there came the sight I had witnessed in 1890 of George Henry and E. A. Hornel,

* *Scottish Painting : Past and Present*, 1620-1908, by James L. Caw. Jack, 1908.

who were painting partners in those days, standing upon tall ladder-steps at the old Grosvenor Gallery, on Press Day, feverishly completing or transforming their picture.

The School was consolidated, and took shape from the exhibition held in Edinburgh in 1886 of a collection of French and Dutch pictures, including works by Millet, Corot, Diaz, Israels, Maris, Bosboom, Mesdag, and Monticelli. This collection had been brought to Edinburgh by an enthusiast, R. T. Hamilton Bruce, proud of the close connection that had always existed between Scotland and the Continent. Recalling those days, one sees the aim of these men clearer: they were a school of colour, of decorative harmony, of rhythmic masses, of nature seen through moods—gay or sombrely sensuous—nearer to the colour harmonies of Monticelli than the clear painting of Bastien-Lepage. Most of these Scotsmen were Paris trained, but Walton had been a Düsseldorf student, and Hornel studied at Antwerp and afterwards in Japan. They were called Impressionists; but we must not forget an earlier Scots Impressionist—William McTaggart, who was born in 1835.

The pictures of the Glasgow school were shown at the Grosvenor Gallery, London, and in 1890 they were exhibited at Munich. This was the high tide of its success. It was the Munich Exhibition of 1890 that made the School well known on the Continent.

I do not think any rules were ever formulated: the bond of union of the School was sympathy and a common purpose. The original members included W. Y. MacGregor, a pupil of Legros and a stylist in

landscape, in whose studio the Group first met, and around whom the movement centred, and E. A. Walton, James Guthrie, John Lavery, Arthur Melville, George Henry, E. A. Hornel, Alex. Roche, James Paterson, Corsan Morton, J. Whitelaw Hamilton, David Gauld and D. Y. Cameron.

I do not know where Melville's " Audrey and her Goats " now is—red-haired Audrey in a purple landscape—but I remember it well, and when I stand before his brilliant " Bravo Toro " at the Victoria and Albert Museum I still think of " Audrey and her Goats " and other works by this fine artist.

Sir James Guthrie's " In the Orchard " was one of the admired pictures at the 1890 Munich exhibition. He has remained in Scotland, where he was President of the Royal Scottish Academy from 1902 to 1919. London as a residence has never tempted him. In latter years he has painted more portraits than landscapes; but one remembers with pleasure his charming figure and landscape pastels done in the early 'nineties.

I recall the blue river in George Henry's " Galloway Landscape," and his mysterious " Cinderella " : then skipping many years we find him producing so beautiful a picture as " The Quarry," in the 1923 Academy. His friend Hornel has remained faithful to his own particular way of painting—girls and children in a pattern of delicately wrought flowers, trees, or water, minutely fashioned and joyous. Hornel's pattern landscapes, " the music of colour " they have been called, are now accepted so complacently that it is strange to read the angry newspaper discussions that followed the purchase of his " Summer " by the Liverpool Gallery in 1892.

The wordy contest suggested to Mr. George Moore his essay on " The Alderman in Art." Charles Dyall, who was the Curator of the Liverpool Gallery at that time, complained humorously that his life was made a burden to him by people who wanted an explanation of Hornel's " Summer."

The members of the Glasgow School have been so long scattered that it is almost an effort to recall that versatile Sir John Lavery was a member of the Group. He has long lived in London, and has branched out into many pictorial activities. He has vitality which flows into his landscapes, as into his figures and subjects. He is a son of sunshine, of colour values. His landscape work suggests a man who does not set out to produce a masterpiece, but who just paints what has moved and exhilarated him. I enjoy his gleams of the Côte d'Argent, Basses Pyrénées. These are the kind of pictures that cheer : sand, sea and sky : sky, sea and sand, simple planes, drenched in sun, sparkling with light, each saying—" I exist : therefore I am happy."

Joseph Crawhall was a great artist who was content to express himself in wonderful drawings of animals, somewhat in the Japanese convention, that are the despair and admiration of artists. Of him Sir John Lavery wrote to Mr. A. Stodhart Walker, " I believe Crawhall to have been the truest artist of the Glasgow men, and, as far as I know, the best in England. Everything he did has distinction." One of Crawhall's rare oil paintings, " A Lincolnshire Meadow "—luminous, tender, atmospheric—is a picture to remember.

Sir James Lawton Wingate, who had " arrived " before the Glasgow movement, had a long successful

A Galloway Landscape
GEORGE HENRY, 1860-

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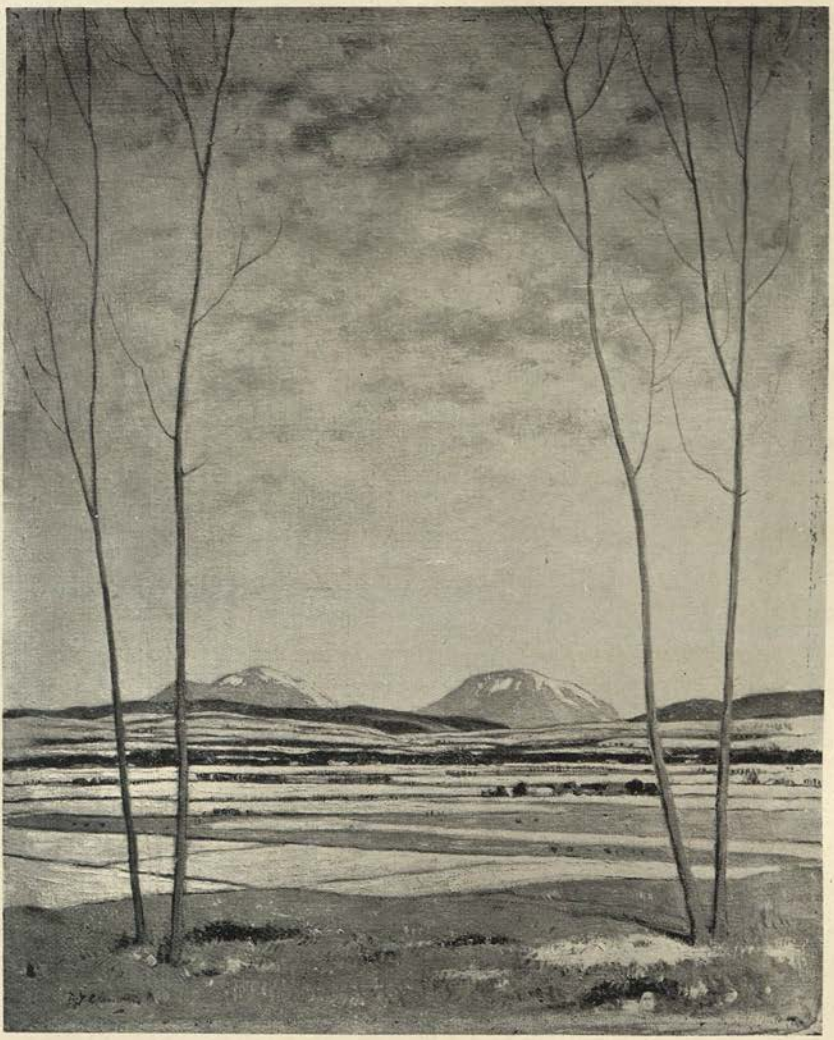

Early Spring (Barbizon House)
D. Y. CAMERON, 1865-

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career. He produced many poetic landscapes, such as " Sunset on the Hills near Edzell," and a number of impressions—vigorous and harmonious—which filled a wall delightfully when shown at Christie's before the Dickson sale in 1924. From 1919 to 1923 he was President of the Royal Scottish Academy, the first President who was solely a landscape painter.

David Muirhead is versatile in both branches ; but there is often a suggestion of drama in his figure subjects which does not appear in his accomplished landscapes. J. K. Duff's pastorals, usually low in key, are a welcome note of quietness in exhibitions. James Whitelaw Hamilton is one of the few original members of the Glasgow School born in Glasgow : he lives in Helensburgh, which has now become almost a suburb of the city. He sees Scotland with the eye of a French romanticist, as in his " Hillside Pastures." There is a fine picture by him, " A Kirkcudbright Landscape," in the collection of the Scottish Modern Arts Association.

The work of many of these Scottish painters is chiefly known north of the Tweed. Of those who have gone farther afield, and have become regular exhibitors at the Royal Academy, and abroad, none has made so great a cosmopolitan reputation as D. Y. Cameron in etching and in landscape painting. I know few more impressive landscapes than his solemn, noble " Ben Ledi " of 1911, etching and dry point, No. 424 in Mr. Frank Rinder's catalogue.

His oil landscapes have style. There is dignity, simplicity and distinction in his Scottish countrysides —mountains and lakes—such as " The Hills of Lorne " and " Dark Badenoch " ; in his castles and architectural

subjects, large and small, from " Luxor : Nightfall," to a house at a street corner in an old continental town. They have a dignity and an understanding of tone that compel lasting admiration.

The construction of his landscapes give to them an epical grandeur. He has the architectonic sense, he feels the strata of the hills and their weight. In a word, he is a great designer. He can also strike the lyric note as in his " April," a vision of hills, winding water and a tranquil sky. Ben Ledi is one of his favourite subjects. Its snow-clad heights rise to a clear, pale, grey-blue sky in his fine presentment of the mountain, presented to the Tate Gallery by the Contemporary Art Society in 1917.

This group of Scotsmen, in whose past the Glasgow School lies, like some rich, romantic jewel, are all delightful painters of landscape when they address themselves to it. They are highly appreciated in Scotland—most of them paint Scotch subjects—and to realise how patriotic and local a thing painting may be, it is only necessary to read the article that Mr. A. Stodhart Walker contributed to *The Studio* of May 1912 on " The Paintings of D. Y. Cameron." There are many references to other Scottish painters in this article—asides, showing that their names are household words in Scotland, and yet the works of many of them are as little known in England as are the works of many of the living American landscape painters who are so esteemed in the United States. As etcher, D. Y. Cameron is as popular in America as in Europe ; as landscape painter he stands at the head of the bonnie group I have referred to cursorily in this chapter.

Here, although chronologically they come later, I may mention the names of an " advanced wing " of Scottish artists—*premier coup* men—S. J. Peploe, J. D. Ferguson, F. C. B. Cadell and Leslie Hunter, who in 1924 held an exhibition in Paris, under the title of " Les Peintres de l'Ecosse Moderne," thus continuing the alliance between French and Scots painting. From this exhibition the French Government bought Peploe's " Iona " for the Luxembourg.

XXIII

Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, Germany, Spain, Holland

(*Artists born between* 1845-1875)

F. HODLER, 1853-1918.

SEGANTINI, 1858-1899.

Switzerland : A. BAUD-BOVY, 1848-1899. FELIX VALLATON, 1865- . H. EMMENEGGER, 1866- . H. B. WIELAND, 1867- . CUNO AMIET, 1868- . S. RIGHINI, 1870- . EDUARD BOSS, 1873- . EMIL CARDINAUX, 1875- . *Italy :* PAOLO SALA, 1859- . GUISEPPE CAROZZI, *c.* 1870- . CARLO FORNARA, *c.* 1870- . BEPPE CIARDI, 1875- . *Belgium :* EMILE CLAUS, 1849-1924. THEODORE VERSTRAETE, 1853-1907. FRANS COURTENS, 1853- . LEON FREDERIC, 1856- . FRANS HENS, *c.* 1860- . EUGÈNE LAERMANS, 1864- . ALBERT BAERTSOEN, 1866-1922. VICTOR GILSOUL, 1867- . ED. CHAPPEL, *c.* 1875- . *Germany and Austria :* TONI SADLER, 1850- . G. KUEHL, 1850- . G. SCHÖNLEBER, 1851- . W. TRÜBNER, 1851- . HANS VON BARTELS, 1856- . HANS HERMANN, 1858- .

J. WEISS, 1859-1919. HUGO DARNANT, *c.* 1860- . J. KELLNER, *c.* 1860- . OTTO FISCHER, *c.* 1860- . WALTHER LEISTIKOW, 1865- . *Spain :* JOAQUIN SOROLLA, 1862-1923. ELISEO MEIFREN, *c.* 1870- . F. SANCHA, 1874- . *Holland :* G. H. BREITNER, 1857-1923. JAN VOERMAN, 1857- . L. VAN SOEST, *c.* 1860- . W. WITSEN, *c.* 1860- . FIRMAN BAES, *c.* 1870-

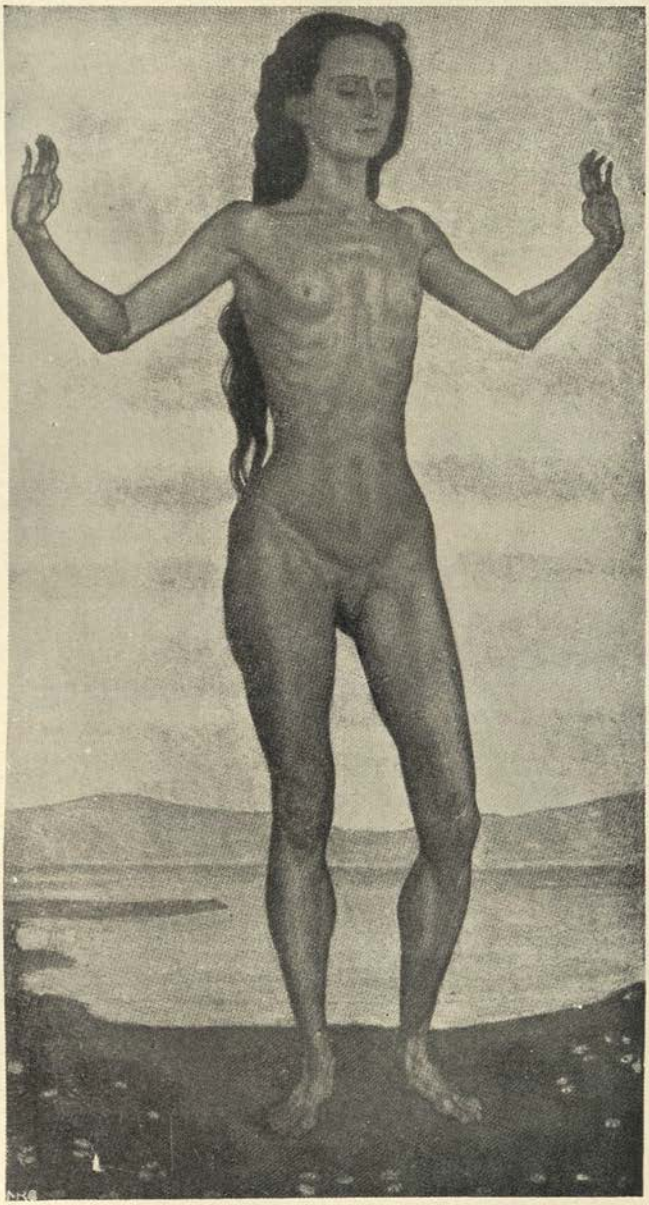
From the above long list—which would be much longer if I included all the good landscape painters in these six countries born between 1845 and 1875—four personalities emerge—Hodler, a Swiss, Segantini, a Swiss ; Claus, a Belgian ; and Sorolla, a Spaniard.

Ferdinand Hodler was a great artist, as original in landscape as in figure and subject pictures ; a thinker, a mystic, who dwelt profoundly upon " Man's relation to the Universe," and who expressed his dreams firmly and precisely. Two books of illustrations have been published that do full justice to his genius.* In *Schweizer Maler*, the landscapes of other Swiss painters that are given show how the cult of simplicity and directness has affected Cuno Amiet, Eduard Boss, Emil Cardinaux, Sigismund Righini, and Hans Emmenegger.

But of them all Ferdinand Hodler is the outstanding figure. There is always something more in his pictures than mere technique. He does not attempt to teach, but whenever you see a picture by him—always austere, rigid, decisive—you feel that there is an idea underlying it. I remember, years ago, at some International exhibition, pausing, conscious of a strange sort of

* *Ferdinand Hodler.* Geneva: A. G. Sonor.
Schweizer Maler. Leipzig: K. R. Langwiesche.

c. 1890



Truth
FERDINAND HODLER, 1853-1918

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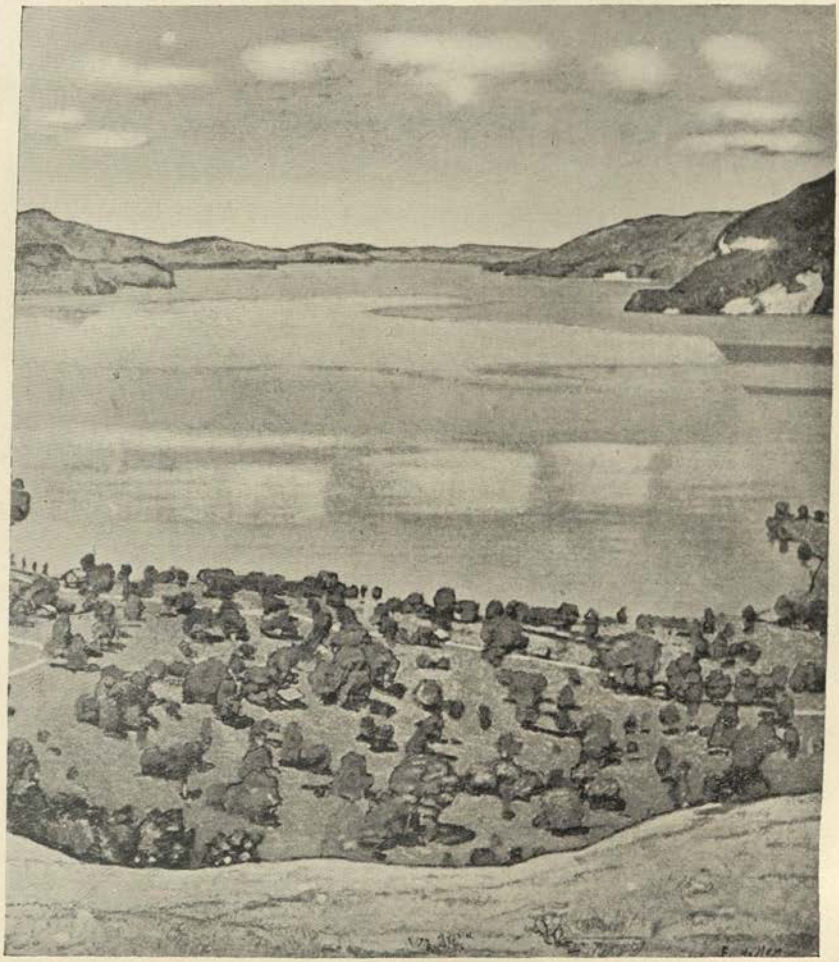
c. 1900



The Lake
FERDINAND HODLER, 1853-1918

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movement stirring within me, before his picture, " Die Wahrheit "—The Truth. In some mysterious way he has conveyed the idea of Truth with a standing figure stretching to the sky. Alone, this nude would suggest merely that it is a well-drawn, well-designed figure, but somehow the still, empty, yet eloquent landscape that does not rise above the knees of the figure, seems to indicate that this is Truth, as Puvis de Chavannes' seated girl is Hope.

I know not which to admire the more—Hodler's austere figures or his austere landscapes. He is a great painter of water, but it is never realistic as with Winslow Homer : it is water that seems to have been standing there through Eternity unvexed by man or winds. In his " Der Frühling "—Spring—with the two young figures in the foreground, so potential, so earnest about their youth, the water at the back, a lake I suppose, with its reflections of spring flowers, really suggests the fragrance of spring. He is rather a wizard—this Ferdinand Hodler.

But of all his landscapes I like his " Abend "—Evening—best. This is indeed evening. How is it done ? How is the idea of the close of the day conveyed by this picture in which simplification is pushed to the limit ? Merely by an ascending country road with a dip near the sky, and then a push upward. On one side is a great mass of dark hill dotted sparsely with little flowers, a favourite device with Hodler as with Botticelli. In front stands a monumental figure, rapt in thought. Titles, I know, are unimportant, and I ask myself, " If you had not known that this picture is called ' Evening,' would you have given it that title ? "

I cannot answer ; but now I cannot call it anything but Evening. A weird power of starting the imagination has this Ferdinand Hodler, with his clear, unruffled landscapes, and his figures that seem to belong to a past age when man moved slowly, and pondered brooding on the mystery of things. Yet he can be statuesquely active in his art when he likes. Consider his " Tell," who stands with his bow, affrighted at the flight of the arrow, and looking more like an Egyptian athlete than a Swiss struggler for Independence. What a fine pattern Tell makes ! But would I have known it was Tell if it had not been so titled ? Imposing are his " Mower " and his " Woodcutter," gaunt figures in symbolistic fields without a hint of the sentiment and intimacy of Millet's Mowers and Woodcutters.

Besides the two books already mentioned, there is an excellent account of Ferdinand Hodler in a German book by Fritz Burger. It is called *Cézanne und Hodler** : it is in two volumes, one all text, the other all pictures, an array of work by Hodler and Cézanne that I find exciting and stimulating.

Hodler was born in 1853, in Gurzlen, Canton Berne. His father was a cabinet maker. When he was a child his father died, and later his mother married a decorator, who recognised the boy's talent, and sent him to a landscape painter, Ferdinand Sommer. He progressed. In 1874 he received the " prix Calame " for his " Wood " ; in 1891 his " Night," which is now in the Berne Museum, brought him fame ; in 1896 he painted his well-known " Battlepiece " for the Art Palace of Switzerland ; between 1909 and 1913 he produced the

* *Cézanne und Hodler*, von Fritz Burger. Munchen : Delphin.

decoration, " The Departure of the Students from Jena," an achievement which established his reputation.

Like Monet, he delighted to paint a scene under the different effects of light. Often has he interpreted Mont Blanc: often the Lake of Geneva, always seeing in them new beauties. For the combination of landscape and figure what could be finer in the fusing of the seen and unseen than his " Peering into the Unknown." ?

I turn to another great Swiss artist. Art happens. Explain Giovanni Segantini—that is, his vigorous and undeviating artistic impulse—and you can explain the ways of nature. Attempts have been made to link him with Millet, who was born forty-four years earlier. I do not see it. Each was a great landscape painter, but Millet's chief interest was man.

Segantini's paramount interest was nature, one kind of nature, the cold, airless, sunny mountain solitudes. He introduced figures—peasants and animals—but they do not attract our attention: we are held by his hard, glittering transcripts of sweeps of country in the high Alps, where farms cling to the hillside, and all around the tillage, in circle, are the everlasting snow mountains. Men are ploughing, women are attending cattle, sheep are being ferried across a mountain lake, but it is always the scene in which they are set that attracts us in a gallery that has the good fortune to own a Segantini. His pictures carry. They are decorations. When he paints an allegorical canvas, such as " The Punishment of Infanticide," we are not impressed by his message. It looks melodramatic, forced; but the cheerless

landscape in which the mother is expiating her crime, ah, that is the picture!

Segantini, a simple man, a pious man, was a decorator, not a preacher: a decorator whose designs flowed from a full heart. In one of his letters he wrote, "I withdrew among the hills and lakes of the Brianza, convinced that painting could not be limited to colour for colour's sake, but that it could, if put to good use, express feelings of love, of sorrow, of pleasure, and of sadness. When I was settled in the Brianza, however, I did not study these ideas of mine on the expressive harmony of colouring, but I tried to reproduce the feelings I felt, especially at twilight, when my soul was filled with sweet melancholy."

It would have been more interesting to his admirers if Segantini, instead of telling us of his feelings, had analysed, for our benefit, the technical processes and methods by which he, virtually untaught, achieved his pictures, that hard, definite, almost Pre-Raphaelite technique, so suffused with light, so virile. He derived from no one. In the few years that he spent at Milan, there is no record that he lingered under any influence of his time or before; and there is his negative statement that "Academies do real art harm by turning out numbers of painters who are not artists." Only an artist could have produced the picture he calls "Maternity," which should hang in an art school as an example of what a decorative painting may be. It is an upright. An old, leafless tree bends across the centre of the panel, and upon it sits a blond mother, nursing a laughing blond child. All the meadow upland is a rich blond, the grass minutely painted, and behind is a

c. 1890

Maternity
SEGANTINI, 1858-1899

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c. 1890

Ploughing in the Engadine (Munich)
SEGANTINI, 1858-1899

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steely cold blue sky. This is a personal vision : this is pure Segantini. No academy could have taught him that harmony of colour or the pattern that the figures, tree and meadow make.

Or, take his " Mountain Landscape " in the Brooklyn Museum, U.S.A. It is achieved. The artist had his own vision, wrought out from solitary communing with nature : he contrived a technique to suit that vision— the result is that this landscape stands out among the other exhibits like a mountain.

He was solitary in thought, action and habitation. Living from 1858 to 1899, the art vagaries of those artistically turbulent years seem not to have had the slightest effect upon him. He went his own way, developed his own vision, mastered his own technique, preparing for that day, again to quote from one of his letters, when he proposed to express in paint his ultimate aim, " The final goal of my constant study is thoroughly to master the whole of nature in all her gradations, from sunrise to sunset, with the relative form and structure of all things, of men, of animals, and of insects, and finally to create a powerful and vigorous work that shall be wholly ideal."

Perhaps this stupendous scheme was in his single-track mind when, in 1898, he proposed to show at the Paris Exposition in the following year, " a large circular panorama which would embrace all aspects of life and nature in the Engadine." Happily this scheme came to naught. Panoramas always fail : they are scenic, not artistic. He decided to paint instead two large triptychs. One was nearly finished : it represents the sweep of the Upper Engadine from a point above St. Moritz.

A legend has grown up about his life. The facts seem to be these. The son of parents in reduced circumstances, he was born in the mountain town of Arco on the Lago di Garda. His father, when he disappeared, left the child in the care of a humble relation living in Milan. He ran away to the mountains and was adopted by the shepherds. His talent was revealed, it is said, by a drawing he made of one of the pigs, of which he had charge, upon a rock. Whereupon the local authorities, sent him, at their own expense, to the School of Art at Milan. A town was no home to him : he wearied for the mountains : as soon as he had acquired " a technical method of colour and design quite my own," he went up to the Brianza : later to the Grison Alps—always higher, always looking beyond, ever following his nostalgia for the heights.

Visitors to St. Moritz know his monument by his friend Ristolfi. It looks towards Italy, a superb view : at the base are sculptured wandering sheep, and above them are the mountains that he loved and painted better than anybody else.

Of Emile Claus and Albert Baertsoen it has been said —Claus and Baertsoen represent the two poles in the spirit of Belgian landscape, the optimistic joy of the sun, and the anguish of dead cities.

There you have these two distinguished Belgian artists. Claus sought the soul of the sunlight, Baertsoen the soul of the sorrowful.

Claus was the chief of the Belgian Impressionist School. Sunshine, the glitter and the joy of nature, were treated by him, in many canvases, with consummate technical skill—lovely pictures that startle the

observer each time he sees them, recalling the golden beauty that Nature assumes—sometimes. During the war Claus lived in London and discovered the Thames; no new discovery to artists, but new to Emile Claus. For a year, in what he called " my tower windows," situated somewhere between Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges, he painted the Thames under all conditions of shine, shower, calm, storm, and atmosphere. He produced fifty-eight pictures under the title of " Reverberations sur la Tamise." There was not one, large or small, that was not beautiful. But the eyes tire of fifty-eight examples of one subject. The art of his great forerunner, Memlinc, was quiet. The art of Emile Claus was restless. Nature, on his canvases, is always on the alert, always busy, like a dog on a country walk; but he was a fine painter.

" When I behold the magnificence of the Thames," Emile Claus wrote in *The Studio*, " I cannot refrain from thinking how this gorgeous river might have been immortalised by my illustrious compatriots and dear friends—now, alas, no more—that beautiful colourist, Camille Lemonnier, and that superb poet, Emile Verhaeren."

Baertsoen also painted the Thames. He had a heavier, or, shall I say, a graver touch than Claus, and it was the grey day, the heavy, ominous day that attracted him. But he was more at home in his own country, by the waterways and old houses of Belgium—in such pictures as " Night on a Canal, Ghent," and " The Thaw," now in the Luxembourg. A dozen pictures of scenes in old Flanders towns rise to mind when uttering the name of quiet, unobtrusive Albert Baertsoen, sound workman, brooding poet.

Victor Gilsoul, born at Brussels, has the honour of a long notice in *Who's Who*. Théodore Verstraete is commemorated in a handsomely illustrated volume by Lucien Solway.*

G. H. Breitner, born in Amsterdam, a pupil of William Maris, was an accomplished painter of Dutch landscapes and figure subjects, sombre, low in tone, as in his " Winter in Amsterdam," with figures and horses moving heavily through the snow, against a background of sedate houses.

Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida, the Spaniard, had immense gusto, and a radium-like virility. He was born of poor parents in Valencia, and I suppose that the most important event in his life was the wonderful success he had in America. New York went wild over him. Introduced by Mr. Huntingdon of the Hispanic Society of America, he made more sales in one year in America than in the whole of his life before. The Metropolitan Museum is weighted with five Sorollas : one, " Beaching the Boat : Valencia," measures nearly ten feet high and over fourteen feet wide. When we have acknowledged the virility and dash of " Beaching the Boat : Valencia," we are apt to find it a little tiresome, and to resent the wall space it occupies. And his " Swimmers," once in strong sunlight, now in rather faded sunlight, has lost its power to invigorate. Sorolla was as prolific as Rubens, but without the abounding genius of Rubens : his eye was photographic, but he had immense skill in suggesting sunshine and movement. He was a master in painting the aspects of things—joyous and of the moment ; but he lacked the simpler elements

* *Théodore Verstraete*, par Lucien Solway. Brussels: Van Oest, 1906.

of greatness, so I do not think that his pictures will increase in the world's esteem as the years pass.

There is no example of Sorolla as yet in the public galleries of Great Britain.

Of the other artists whose names appear at the heading of this chapter, I have pleasant memories of some striking pictures—Baud-Bovy's "Sérenité"—desolation made eloquent by light; Fornara's clever imitations of Segantini; Ciardi's statements of the open country; Verstraete's "Orchards in Zeeland"; Courtens' "Golden Rain"; Hans von Bartels' yellow, tempestuous seas; the space and stillness of Leon Frederic's "En Pays Flamand"; Victor Gilsoul's "Canal en Flandre"; and Weiss's learned, unromantic landscapes.

These are all good painters; but it is the Leaders with whom we are concerned—the mysticism of Hodler, the vivid designs of Segantini, the sunlight of Claus, and the pensive poetry of Baertsoen.

XXIV

Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia

(*Artists born between* 1845-1875)

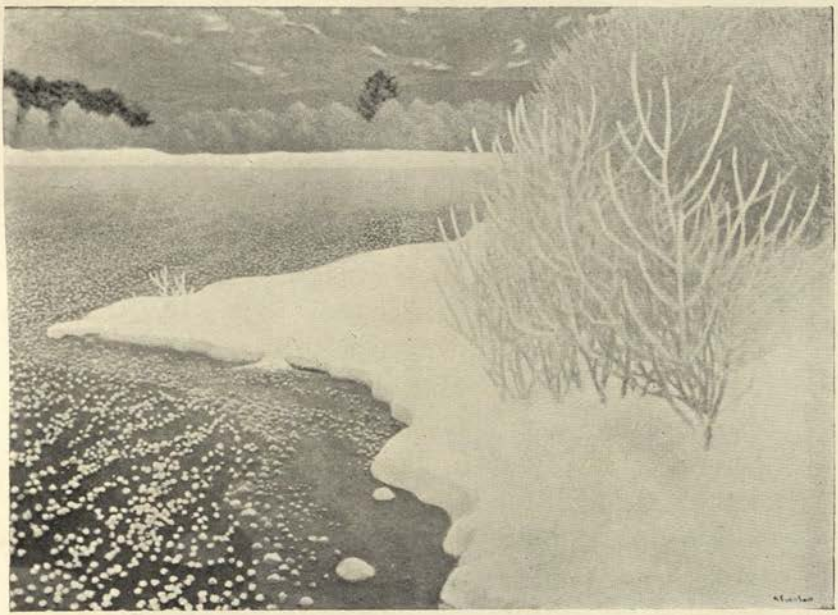
Norway: FRITZ THAULOW, 1847-1906. GERHARD MUNTHE, 1849- . EILIF PETERSSEN, 1852- . CHRISTIAN SKREDSVIG, 1854- . *Sweden:* KARL NORDSTROM, 1855-1923. NILS KREUGER, 1858- . ANDERS ZORN, 1860-1923. G. KALLSTENIUS, *c.* 1860- . EUGÈNE JANSSON, 1862- . HERMAN NORRMAN, 1864- . PRINCE EUGEN, 1865- . GUSTAV FJAESTAD, 1868- .

Denmark : PETER S. KROYER, 1851-1909. VIGGO JOHANSEN, 1851- . JULIUS PAULSEN, 1860- . NIELS M. LUND, 1863-1916. W. HAMMERSHOI, 1864-1914. *Russia* : THÉODORE VASSILIEV, 1850-1873. CHELMONSKY, *c.* 1860- . ABRAHAM MANIEVITCH, *c.* 1860- . VACLAV RADIMSKY, *c.* 1860- . ISAAC LEVITAN, 1861-1900. CONSTANTINE KOROVINE, 1861- . M. A. VROUBEL, *c.* 1870- . A. RYLOFF, *c.* 1870- . MAX SVABINSKY, 1873- NICHOLAS DUBOWSKOI, *c.* 1875-

Of the above group of expert artists with a partiality for landscape, one at least is a pure landscape painter—Gustaf Fjaestad of Sweden, whose snow pictures made a great impression when they were shown in London at the 1924 exhibition of works by Swedish artists.

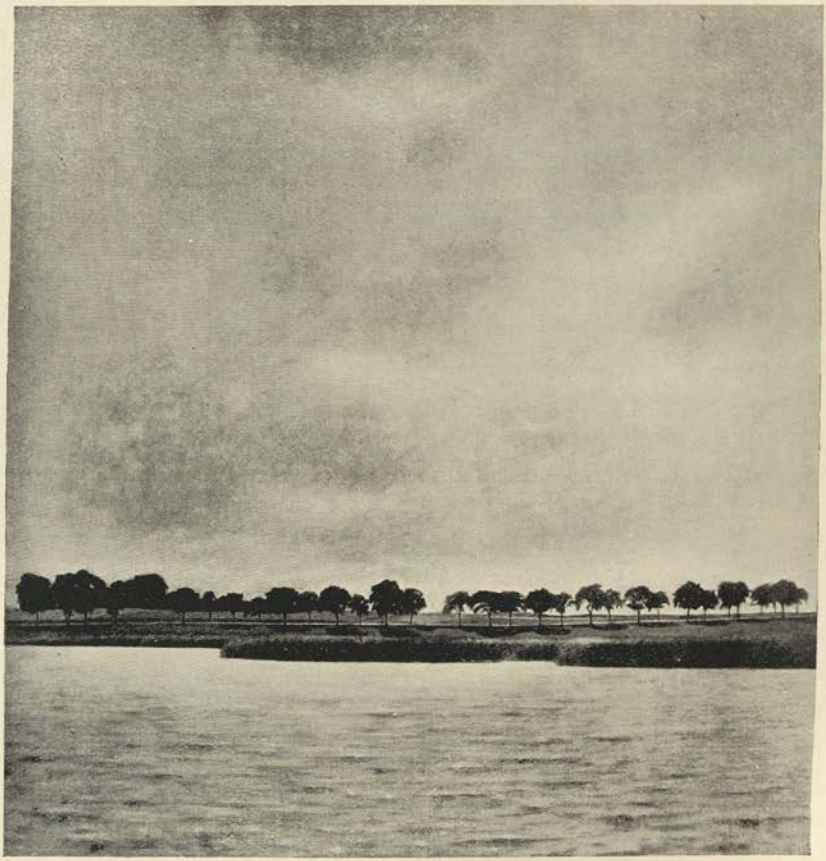
Of Fjaestad's snow pictures one is called " Hoar Frost on Ice," the other " Fringe of Ice in Moonlight." They are too large, as are many of the Swedish pictures, but I have no hesitation in saying that they are among the finest paintings of snow I have seen. Divisionism is employed, but discreetly: the technique does not intrude. It is interesting to note that Gustaf Fjaestad was not trained in Paris. He was a student of the Swedish Royal Academy of Arts, and a pupil of Bruno Liljefors and Carl Larsson.

Prince Eugen of Sweden is well known as a patron of art : many of the pictures in the Swedish exhibition belong to him. It is a pleasure to be reminded what an excellent painter he is. His " Old Castle " is beautifully and romantically seen. Prince Eugen has a fine sense of colour and of pattern making. His " Cloud " has delicate atmospheric qualities.



Hoar Frost on Ice (E. Thiel Collection)
GUSTAV FJAESTAD, 1868-

Facing page 222



In Denmark
W. HAMMERSHOI, 1864-1914

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London learned from this exhibition what the Swedish artists were doing in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, before the Modern Movement swept over Scandinavia, as over the rest of Europe. It was a relief to find Carl Wilhelmsson painting so essentially a native subject as " Saturday Evening : Swedish Peasant Girls." Ah, that is a racial picture, pleasant to look at, opening a window on this tidy, bright Saturday evening Swedish scene. And it was agreeable to see the original of a picture by this artist, familiar in illustrations, " Churchgoers in Boats," with the striped shawl of one of the passengers making dizzy reflections in the water. It is bold and vigorous, and no doubt looks well in its abiding place in the National Gallery of Stockholm.

Eugène Jansson paints the Swedish landscape : he is fond of blue ; his pictures are large and attractively empty ; his " Midsummer Night, Stockholm," although lacking in vigour, lives pleasantly in the memory. Nils Kreuger has an original vision, and a technique not unlike Segantini's, but lacking his colour. His sculpturesque " Cows in a Meadow " is something of an achievement.

Fritz Thaulow was a dominating personality in Nineteenth-Century Norway. After studying at Copenhagen, and Karlsruhe under Hans Gude, he went to Paris and quickly absorbed the Impressionist way of painting. He showed great skill in the portrayal of running water, and the glitter of snow in sunshine. His landscapes became very popular, and the print-shop windows showed for years a reproduction or two of Thaulow's landscapes in colour. This accomplished

painter, who was born in Christiania, who died at Volendam, and who lived most of his life in France, became quite an international figure. The Thaulow red roof was almost as popular as the Corot red cap.

Peter S. Kröyer and Wilhelm Hammershoi of Denmark occasionally painted landscapes. By Kröyer I may mention one, his " Fishing Boats," in the Luxembourg Gallery—a pearly sea, a mystical light : a suave picture which his friend Besnard, whom Kröyer admired highly, gave to the Luxembourg. By Hammershoi there is, among others, the still landscape which I have called " In Denmark,"—water, trees and sky, as motionless, simple and majestic as one of his motionless, simple and majestic interiors.

Kröyer, who died in 1909, has an European reputation. He stands for the painter who leaves the parental roof, casts the home influence away like doffed raiment, and learns new, strange, but not necessarily better, lessons in the wide school of the world. Wilhelm Hammershoi stands for the artist who remains beneath his father's roof, and paints through the long years lovingly, and very beautifully, simple themes in which he sees ever more and more wonder. Somewhere in Denmark there is a house, built as our quieter forefathers knew how to build, austere and spacious, and furnished with the simple charm of an interior in a Dutch picture. In one of these houses Hammershoi watched the grey light of day transform surfaces and walls, and the sunlight stream through tall windows upon swept and garnished floors.

He painted such interiors under the magic influence of light. These pictures by a faithful Dane are among

the most alluring of intimate, modern works of art. In his few landscapes, such as " In Denmark," we find the same quietism and sympathy with the windless moods of nature.

Niels M. Lund, of Danish extraction, who was trained and lived in England, devoted himself mainly to the painting of Scottish landscape and to etching.

N. R. Roerich, Boris Anisfeld and the extremist, Wassily Kandinsky, are three Russians who merge into the Twentieth Century : so I postpone consideration of them. They have shown their work extensively in Europe.

Indeed, all that most people know of Russian painting is confined to those artists who exhibit in Paris, London and America. There was Chelmonsky, who showed a vivid " Kermess in Snow " at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889, which made a strong impression. And I have before me reproductions in colour of three striking Russian landscapes—" Swans," by A. Ryloff, a sparkling decorative scheme ; M. A. Vroubel's rich and bold " Pan and the Horses " ; and Nicholas Dubowskoi's spacious and airy " The Home." More in the tradition of the Paris schools is " Giverny : The Arrival of Spring," by Vaclav Radimsky—a pleasant picture dated 1898. Isaac Levitan, who was born in 1861 of Jewish parents, has the distinction of being called by M. Léonce Bénédite—" the first great Russian landscape painter."* His " Early Spring " is like a Thaulow but less expert, and offering more to the imagination. Constantine Korovine, who was born in

* *Great Painters of the Nineteenth Century*, by Léonce Bénédite. Pitman.

the same year as Levitan, was also an " innovator," that is to say he travelled in France and learned to look through the eyes of the French Impressionists. Theodore Vassiliev, who died at twenty-three, full of promise, is claimed by Richard Muther* as the artist in whom " The Russian landscape of ' mood ' was first born."

The group of landscape painters in this chapter can hardly be said to have carried the art any farther. The two who stand out are a Swede—Fjaestad—and a Dane —Hammershoi ; and let me add the Russian youth, Vassiliev, who died, his promise unfulfilled, at the age of twenty-three.

XXV

The United States

(*Artists born between* 1850-1860)

J. S. SARGENT, 1856-

GEORGE HITCHCOCK, 1851-1913. J. ALDEN WEIR, 1852-1916. THEODORE ROBINSON, 1852-1896. BEN FOSTER, 1852- . ALEXANDER HARRISON, 1853- . JOHN H. TWACHTMAN, 1853-1902. EMIL CARLSEN, 1853- . J. FRANCIS MURPHY, 1853-1921. BIRGE HARRISON, 1854- . H. MUHRMAN, 1854- . W. T. PICKNELL, 1854-1897. CHARLES H. DAVIS, 1856- . BRUCE CRANE, 1857- . WILLARD L. METCALF, 1858- . HENRY W. RANGER, 1858- . W. L. LATHROP, 1859- . CHILDE HASSAM, 1859- . GARI MELCHERS, 1860- . DODGE MACKNIGHT, 1860- .

We now approach the American artists who were born between 1850 and 1860 : these will be followed

* *The History of Modern Painting*, by Richard Muther. Dent, 1907.

by those born between 1861 and 1875, which will virtually complete the list of artists who belong, in part, to the Nineteenth Century, a group of distinguished landscape painters practising the art for a public which has shown an especial partiality for landscape painting.

J. S. Sargent dominates the group for the simple reason that when he turns to landscape painting for relaxation he produces work so dexterous, so personal, so alive that it stands out even among those who devote their whole time to landscape painting. He gives the direct vision of the eye. There is no mystery about his landscapes. He shows us what he sees—vitally and with precision.

Manchester Art Gallery is the fortunate owner of his "Albanian Olive Gatherers," that *tour de force*, that engaging transcript of olive trees in sunshine, 37 inches high, 40½ inches wide, which lightens the wall on which it hangs. It was painted in 1909. His fascinating "Venice," in the possession of Sir Philip Sassoon—a grey impression of quays and water, touched in with an art that cannot be analysed, is of an earlier date. "Oyster Gatherers," in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, was painted in 1878. How delightful it would be to see a collection of Sargent's landscapes produced in those thirty years—"Lake O'Hara," "Glacier Streams," etc., etc. As for his numerous water-colours—brilliant, dashing—who has not succumbed to the spell of their vivacious charm?

When I was last in Philadelphia, I saw Sargent's portrait of Carolus Duran, his master. It was exhibited at the Paris Salon when he was twenty-one. What an extraordinary work for a youth of that age! The

bravura, the dash, the brilliance of it ! And I have seen, at Julien's studio in Paris, a portrait by Sargent hanging among the prize winners of fifty years. It stands out : it forces itself upon the notice : it has the air of saying —" Excel me if you can ! "

In art he is, shall I say, arrogant ? In life, most modest is this cosmopolitan, this son of a Boston physician, with American forebears, born in Florence, trained in Paris, who to-day spends his time between England and America. He makes few public appearances : he does not lecture, he rarely delivers speeches : he writes little, but that little is very good : his passions are painting and music, and he is the friend of young artists.

His is the perfectly trained hand obeying the trained normal eye. What he sees he can paint with particularity and with audacity. He does not invent (except in his Murals), he does not imagine; he records. No difficulty deters him. His skill is so great that he can give back, swiftly, brilliantly, anything his eyes see, and if the twentieth century loves his landscapes and water-colours, it is because he loves to make them.

Unlike many other great artists, he sees things in no particular or peculiar way. His vision is akin to Velasquez and Frans Hals, filtered through his master, Carolus Duran, whom he has long outdistanced. Carolus once said, speaking of Sargent's work, " I am the son of Velasquez, Sargent is my son." The son is now greater than the immediate father.

Gari Melchers is not a landscape painter, that is he never, or rarely sets out to paint a pure landscape. He could paint landscape beautifully if he wished to do so,

c. 1890

Marine (Sassoon Collection)
J. S. SARGENT, 1856-
Photo : Gray

Facing page 228

c. 1890

The Waterfall (New York)
J. A. TWACHTMAN, 1853-1902

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indicated by the strong and lovely backgrounds with which he decorates some of his vivid subject pictures, say, among others, the Dutch village under snow, shown in his " Skaters."

Very different was John H. Twachtman, who was born three years before Sargent and seven years before Melchers. Twachtman, like Constable and Corot, occasionally painted the figure. Who can forget the charming picture he made of his wife and children, among flowers, beautifully seen and wrought, grouped on the garden path in front of his home at Greenwich, Connecticut, or that subtle study in blacks and whites called " Mother and Child " ? But his heart was with landscape. This essential artist was one of those (they are much to my liking) who do not see any advantage in introducing human interest into landscape. He painted what he loved ; he never painted for effect, for exhibition, or for competition.

His epithet is delicacy. Indeed, the expression " as delicate as a Twachtman " has become proverbial among those who appreciate him. But there is strength also in his delicacy. His landscapes are never anæmic, and they are never bombastic. Technique is always subservient to vision. His pictures are persuasive : they are episodes of beauty ; his paint seems woven into canvas-like silk, and it has the freshness of a pearly day when the atmosphere is luminous, the shadows soft, and the sun glows palely.

The pictures of such a reserved, gently introspective artist who worked from insight rather than from sight, do not lend themselves to description or to reproduction. When I see a fine Twachtman I have nothing to say

but " How beautiful ! " Often and often have I used that expression when wandering around the inner gallery in Mr. John Gellatly's house in New York, full of delightful and exceptional American pictures, and among them are, I think, at least eight Twachtmans. Each time I see these modest pictures I like the work of this sensitive, single-hearted painter more. He does not excite ; he does not stimulate ; he does not provoke discussion ; he just leads you away quietly into quiet places where beauty is.

Amiel said, " Un paysage est un état d'esprit." Twachtman saw the thunderous majesty of Niagara Falls, a subject of which some have said " Impossible to paint," and others who have attempted the stupendous spectacle have made it merely grandiloquent. Twachtman saw it intimately. It is Niagara, a bit of the boiling cascade, but he saw it with love, not with awe, and veiled the clamour, the din and the rush, in iridescent mists. The values of the many whites of the falling, eddying water are beautifully realised. So with his pictures of the Yellowstone Park. The grandeur of this arrogant gesture of nature did not move him : he saw it as one might absorb the look of a jeweller's window.

He was a stay-at-home. By that I mean he found all he needed in such humanised, well-arranged places as the surroundings of his house at Greenwich, Conn., and the places where he wandered in holiday mood, such as Cos Cob, and Gloucester-by-the-Sea. He does not make a popular appeal : he is among those few, those happy few who have won the distinction of the appellation of Painter's Painter, which is deserved. Who could doubt this in looking at such pictures

as " The Waterfall," " The Old Mill in Winter." " February," or " The Wild Cherry Tree " ?

Twachtman's reputation has grown slowly, but it increases each year. A fellow artist, Abbott H. Thayer, said of him—" He is like a beautiful flower growing up in a new country."

Another independent artist—Dodge Macknight—is a water-colour painter, who produces dashing effects of sunshine ranging from the gleaming snow of New England to the hot dazzle of New Mexico. But there is nothing revolutionary about Dodge Macknight's water-colour painting, no hint in them of Post-Impressionism, Cubism, or any of the isms. If he must be labelled, call him an Expressionist, of which the simple definition is—one who expresses himself in his own way. It is his colour that terrifies conventional people. The world is timid of colour : it likes neutral tints, sentiment, and something that it feels suggests poetry. It prefers Nature seen through a rather conventional temperament : it dislikes to be startled by sunshine that burns and parches, by uncanny tropical vegetation, by scarred, eroded lands, and by snow or rain so direct and vivid that it seems almost " bad form " to employ the gentle and genteel art of water-colour to express it.

Dodge Macknight lives at East Sandwich, on Cape Cod, not many miles from the rock where the Pilgrim Fathers landed. He settled at East Sandwich towards the end of the Nineteenth Century. Roaming Cape Cod, he produces water-colours when his beloved sun shines, or when the snow gleams in great fields and drifts, casting blue shadows. But the sun is his master, and this adoring pupil each year seeks the sunshine.

The painting trips of Dodge Macknight have been many—to France often, three times to Spain and to Mexico, twice to Newfoundland and Grand Canon, once to Algeria, Grand Manan, Jamaica, Utah and Arizona, and many times to Shelburne, New Hampshire. He travels lightly, camping out whenever possible, and the tools of his trade are his colour box, sable brushes, Whatman paper, and a flat case with a detachable lid into which he can slip a wet water-colour and carry it home unsmudged.

By general consent, the greatest event of the Boston, Mass., art season of 1921, was the exhibition of " Paintings in Water-Colour," held at the Boston Art Club. There were forty-six by Winslow Homer, forty-eight by Sargent, and forty-five by Dodge Macknight. The 139, without exception, were lent by collectors of the works of these artists.

Dodge Macknight has been accepted not without struggles. He has now found a small, but determined public, chiefly in Boston. Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald has bought hundreds of his water-colours, and when each year his work is shown at the galleries of Messrs. Doll and Richards in Boston a cord is placed across the doorway to prevent buyers entering before the stroke of 9 a.m. The clock strikes ; the cord is removed ; the buyers rush in and place their visiting cards on the picture of their choice.

George Hitchcock was pure artist. He had not the dash of Dodge Macknight : he disliked dash. He was an aristocrat, a leisurely man, a mentally well-equipped man, who was trained as a lawyer, and then found that his gift for painting would not be denied. He went to

c. 1892

In Holland (Hind Collection)
GEORGE HITCHCOCK, 1851-1913
Photo : Juley

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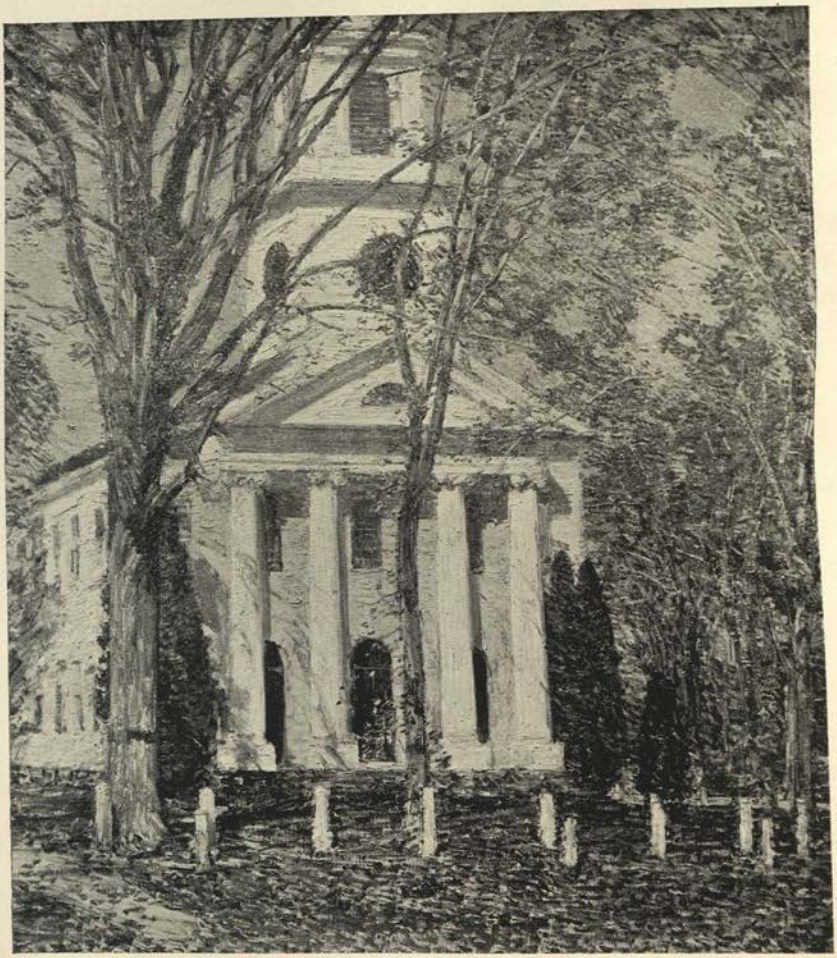
c. 1905



Church at Lyme (Montross Collection)
CHILDE HASSAM, 1859-

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Holland, lived there by the North Sea dunes, and painted exquisite landscapes. In later life he was attracted by the figure, but I prefer his atmospheric pictures, with their beautiful colour, minus the figure, or with a figure just swung into the canvas, as in that sweep of Dutch country, which is called " In Holland," the very essence of the land's pearly skies, moist atmosphere, and luminous distance. His smaller pictures of flowers, and of the dunes are delightful. It was with a flower picture that he made his first great success, " Tulip Culture," all ablaze with colour, which made a strong impression at the Paris Salon of 1888, and again at the Royal Academy. It was strange that an American artist should tell the Dutch artists how paintable are their spring flowers, but few have the mastery of George Hitchcock in suggesting the delicacy and brilliance of flowers in sunlight ; and few moderns are, or were, his equals in painting the atmosphere of Holland, and the glory of objects seen against the sun.

J. Alden Weir was an artist of refinement and delicacy who occasionally painted landscapes. I have employed the phrase " delicate as a Twachtman," and I have just written the words—refinement and delicacy. They must be used again and again in my notes on American landscape painters. It is the old nations among whom vigorous experimenters are usually found : the newer nations usually conform to tradition. American painters (not all) have perhaps developed their delicacy and refinement as an unconscious protest against, or a hiding away from, the immense and constant material activities of their country. Alden Weir, Paris trained, was a Sensitive who continued the gentler traditions of

Europe, as those who saw his Memorial Exhibition at the Century Club, New York realised. I admired the " refinement and delicacy " of his landscapes and portraits of men and women. This kind of painting, so full of sensibility, so empty of force, so conventional, so lacking in accent, and gesture, or wonder, can hardly be advanced much farther. It is still popular and much admired. Twachtman, for all his delicacy, had a flexible strength that I do not see in Alden Weir.

Childe Hassam is a livelier artist : his brush moves with a lilt and he is something of a wit. Paris trained, a master in Divisionism, his note is gaiety : he belongs to the sunlight school and has produced a brilliant succession of landscapes and figure subjects, each reaching an accomplished level of excellence. He has made more than one version of the Church at Old Lyme, and I do not think that he has ever done more beautiful work. Childe Hassam is of New England parentage, and this quiet church, lurking among trees, would seem to have moved him, and to have added an ancestral memory to his brilliant brush.

Alexander Harrison, born in Philadelphia, has lived all his life in Paris. As a young man in the early 'eighties he made great successes with " The Wave," and with " In Arcadia," nudes in a sun-lighted orchard, which is now in the Luxembourg.

Henry Muhrman, born at Cincinnati, trained in Munich, has made his home in England, and paints low-toned, melancholy, accomplished landscapes.

J. Francis Murphy—described as self-taught—stayed at home and painted romantic subjects. Indian summer especially attracted him. Asked in later years how he

learned his craft, he answered, " I painted the woods I saw as a boy." His success with his rather old-fashioned " poetised landscape " was equable and uneventful until he was sixty-five years of age when, at the Hearn Sale in New York in 1918, a " Landscape " by him which, in the old days, he would have sold for a few hundred dollars, fetched 15,600 dollars, and others brought 5,000 and 6,000 dollars. I was present at the sale, and well remember the enthusiasm these high prices evoked. A New York paper stated that " Murphy's success under the hammer was indicative of the wider and deeper appreciation of American landscape art that has steadily been going forward."

Willard L. Metcalf and W. L. Lathrop are closer to the American landscape ideal than Murphy. Each has the refinement and delicacy already mentioned. Metcalf's " May Night," which won the Clark prize at the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, and was wisely acquired by that Institution, is a very beautiful picture, a landscape that reveals new beauties each time it is seen. Another charming picture by him is " The Golden Screen " : another is his " Trembling Leaves," in which direct and dainty observation could hardly be exceeded. His pictures are much admired : he is a popular and a consistent seller.

W. L. Lathrop was a friend of Twachtman and Alden Weir, and if I were asked to place his thoughtful landscapes I should say that he is some way below Twachtman and a little above Alden Weir. Lathrop came into his own slowly. To-day the quietness and unobtrusive emotion of his pictures is much esteemed. " The Meadows," painted in 1897, is now in the

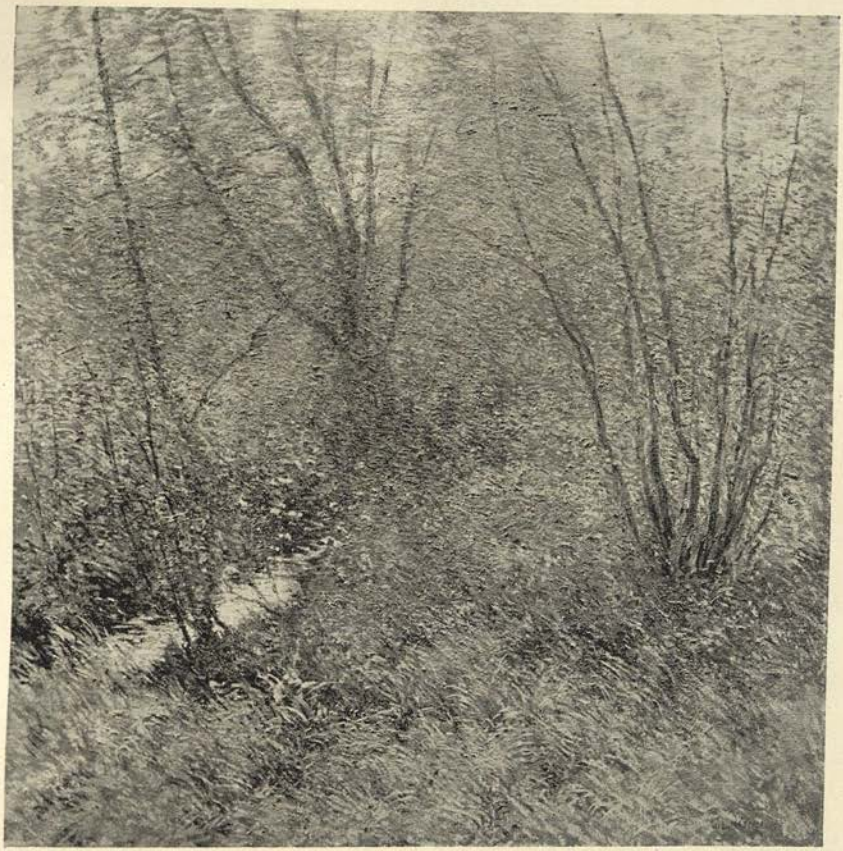
Metropolitan Museum, New York. He has advanced in knowledge and insight since then.

Emil Carlsen was born at Copenhagen. He came to the United States at nineteen years of age, has lived and painted there ever since, and is described as "American" in the catalogue of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, which owns his "Open Sea" and "Surf." He has excessive "refinement and delicacy." His "Shadow of the Cliff," which casts itself upon a sullen sea is so delicate that it is almost loses itself as we look. His beautiful "Moonlight on the Kattegat" is equally diaphanous and tender.

These three artists—Metcalf, Lathrop and Carlsen—work beautifully in the American landscape tradition of "refinement of spirit." They have honours—medals, prizes and the like—and the "Who's Who in Art" section of the *American Art Annual* shows how eagerly the galleries in American cities, which are ever increasing, appreciate their landscape painters.

A bolder, a rather more vigorous form of landscape painting has now been developed, which I have taken the liberty of calling the American Practical Pastoral. It will receive attention in the next chapter. There is nothing quite like the American Practical Pastoral in Europe.

c. 1916



Trembling Leaves (Washington)
WILLARD L. METCALF, 1858-

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" O Ye of Little Faith " (Mrs. Carlsen)
EMIL CARLSEN, 1853-

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XXVI

The United States

(*Artists born between* 1860-1875)

F. J. WAUGH, 1861- . MAURICE B. PRENDERGAST, 1861-1924. ARTHUR B. DAVIES, 1862- . GARDNER SYMONS, 1863- . C. H. WOODBURY, 1864- . ROBERT HENRI, 1865- . ALBERT GROLL, 1866- . W. ELMER SCHOFIELD, 1867- . E. W. REDFIELD, 1868- . CHAUNCEY F. RYDER, 1868- . W. H. SINGER, 1868- . LEON DABO, 1868- . VAN DEERING PERRINE, 1869- . CHARLES MORRIS YOUNG, 1869- . MAXFIELD PARRISH, 1870- . F. MORSE RUMMELL, *c.* 1870- . HARTLEY MARSDEN, *c.* 1870- . THEODORE J. MORGAN, 1872- .

The American Practical Pastoral, which I noted in the preceding chapter, is produced with skill and regularity by such accomplished craftsmen as E. W. Redfield, W. Elmer Schofield, and Gardner Symons, to name but three. Delicacy of outlook and treatment is still present ; but the work of this trio is more robust than that of Metcalf, Lathrop and Carlsen. Speaking generally, the limitation, or shall I say the characteristic of their pictures is the uniformity of subject, treatment and size. Every gallery of importance in America aims to possess a Redfield, a Schofield, and a Symons : the general impression one has is of long, clear landscapes showing broad rivers flowing across the picture, or wonderful tangles of trees and herbage, with innumerable presentments of the country under

snow, always carefully and directly painted, but lacking, if I may say so, temperament and the surprises of technique and vision which we find in the pictures of Arthur B. Davies, American, and George Clausen, Englishman.

They seem to paint what is before them, as if they find the aspects of their vast country so alluring that they are content to give a vivid transcript of a section of it from the abounding pictorial wealth at their command.

Redfield is objective. I find little mystery in his straightforward, attractive pictures, such as his " March," " April," " Fallen Tree " and " Frozen River." He himself said to an interviewer, " If my canvases don't explain at a glance what they are meant to be, they are bad—utterly worthless. I absolutely miss my point." To make his pictorial meaning quite clear, he likes to record the actual day, even to such exactitudes as " March the First," and " March the Second," and " The Day Before Christmas," which I saw at Buffalo, and decided that it was the most beautiful picture he has painted. Once I enjoyed his strong " Sunlight and Shadow " and his delicate " Spring " on the same day and realised that his vision and technique are more varied than I had suspected. Someone said of Redfield that his pictures are really " Portraits of Days," which was well said.

W. Elmer Schofield, born in Philadelphia, painting the American landscape in the American way, is a traveller, well known and popular in England. I first met him at St. Ives ; the Metropolitan Museum, New York, owns his " Sand Dunes, near Lelant, Cornwall,"

c. 1905

March
E. W. REDFIELD, 1868-

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c. 1910

Midwinter Thaw (Philadelphia)
W. Elmer Schofield, 1867-

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and he has painted France as well as England and America. One of his best pictures is " At the Cross-road, " the cross-road being in Cornwall. He is an open-air man, wholesome, hearty, and his art reflects his temperament. Were I to talk to him of Meryon's sense of guilty secrets in decaying buildings; of a dim and delicate inward dream by Matthew Maris; of the subtle decadency of moments with Gustave Moreau, Schofield would, I think, spring to the open door and start forth on a ten-mile tramp, or rush away to splash on a six-foot canvas. He is for " the wind on the heath, brother," the free limbs of life, the big movement and the big line in nature, vast rivers and vaster spaces, the outlook of Walt Whitman and Adam Lindsay Gordon, not of Blake and W. B. Yeats. Among his compatriots, he is as near to the vigorous banner of Winslow Homer as he is far from the tenderly tinctured oriflamme of Twachtman. His art is virile and outstepping, crisp and candid, and I should not wonder if he, with Redfield and others, have become the founders of an American school of landscape, rooted and grounded in the soil, and expressing broadly and simply the rolling spaciousness and clear atmosphere of their land. I remember some years ago at an exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy a series of landscapes by Schofield, Redfield and Symons. They have left a memory of spaciousness, of an open, unsophisticated landscape-land, with great rivers and thin sky-stretching trees, nature seen expansively, the pigment laid on in broad, simple strokes, the figure never or rarely introduced, nature as she is viewed by steady eyes, Paris trained, but remaining inherently and essentially American. Schofield loves the

fight against the discomfort of temperature and weather. It is part of the game, spurring him to tackle " the wonderful things out-of-doors." To quote his own words : " Zero weather, rain, falling snow, wind—all these things to contend with only make the open-air painter love the fight."

Gardner Symons, born at Chicago and trained in Paris, Munich and London, has specialised in snow. Sometimes I wonder what these devoted snow painters do in high summer. One of his best pictures—the composition rather scattered, but everything delicately observed, is " Shimmering Tree Shadows." There is something of mystery in the work of Chauncey F. Ryder, as in his " Ross Turner's Shop." I like his " Nob Hill," which I saw at Toronto. It is one of his best landscapes.

Among the other artists of this period I should mention the fresh and free pastorals of Charles Morris Young, such as " The Brandywine in Winter." In 1912 he exhibited sixty canvases—colour and atmosphere—at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Also the western scenes, direct and vivid, especially of the Arizona desert, by Albert L. Groll ; the tapestry-like patterns of Maurice B. Prendergast ; the decorative designs of Hartley Marsden ; and the work of those two excellent marine painters, F. J. Waugh and C. H. Woodbury. Waugh is well known in England. For years he was a war artist on the *Graphic*.

I have delayed writing of Arthur B. Davies because he is not really a landscape painter, although when he touches it, in his dream pictures, such as " Afterthoughts of Earth," " A Day of Good Fortune,"

" Summer Storm," " Whither Away," " Spring in a Valley," he makes of landscape an alluring vision—beauty touched with strangeness.

He is a tireless Searcher. Once I wrote an article called " Searchers." He inspired it, but he does not know this, because we have never met. By a Searcher I mean one who is forever experimenting, ever tracking new artistic ideas. Technique is always the servant of Arthur B. Davies, never his master. Few modern artists are so progressive in matters of new techniques. He does not say of Post-Impressionism and Cubism, " They are an insult to my intelligence ! " He uses them ! He learns just how far they can be employed in expressing the ideas that jostle in his active brain, so well stored with visions and fancies of the past. I have seen pictures by him that are sheer Cubism, but I imagine he regards these as studies. They are skeletons which his imagination will clothe. From the modern movements in art he has absorbed synthesis and simplification. Probably he is not much interested now in his early work. *Apropos* there is a story, so illuminative, that I make no apology for telling it again. One day a friend was in his studio, and they were looking at one of his early pictures. Arthur B. Davies took a glass and placed it over the picture. He then drew upon the glass what he, with wider and deeper knowledge, now considers are the significant lines. Then he said, " The skeleton of form, which you see on the glass, contains all the æsthetic emotion I suggested by my picture, now that it is relieved from all extraneous interest, from all sentiment and irrelevance."

He is a great decorator. Someone has said that " in

his designs will be found the key to the murals for a century to come." Something of that sort passed through my mind when I first saw his large decoration called " The Dawning," at an Architectural League Exhibition in New York. It was badly hung, but it was the one design there that I remember. Founded on life, it gives more than the eyes see : it is one of the few modern murals I know that indicate, what mural decorations might be, and should be.

There is a picture by him in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, called " Dream," the motive of which is a quotation from Meredith : " Huntress of things worth pursuit of souls ; in our naming dreams." A nude figure of a young woman walks up a hill that rises from the sea—a typical Arthur B. Davies.

Maxfield Parrish, whose beautiful " Dawn," in a coloured reproduction, is to-day one of the attractions of London print-shop windows, was born in Philadelphia, was a pupil of Howard Pyle, and lives in Windsor, Vermont. Of his art I will just say that he is one of the most distinguished living mural decorators and illustrators—sensitive, dramatic and witty—with an innate feeling for beauty. He is not a realist : he is a born decorator, and a fine designer, who sees nature through his temperament, and expresses natural beauties in a pattern of his own, quaint and forceful designing, now gay, now sad, always pictorial. It is something to have painted " Old King Cole," " Dawn," " Solitude," and to have made the pictures for Kenneth Grahame's " Dream Days," and " The Golden Age."

So ends the list of Nineteenth-Century American

Landscape Painters. Many of them run over happily and successfully into the Twentieth.

As, for the purposes of this Survey, I have placed those born after 1875 in the Twentieth Century, consideration of such artists as Paul Dougherty, Daniel Garber and Rockwell Kent must be postponed to Part IV.

In the present section I have tried to trace American landscape painting from the Hudson River men to the Practical Pastoral men—a fine and ample record of sterling, racial work, showing the beginnings of a National School.

XXVII

France

(*Artists born between* 1850-1870)

GASTON LA TOUCHE, 1854-1913. HENRI MARTIN, 1860- . CHARLES LACOSTE, 1860- . RENÉ MÉNARD, 1860- . M. MAUFRA, 1861-1918. LUCIEN SIMON, 1861- . HENRI LE SIDANER, 1862-1914. CHARLES COTTET, 1863- . ANDRÉ DAUCHEZ, *c.* 1865- . GUSTAVE GAGLIARDINI, *c.* 1865- . JACQUES MARIE, *c.* 1865- . MAURICE CHABAS, *c.* 1865- . A. LEPÈRE, *c.* 1865- . DIDIER POUGET, *c.* 1865- . SIMON BUSSY *c.* 1869- . A. ANDRE, 1870- . MAURICE DENIS, 1870- .

The period approaches which was called by those who lived comfortably and pleasantly through it—*fin de siècle*. How quiet, at any rate in landscape painting, those years appear now: how tame contrasted with the operations of *les fauves* which were to decorate and

dominate the Twentieth Century—the inspiration, as with most art movements, coming from France, from the children and grandchildren of Cézanne, Gauguin and van Gogh.

There is vigour and daring but no hint of rebellion in the personal and accomplished work of such Frenchmen as Henri Martin, René Ménard, Henri le Sidaner, Gaston La Touche, Charles Cottet, Lucien Simon, Charles Lacoste and Simon Bussy.

Henri Martin was born at Toulouse, and after dallying with the subjects and handling of his master, J. P. Laurens, became a *luministe*, a Neo-Impressionist —what you will ? His masterpiece is undoubtedly the vast, sun-drenched " Harvest " in the Town-hall of Toulouse.

Well do I remember seeing this enormous, vibrating, decorative triptych in the Salon of 1903. The room reeked of paint—pungent, stupefying paint. It assailed me like a blow. I felt giddy, but was I to be beaten by a landscape ? I whipped out my handkerchief, and proceeded to battle with the communication to my senses of Monsieur Henri Martin's colossal " Impression." Obviously, this vast decoration in three parts, called " Harvest," had not been given time to dry. So loaded was it with pigment, so built up with lumps and streaks and dabs, each lump and streak and dab placed in juxtaposition with scientific precision, that at first I was more interested in the way it was done, than in its effect. This work seemed to me then, it seems to me now, the highest achievement, the final utterance of the school of painters in France, known as the Neo-Impressionists, who, working on scientific lines, strove to

express on canvas the brilliance of sunshine, the vibration of light, the shimmer of heat, by means of Divisionism—the division of tones into their spectral constituents. On the prim and uncompromising pointillism of Signac this buoyant Henri Martin imposed his personal, devastating technique.

Perhaps Henri Martin, like Maurice Denis, referred to later, should have been included in the chapter on the " Impressionists," but I place them here because they seem to stand outside that group, to have struck out a line for themselves. Let me return for a moment to this " Harvest," swooning in light, blazing with the sunshine of the Midi, the heat hanging in waves over the opulent fields, the burnt harvesters, and the golden land, the whole thing a maze of light and rhythmic movement, as attractive to the eyes as it was offensive to the nostrils. Heroically I examined it, trying to penetrate the blatant mystery of the technique. Impossible ! I lost my way in the mountains and valleys of the surging colour. What an achievement it is ! This decoration shouts, " How clever I am ! " and the lips murmur, " Yes." And the eyes again dwell fascinated on the way it is done, and to the lips come, in sad protest, the words of the old adage that the highest art is to conceal art. Nothing is concealed here.

Later in the year there was an exhibition of one hundred and eleven paintings and studies by Henri Martin at the Goupil Gallery in London. Would that there had been fewer. How I should love to have spent the afternoon with, say, a score, no more—that adorable " Under the Pergola in Autumn," vibrating, the colours

subtly disintegrated in the sunshine, the whites shimmering in and out of a dozen different tones: those two churches, lovely visions, of the villages of Labastide and Dalbade; that blue river sparkling between heights of radiant verdure; that walled enclosure with the green chairs in a light that can exist only in the happy land of Southern France. In his line—transfigured sunshine that we so rarely see in this country—Henri Martin is a past master. But he paints nothing else. He is sunshine-intoxicated.

From Henri Martin to René Ménard, born in the same year, what a passing from brilliant light to grave twilight! Ménard has given us a wonderful series of visions of classical landscapes, antiquity seen by reflective modern eyes. In one of the "Pays Antique" series, broken columns suggest the fleeting episode of man in the eternal solemnity of nature: in another there is no hint that man has ever disturbed the silence of lake and mountain. And there is similar repose in his decoration called "The Bathers," and in that beautiful panel called "Crépuscule," in the "Faculté de Droit," Paris. A very accomplished, cultivated, remote artist is René Ménard, member of a family of philosophers and scholars.

Henri le Sidaner bathed everything in a twilight of poetry. Behind a veil woven of soft colour, objects are dimly and sensitively seen in the Sidaner atmosphere—as in "Un Jour d'Hiver," "La Table au clair de Lune," "Les Lampions," "Neige au Soleil." These beautiful, tremblingly sensitive pictures do not lend themselves to description. One wants only to look at his "Village: Twilight," merely a rendering of a village market-place

at the hour when lamplight and twilight mingle. There are no figures : there is only the magic of the crepuscular light lingering in a thousand manifestations on the cobble-stones, in the air and in the sky ; and beyond the dim, dream-haunted market-place is the long, low line of the inn, the top windows aglow with lamplight.

Gaston La Touche, like Le Sidaner, developed a very personal vision, but there were no Maeterlinckian subtleties about La Touche. This artistic descendant of Watteau and Fragonard was a gay romantic, with a great love for colour, and an exquisite fancy. The " Exposition Gaston La Touche," held at the Galleries Georges Petit in 1908, was a glorious spectacle : and I have preserved the issue of the *Studio* containing an account of his " Colour Notes Library," registering the effects of light that surprised and delighted him, with the following description :

" Behind a mysterious curtain hanging in Gaston La Touche's big studio at Saint-Cloud, there stands a vast piece of furniture rising right to the ceiling ; here one finds row after row of shelves, like those of a book-case, but holding neither books nor papers. Little squares of wood, classified as carefully as though they were Elzevirs, or priceless manuscripts, fill each neatly ticketed pigeon-hole. Here La Touche has a sort of repertory of all the effects of colour which have struck his sensitive eye. For years past, indeed, whether travelling or merely strolling about in the ordinary way, La Touche has been in the habit of ' fixing,' by means of a few touches of the brush, every note of colour in nature which has attracted him. Hence this formidable collection of documents."

His " Fête de Nuit," a lovely orgy of light and colour, swans and dream figures, is in the Luxembourg Gallery.

Charles Cottet and Lucien Simon, friends from their youth, and lovers of Brittany, were important figures in the advanced group of French artists of 1895, who later formed the " Société Nouvelle."

Each of these distinguished artists paints landscape incidentally. Cottet's " Rayons du Soir," strong in colour, firm in silhouette, was bought for the Luxembourg, and may be regarded as a pioneer picture of the quieter modernism. A strong painter ! Who can forget the volume and force of his " Messe Basse en Hiver " —the bundles of women moving heavily across the chill scene. And I shall always remember a very beautiful picture by Lucien Simon, a remarkable artist highly trained and sensitised, that I saw in the Johnson collection at Philadelphia—" Christ Preaching by the Sea," with a landscape so straightforward and alluring that the literary purport of the picture did not become apparent until later. Which is as it should be.

The austere work of Charles Lacoste is as difficult to describe as the flamboyant pictures of Maurice Denis. Each is in the new movement, and each has his own vision, caring little how the others paint. Lacoste had the distinction of being chosen by Marius-Ary Leblond to represent France, with Dufrénoy, in that curious book called *Peintres de Race*.* In 1910, when I first saw this volume, I wrote of " calm, intellectual Charles Lacoste "—" I wonder if he has colour. I've

* *Peintres de Race*, par Marius-Ary Leblond. Bruxelles : G. Van Ost et Cie.

c. 1895

Normandy Coast
C. COTTET, 1863-

1906

Pays Antique
RÉNÉ MÉNARD, 1860-
Photo : Crevaux

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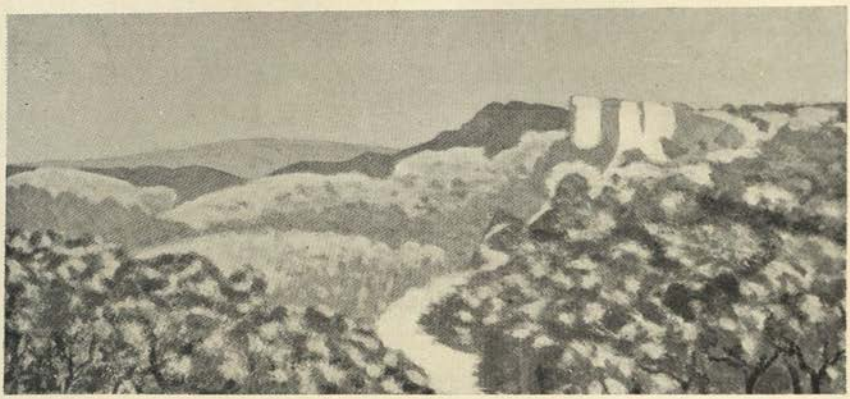

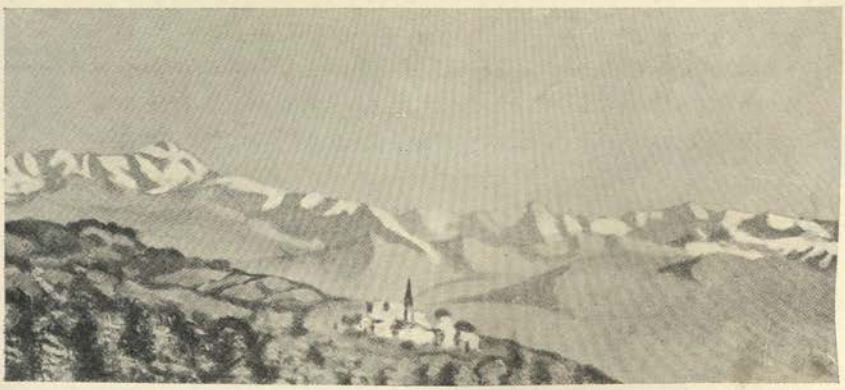

La Lande et La Montagne
CHARLES LACOSTE, 1860-

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never seen a picture by him—only these reproductions. But he has design, which is the beginning of art. His work sounds the new harmonious note of calm, contemplative landscape painting, nature lying out simply, broadly and restfully. His ' Les Pyrénées,' his ' La Lande ' and ' La Montagne,' console and vitalise me in the same moment."

I published this comment, and to my surprise and pleasure I received from Charles Lacoste in Paris a long letter, beginning, " I am anxious to tell you what very great pleasure I have experienced in reading in *The Art Journal* the article in which you speak of my work with an insight and sympathy of which I am deeply sensible."

Maurice Denis is exciting—a Post-Impressionist with a personal vision and memories of Gauguin. His landscapes—usually backgrounds to strange subject pictures and church decorations—so rich in colour, so fantastic, are like the loveliness of a romantic dream. Maurice Denis is also an excellent writer, who has analysed the art of Cézanne in a way that makes the efforts of most other writers seem amateurish. In his book, *Théories*,* Maurice Denis explains himself. Here is a passage quoted by Ernest Dimnet : " We went back to childishness, as a swimmer goes to the bottom in order to rise again ; Gauguin copied at first not the Parthenon horses but the wooden horse of his infant days ; we were barbarism, revolution, feverishness, but after all we were wisdom, too—in fact, we aimed at classicism, not the classicism of Boileau, but that of Polyeucte ; the deformations of our drawing tended towards the

* *Théories*, par Maurice Denis. Paris : Dorbon, 1912.

inevitable deformation produced by the artist's eye before any object, and which, properly analysed, is nothing but style."

Upon which Monsieur Dimnet's comment was—"Look into M. Denis's theories; compare them with his works; you will find that all he advocates is the re-education of the artist through inner motives—religion not the least of them—which will rebuild his individuality."

So it goes on, and Art continues to hide, revealing herself to the pure in heart.

The public is not averse to personality in art, but (with some exceptions) it is shy of an exotic like Maurice Denis: it inclines to a more understandable personality such as Chabas, the austere, the genially cold, who has made a reputation with chaste nudes by, or in, still lakes, with an occasional deviation into a more violent method of presentment.

Simon Bussy is pure artist: he has produced many small poetical interpretations of nature, beautifully seen and rendered.

There are many other French landscape painters born between 1851 and 1875 who would receive adequate treatment if this Survey extended to half a dozen volumes. A walk through the Luxembourg Gallery reveals a number of important and interesting landscapes—"Rue Descendante," by Maxime Maufra, who lived for a time in Liverpool, and is represented in the Manchester Gallery by "Springtime at Lavardin"; "Seaweed Gatherers," by André Dauchez, painter of the striking "Bouquet de Pins"; the vivid view of "The Village of Roussillon, Provence," by Gustave

Gagliardini; "The Shower," by Auguste Lepère; and many others.

A weightier man than these is beginning to influence the youth of France, and of all nations—Paul Cézanne! What a contrast between his amorphous, splendid stumblings, and the facile, scenic accomplishments of, say—W. Didier-Pouget.

XXVIII

Great Britain

(*Artists born between* 1860-1875)

JULIUS OLSSON, 1864- . TOM MOSTYN, 1864- DOUGLAS FOX-PITT, 1864-1922. W. TATTON WINTER, *c.* 1865- . ARTHUR MEADE, *c.* 1865- . ROBERT BEVAN, *c.* 1865- . SYDNEY LEE, 1866- . ARNESBY BROWN, 1866- . ROGER FRY, 1866- . W. W. RUSSELL, 1867- . C. J. HOLMES, 1868- . CHARLES CONDER, 1868-1909. W. BERTRAM PRIESTMAN, 1868- . OLIVER HALL, 1869- . LAMORNA BIRCH, 1869- . LUCY KEMP WELCH, 1869- . HUGHES STANTON, 1870- . T. SOMERSCALES, *c.* 1870- . H. BELLINGHAM SMITH, *c.* 1870- . CECIL ALDIN, 1870- . D. MURRAY SMITH, *c.* 1870- . ARTHUR FRIEDENSON, *c.* 1870- . GERALD MOIRA, *c.* 1870- . ALGERNON TALMAGE, 1871- . JACK B. YEATS, 1871- . HARRY WATSON, 1871- . W. NICHOLSON, 1872- . CHARLES SIMS, 1873- . HAROLD SPEED, *c.* 1873- . REGINALD FRAMPTON, 1873-1923. HAROLD KNIGHT, 1874- . J. WALTER WEST, 1874- . FREDERICK WHITING, 1874- . J. HAMILTON HAY, 1874-1916. PHILIP CONNARD, 1875- . CHAS. M. GERE,

c. 1875- . FRED. STRATTON, *c.* 1875- . ALFRED HAYWARD, 1875- . LAURA KNIGHT, *c.* 1875- .

Towards the close of the Nineteenth Century, landscape painting became of considerable importance in the art production of each year in Great Britain ; but it was gradually to suffer a change. The classical landscape was disappearing : the large, scenic view still lingered, but fewer were produced. Although the public galleries were still disposed towards them, private buyers no longer seemed to desire large scenic landscapes. Briefly, the day of the epic in landscape painting (I apply the word to size as well as, occasionally, to quality) was declining ; the day of the lyric was dawning. But in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century the epic had by no means supplanted the lyric. Brett's " Britannia's Realm " was exhibited in 1880 ; David Murray's " My Love Has Gone A-Sailing," in 1883 ; Vicat Cole's " Pool of London," in 1888 ; MacWhirter's " June in the Austrian Tyrol," in 1892 ; Napier Hemy's " Pilchards," in 1897 ; Lucy Kemp-Welch's " Colt Hunting in the New Forest," in 1897 ; and Wyllie's " The Battle of the Nile," in 1899.

Most of the artists whose names are printed at the head of this chapter glided into the Twentieth Century, and are painting as well, if not better, than ever. Arnesby Brown may have produced more brilliant, more dashing pictures, but has he ever shown anything more reasoned and balanced in line and plane than " The Smug and Silver Trent," his 1924 contribution to the Royal Academy, which was promptly acquired by the Birmingham Gallery. He has been faithful to East Anglia,

" The Smug and Smiling Trent " (Birmingham)
ARNESBY BROWN, 1866-

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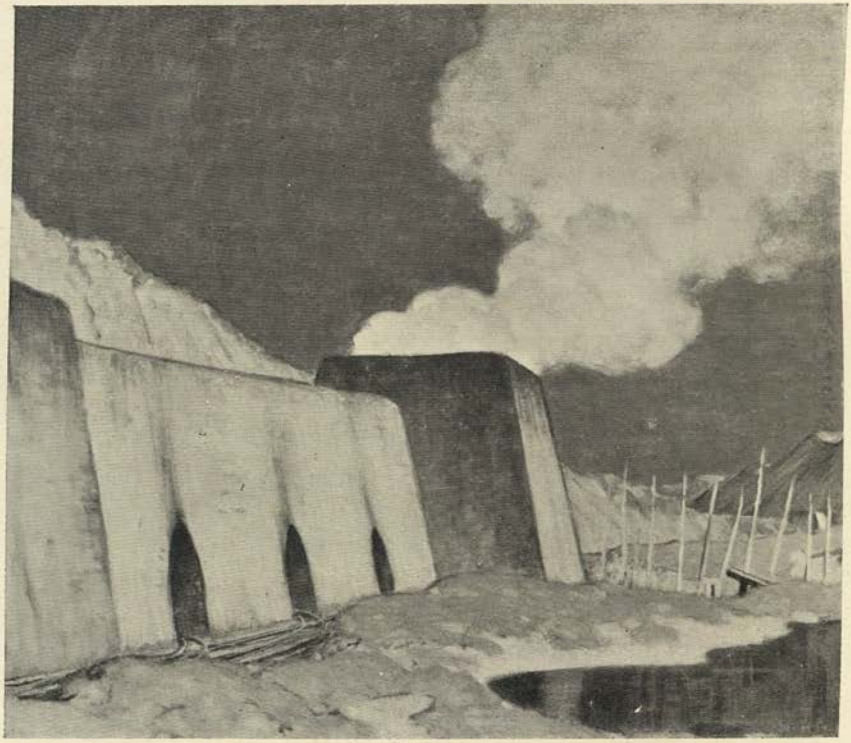


The Burning Kiln (Tate Gallery)
C. J. HOLMES, 1868-

from whose meadows and skies he has interpreted a fine succession of sunlighted pastorals (he is a supreme painter of cattle), which have been acquired by various galleries. Latterly he has shown an inclination to drop more into lyrical motives—fresh and beautifully seen—such as " The Line of the Plough," a 1919 Chantrey purchase ; the lovely " Church on the Hill," and others on the borderland between lyrics and epics. He is a man of independent character and few words, townsman by birth, a countryman by inclination, who is joyfully content to dwell five miles from a railway station and give his days entirely to his art. The remote part of Norfolk where he lives during the summer and autumn entirely suits him.

I remember with pleasure an exhibition of small pictures by Arnesby Brown called " The Changing Hours "—each an aspect of the changing hours of Nature seen through a temperament, and stated sincerely and with knowledge—love's labour, found.

Sir Charles Holmes is the chief of the Week-end Painters. By that I mean those artists who by choice, or chance, occupy themselves with other duties or pleasures for six days, and do their painting in the leisure of the week-end, and in holiday time, thus saving themselves from the pitfalls of professionalism, which some escape, and into which others tumble. Professor Sir Charles Holmes, after Eton and Oxford, has been publisher, lecturer, editor, author, and Director of the National Portrait Gallery. He is now Director of the National Gallery. In this, as in his other vocations, he is alert and proficient, willing to learn and an engaging teacher in lectures and books. I find his

unambitious landscapes very attractive. He is a personal artist: he has said, "The artist's personal experience must be emphasised by emotion, or the result is not art." This intellectual painter composes his pictures on the principles of design: he sees nature in a pattern, retaining her vitality and freshness, and her bigness and solemnity as in his "Saddleback from the South-west." He has performed the astonishing and praise-worthy feat of showing that there is beauty in the ugliness of commercialism, when rightly seen, as in his "Burning Kilns," in the Tate Gallery. Among his other "Industrial" pictures are "The Gasometer," "The Power Station," and "Leeds." He can make the Black Country beautiful. No doubt on a railway journey north you have noticed the dreary desolation of the Clay Cross Colliery district. I did, and closed my eyes. That evening in a house in Leeds I saw a land-scape picture of this same Clay Cross as seen by an artist—C. J. Holmes. It was a vision of beauty, and I seemed to understand what was in Plato's mind when he said that in the Heavenly City there is a perfect pattern of all earthly things.

Other week-end Civil Service artists are Collins Baker (National Gallery), Professor A. M. Hind (British Museum), D. S. MacColl (Wallace Gallery), and Martin Hardie (V. and A. Museum).

William Nicholson has conquered in many fields, and landscape is one of them. Especially I like his Rottingdean series illustrating the solemn, solitary Sussex Downs country. With these pictures the world seems to have become big and simple again. It may be said that if you have seen one you have seen all, which

means merely that Nicholson is enamoured of this solemn, attractive country, and that he allowed its solemnity to dictate to him its various phases. He did not dictate to the downs.

The occasional landscapes of Charles Sims are charming, as in " The Coming of Spring," " The Wood Beyond the World," and " Remembrance " ; but he is a landscape painter by caprice, not by intention, and when he looks at nature he is, in his heart, a Primitive. " On the Road from Gorbio to Mentone " would not seem out of place in an Early Italian portfolio : his " Romney Marsh " has a more modern air.

W. W. Russell is also an occasional landscape painter, always the thing seen, and always painted with the refinement and taste shown in his subject pictures. His landscapes are never forced, never theatrical : they are quiet moments in nature, tenderly seen and beautifully painted.

Algernon Talmage is an occasional figure painter : his themes are direct and clearly painted : sometimes he introduces figures into his straightforward and clearly-painted landscapes, which are as honest as Constable's, and instinct with English weather.

Laura and Harold Knight are also accomplished landscape painters. I remember with pleasure a still, rather eerie Puvis-like " Dosmare Pool " by Harold Knight, and many dazzling pictures, such as " Daughter of the Sun," " Bathing," and " Burning Weeds," by Mrs. Knight ; but her chief incursion into Landscape Land, a fine work, is her " Spring," first shown at the Royal Academy of 1916, a bright and busy panorama of vivid, scattered incidents, proclaiming the re-birth

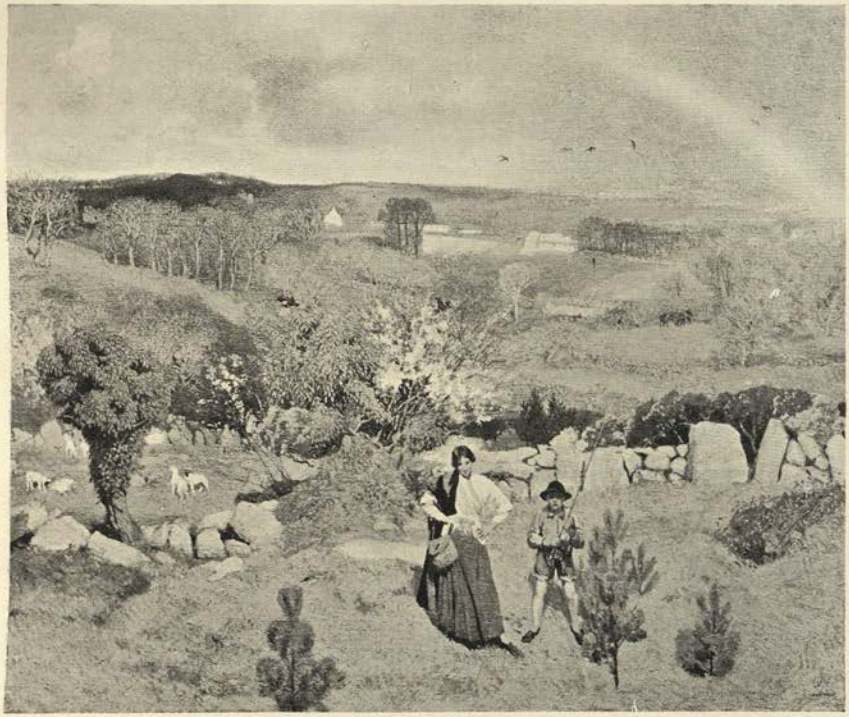
of nature, in movement everywhere, and breaking out into joyous utterances.

Among the pure landscape painters of this period, Hughes-Stanton is certainly a persistent adherent of the epic. He has found many of his subjects in France, where he has painted such scenic pictures as " The Mountain Road, Provence," " A Pasturage among the Dunes : Pas de Calais " ; the Luxembourg Gallery acquired two, including an English scene, " Barrow Down, Dorset." His pictures are usually large, well-wrought and unemotional. The depth and distance of an English countryside was well expressed in " Haslemere, from Hindhead," a picture in which lyric and epic notes are harmoniously united.

Julius Olsson paints the sea—the rough, romantic coast sea, often of Cornwall, usually at a dramatic moment. His " Moonlit Shore," St. Ives Bay, Cornwall, with moonlight playing on surf and ripples, is in the Tate Gallery. He, too, is now turning from the epic to such attractive lyrics as " Winter on the Brent," low in tone and full of colour.

Bertram Priestman is an equable painter, not given to experiments, a student of the architecture of nature. Once he told an interviewer that a landscape painter " must be a master of the art of managing greens." Perhaps his most successful picture is " Gairloch Bridge," which impressed many when shown at the British Empire Exhibition, Wembley. Another attractive picture by him is " Snow in Buckden Vale."

Sober, serious, sincere, scholarly are the epithets that arise before Oliver Hall's pictures. He impresses : he does not elate. Somebody said of this limited artist



Spring
LAURA KNIGHT, *c.* 1875

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Prelude (Goupil Gallery)
LAMORNA BIRCH, 1869-
Photo : Gray

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that he sees the world in the autumnal spirit of the last verse of the " Hymn to Intellectual Beauty "—harmony, lustre, severity. This, I think, sums up Oliver Hall. I have called him limited. Maybe I am wrong. He may be fully expressing his particular vision.

Lamorna Birch sees nature with gaiety. He likes colour; he leans towards the picturesque; like Thaulow, he is adept at painting running water. He finds subjects for his cheerful landscapes through England and Scotland, but many of them are drawn from Cornwall, where he lives in a rambling house perched above Lamorna Cove—an ideal home for a landscape painter, who is also a fine fisherman, one of the few able to catch the scarce, shy Cornish trout. One of his important pictures is " King Charles's Castle, Devon."

Sydney Lee, a product of the Manchester School of Art, and Paris, has specialised in mountains, if one may use the expression, and in the decorative treatment of rocky nature. He is a strong painter, seeing nature roughly rather than charmingly, as in " Among the Dolomites," which was purchased by the Chantrey Trustees from the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1924.

Reginald Frampton was developing, in the latter years of his life, a kind of intellectual landscape that I found very attractive. The most striking of them was " The Sympathy of Land and Sky "—a spacious landscape unity.

Of the others there are the bold, bright, objective landscapes of Philip Connard; the subjective dreams of Fred Stratton; the austerities of C. M. Gere, a member of the Cotswold group, one of whose fine

pictures is "A Cotswold Hill-Side"; the golf greens of Cecil Aldin, most attractive, a new subject; the luminous simplicities of D. Murray Smith; the romanticism of Tom Mostyn, the—but why continue? Almost everybody was painting landscapes towards the close of the Nineteenth Century, and when I consider the various visions, the various subjects, such differences, such successes and failures, the one unifier seems to be that profound, compact saying of Rodin's—"The artist looks at nature, the rest happens according to his temperament."

XXIX

Canada, Australia, New Zealand, S. Africa

(*Artists born between* 1855-1900)*

Canada: WILLIAM BRYMNER, 1855- . HOMER WATSON, 1855- . FRANKLIN BROWNELL, 1857- . HORATIO WALKER, 1858- . J. W. MORRICE, 1865-1924. M. G. CULLEN, 1866- . A. SUZOR-COTE, 1869- . ERNEST LAWSON, 1873- . J. E. H. MACDONALD, 1873- . TOM THOMSON, 1877-1917. CHARLES A. GAGNON, 1880- . G. H. NORWELL, 1880- . ALBERT ROBINSON, 1881- . A. Y. JACKSON, 1882- . H. MABEL MAY, 1884- . F. H. VARLEY, 1885- . LAWREN HARRIS, 1885- . ARTHUR LISMER, 1885,- . F. H. JOHNSTON, 1888- . FRANKLIN CARMICHAEL, 1890- . PAUL ALFRED, 1892- . FRANK HENNESSEY, 1900- .

* The work of some of these artists should belong to the Twentieth Century, but for the sake of condensation, and in order to place the Canadian artists together, I have included the younger Canadian landscape painters in this chapter.

Australia : JULIAN R. ASHTON, 1851- . FRED MCCUBBIN, 1855-*c.* 1900. TOM ROBERTS, 1856- WALTER WITHERS, 1857-1914. W. LISTER LISTER, 1859- . J. F. PATERSON, *c.* 1860-*c.* 1900. E. PHILLIPS FOX, 1865-1915. ARTHUR E. STREETON, 1867- . BLAMIRE YOUNG, *c.* 1870- . DAVID DAVIES, *c.* 1870- . WILL ASHTON, *c.* 1875- . HANS HEYSEN, 1876- . HAYLEY LEVER, 1876- . ELIOTH GRUNER, 1882- . *South Africa :* R. GWELO GOODMAN, *c.* 1870-

The British Empire Exhibition at Wembley revealed to stay-at-homes the art activities of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India and Burma. Those who possess the excellent *Studio* extra of 1916-1917, which was devoted to " Art of the British Empire Overseas," were able to supplement their knowledge of the history of art overseas, and to enjoy the reproductions of many pictures.

England also had the advantage of studying the exhibition of Australian Art which was held at Burlington House in the autumn of 1923.

I may say, without more ado, that the chief interest in the pictures of the Overseas Sections at Wembley was the Canadian landscapes produced mainly by the Toronto " Group of Seven " which was formed in 1918, the members being : A. Jackson, L. Harris, A. Lismer, F. A. Varley, J. E. H. MacDonald, Franklin Carmichael, and Francis H. Johnston who has seceded from the group.

That remarkable artist, Tom Thomson, who with Alexander Jackson, was a pioneer of the movement, did not actually belong to the Group, as his lamented

death occurred in 1917, one year before the Group was formed.

With surprise and delight I had seen many of these landscapes in Canada during my visit in the autumn of 1920. It all came back to me again when I stood in the Canadian section of the Fine Arts Palace at Wembley. There they were—these bold, decorative landscapes, emphasising colour, line, and pattern, giving the very look and feel of Canada, its colour and character, young artists painting a young country superbly, through their temperaments, not literally—the subtleties of its winter snow, the roar of its weather, the glory of its autumn colour, contained in decorative patterns.

Most of these artists are Canadian born; but a number first saw the light in England and Scotland. J. E. H. MacDonald was born at Durham, Arthur Lismer and F. H. Varley at Sheffield. Will Sheffield and Durham note the success of their emigrant sons who have made good, and remember that Painting and Music are the chief universal languages?

These Canadian landscapes made some sensation in British art circles. They are so fresh, so elemental, so delightful and daring in colour, so simple in design, so decorative, so synthetical. They seem to be the work of natural painters, uninfluenced by tradition, inspired solely by the wild splendour, in form and colour, of the scenes among which the painters live. Looking at these landscapes, those who have never visited Canada are offered at a glance a survey of the great undeveloped land.

Such a picture as Lawren Harris's "A Grey Day in Town," beautifully painted, with something of humour

c. 1920

Stormy Weather : Georgian Bay (National Gallery, Canada)
F. H. VARLEY, 1885-

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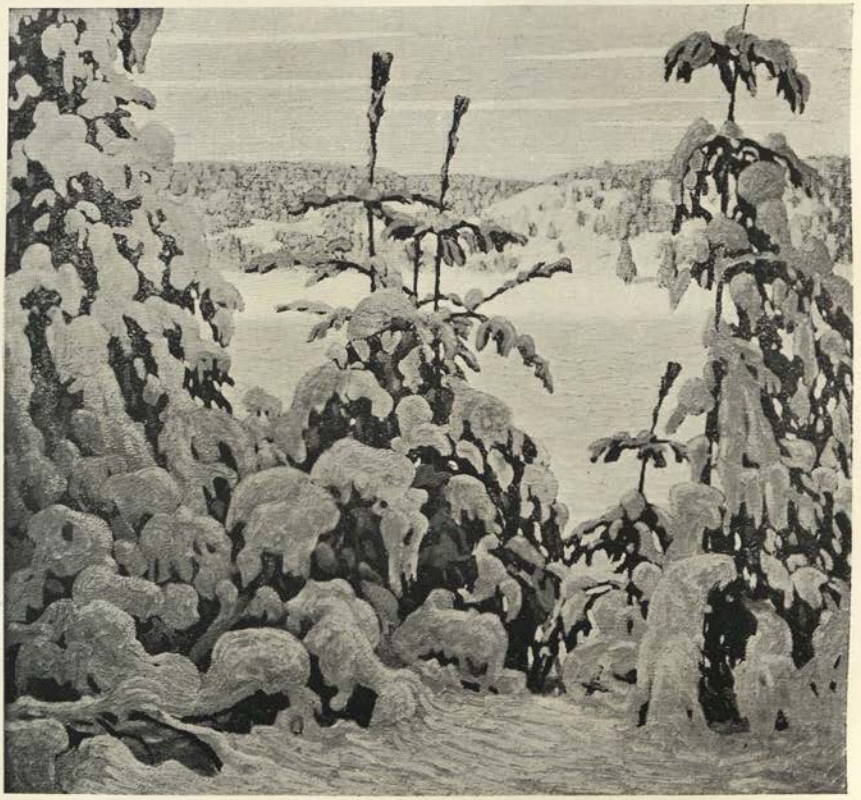
c. 1920



Snow
LAWREN HARRIS, 1885-

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in the title, shows plainly how primitive life can look even in places where men dwell. Such a picture as J. E. H. MacDonald's " The Solemn Land," simply and broadly painted, could only have been done through a strong emotion before the thing seen—this Solemn Land. And the same may be said of A. Y. Jackson's " Entrance to Halifax Harbour "—nature compelled this breezy, rough, outstretched scene. The theme dictated the technique; the entrance of Halifax Harbour lives on this canvas. The strange thing is that these remote unsophisticated painters seem to have caught naturally the " childlike vision " that the sophisticated Post-Impressionists sought, and have reached out toward a desire to show nature in pattern and rhythm as in Lawren Harris's " Pines, Kempenfelt Bay," a memorable vision. And there is something of the pattern of Gauguin and the fury of van Gogh in Arthur Lismer's " September Gale," a whirl of wind and broken waters. There are young Frenchmen of to-day, with much advertised names, who would be proud to sign the frank simplicity by Albert H. Robinson called " Village on the Cliff," and F. H. Varley's " Stormy Weather, Georgian Bay." They are fine painters of snow; one of the finest snow pictures is Clarence A. Gagnon's " A Laurentian Homestead "; they succeed even in the star-sown sky, such as Francis H. Johnston's " A Northern Night." Indeed, there is not a poor, or weak, or derivative landscape among them.

When I ask how this excellence happened, I am told of the Group of Seven, all young, all enthusiastic; and that a pioneer of this frank and forthright school of landscape painting was the lamented Tom Thomson,

painter of " The Jack Pine," a magnificent decoration, and of " The West Wind " and " Northern River." In the ordinary sense he received no art training, although he had sketched incessantly for some years, and had reached the age of thirty-seven before he began definitely to paint pictures of any size. As a " commercial artist," as most of them were and are, he studied pattern, proportion, and mass, and with that knowledge he went into the wilds. We are told that no trapper, fisherman, or backwoodsman of the North Country excelled him in the lore of natural phenomena. In 1914 a friendship was established between him and A. Y. Jackson. The companionship was mutually advantageous. Jackson became a leading influence among the Group of Seven after he had shown his Georgian Bay Sketches in Toronto in 1913 ; and he has said that the aim of the group, which soon had adherents, was to abandon any attempt after literal painting, to treat subjects with the freedom of the decorative designer, and to emphasise colour, line and pattern, even if need be at the sacrifice of atmospheric qualities.

There were good painters before these racial Canadians. Most of them were trained in Europe, such as Franklin Brownell, who studied in Paris and went to Canada in 1886, and William Brymner, born at Greenock, Scotland, who became a pupil of Carolus Duran in Paris.

Canada, like America and Australia, in the beginning had to look to Europe to train her artists, and in early days only a painter with great perseverance and pioneer health could make a living. Such was Paul Kane, described as " the first Canadian landscape

c. 1910

The Jack Pine (National Gallery, Canada)
Tom Thomson, 1877-1917

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c. 1910

Morning Light (Daniel Collection, New York)
ERNEST LAWSON, 1873-

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painter," who appeared in Toronto (then called York) about 1820: he travelled thousands of miles by canoe, or on horseback, or on snowshoes, making sketches from which he painted a series of pictures illustrating Indian life.

The proximity of Canada to the United States, and the greater chance of recognition and remuneration that an artist finds there, may be said to have militated against the progress of art in Canada. Horatio Walker, a forcible painter and a fine colourist, born at Listowel, Ontario, migrated to New York at the age of thirty, and has lived in the United States, I think, ever since. James Wilson Morrice, a delightful artist in the American " sensitive and delicate " tradition, was born at Montreal, became a cosmopolitan, and is as well known in Paris as in Canada, perhaps better.

Ernest Lawson, a colourist of delicate richness (" Lawson has a palette of crushed jewels," exclaimed James G. Huneker), is claimed by Canada as having been born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and by America as having been born in California. In the *International Studio* of February 1924, in an article on E. Lawson, F. Newlyn Price wrote—" Ernest Lawson was born in California, while his parents were *en route* for Dartmouth, opposite Halifax."

The artist, in reply to a request for information on the subject from the Director of the National Gallery, Canada, replied that he was born in Halifax—and he should know. But does not a son derive his nationality from his father—not from his birthplace?

Ernest Lawson now lives on Washington Heights above New York, and he gives to the Haarlem River

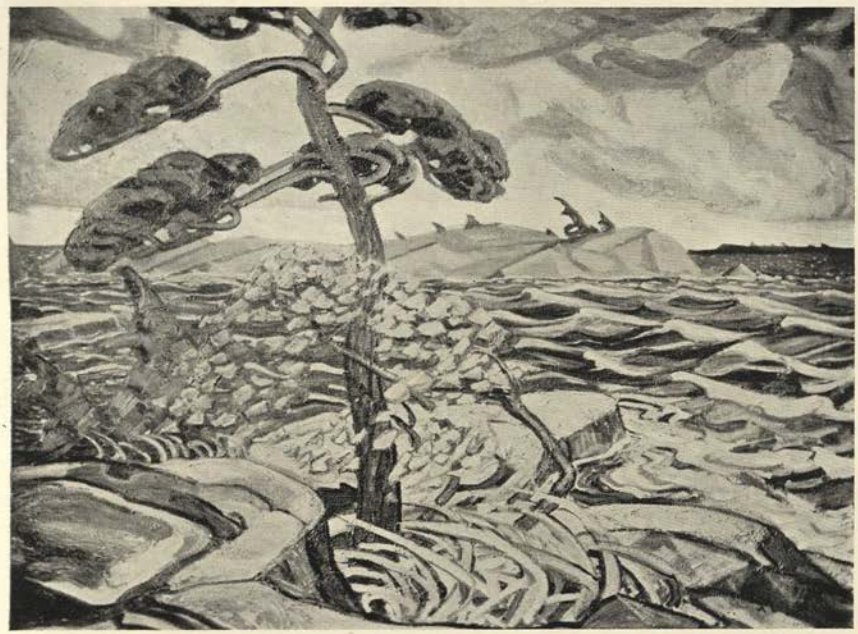
a rare beauty of colour and imagery. Lawson is something of a cult. He has been through the Monet-Sisley, and other stages, and now paints pure Lawsons, extremely " sensitive and delicate," the colour like shimmering silk, such as " Winter, Haarlem River," " Vanishing Mists," " Cathedral Heights," and that equally beautiful and fuzzily brilliant vision, " Morning Light."

Canada has America at her doors. Australia is isolated : so is New Zealand, where the pioneers were John Gulley, who was self-taught, and Petrus van der Velden, a Hollander, who went to New Zealand " a matured artist of considerable repute." James Nairn, " a painter of sunlight," had a considerable influence on Australian artists. I am told of a promising group known as " The Silverstream School," taking the name from Silverstream in the Hutt Valley, some seventeen miles from Wellington. " The lack of encouragement to art in New Zealand," says Mr. E. A. S. Killick, " has induced many promising young artists to seek fresh fields."*

South Africa has produced Gwelo Goodman. Born there, he was trained in Europe, is well known in England, and has exhibited vigorous pictures at the Royal Academy. He held a " one man show " at the Royal Institute Galleries, London, in 1924, filling three galleries with his robust and definite pictures—all South African subjects, affording a comprehensive guide to the look and light of South Africa. Many of the pictures were loaned, showing that he has found an appreciative public.

* *Art of the British Empire Overseas. Studio* Extra, 1916-17.

c. 1920



September Gale
ARTHUR LISMER, 1885-

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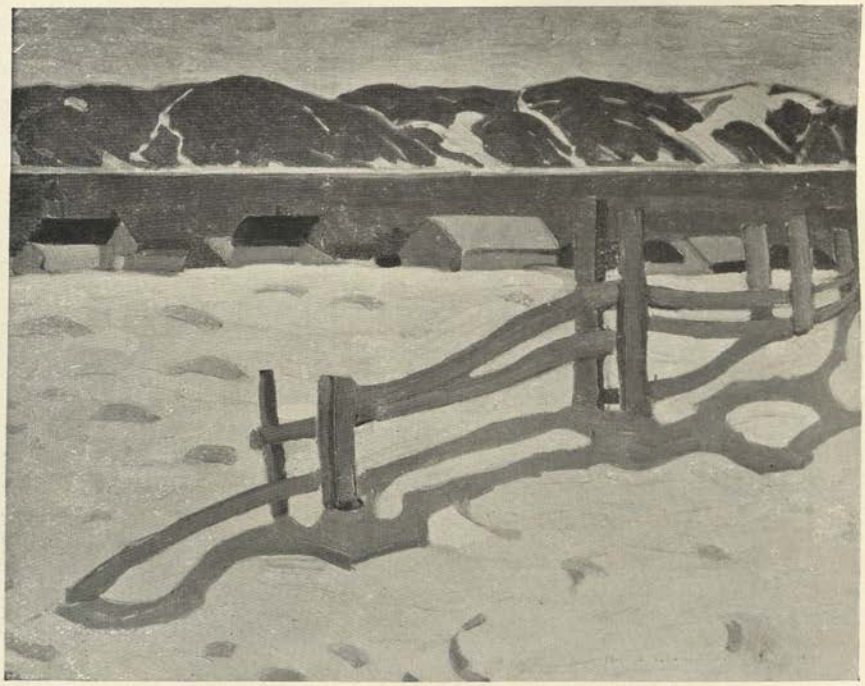

Village on the Cliff (National Gallery, Canada)
ALBERT H. ROBINSON, 1881-

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Among other South African pictures, " Oxen," by Allerley Glossop, may be mentioned ; also " Ploughing," by Miss Ruth Prowse, who was born in South Africa and trained at the Slade School.

The art annals of Australia extend back to hardly more than seventy years. In art the island-continent has developed on more conventional lines than Canada, which was evident at the exhibition of Australian art that was held at Burlington House in 1923, and at Wembley in 1924. I was not disappointed by these exhibitions because I was prepared not to be disappointed. I did not expect any new vision of art. A few of the painters received their art education in Europe, with the advantage or disadvantage of knowing the European galleries, but most of them acquired their craft in Australia, some from Julian Ashton, who was born in England ; he studied in Paris, and at the South Kensington Schools, settled in Australia in 1878, and has since lived and painted in Sydney. One of his pupils is Hans Heysen, who was taken by his parents to Australia in 1883, received his early art training there, and was then attracted to Paris, where he became an exhibitor at the Salon. His landscapes, although they are Australian subjects, do not strike me as looking Australian.

The same may be said of another Australian landscape, " Purple Noon's Transparent Light," by Arthur Streeton, a painter with a considerable reputation. This attractive scenic picture, which was shown at Burlington House and at Wembley, illustrates a vast stretch of country, with beautiful blues showing all the delicacy of treatment that new countries instinctively adopt.

Blamire Young's imposing "Dry Weather" looks Australian because we associate Australia with drought. It is a fine and simple pattern by an artist (he has been a teacher of mathematics) who in other pictures, such as "The Shepheard Hears the Guns at Dawn," shows that he has imagination as well as a virile technique.

As in America and Canada, landscape painting is the popular branch of art in Australia. There are good figure men, notably George W. Lambert, who has been for years settled in England. I would sum up Nineteenth-Century Australian art thus: One draughtsman of considerable talent, Norman Lindsay; a few good figure painters; several accomplished landscape painters.

I was talking to an Australian artist who was visiting England for the first time. He said pathetically, "You cannot imagine the isolation in which we work. I travelled five hundred miles to see a Corot, his 'Bent Tree,' at Melbourne. Seeing it was an event in my life."

The pictures purchased for Melbourne through the Felton Bequest are now showing the island-continent the best of European art—past and present.

Among the Australian painters who have lived abroad and who have made a reputation, is Hayley Lever, once of St. Ives, now of New York. His work is brisk and picturesque.

Finally, I wish to express my admiration for the work of Elioth Gruner who, as he was born in 1882, belongs to the twentieth century, but I notice him here so that the Australians, like the Canadians, may be classed together. At the Australian exhibition at Burlington

A Dry Season (National Gallery, New South Wales)
BLAMIRE YOUNG, *c.* 1870
Photo : Gray

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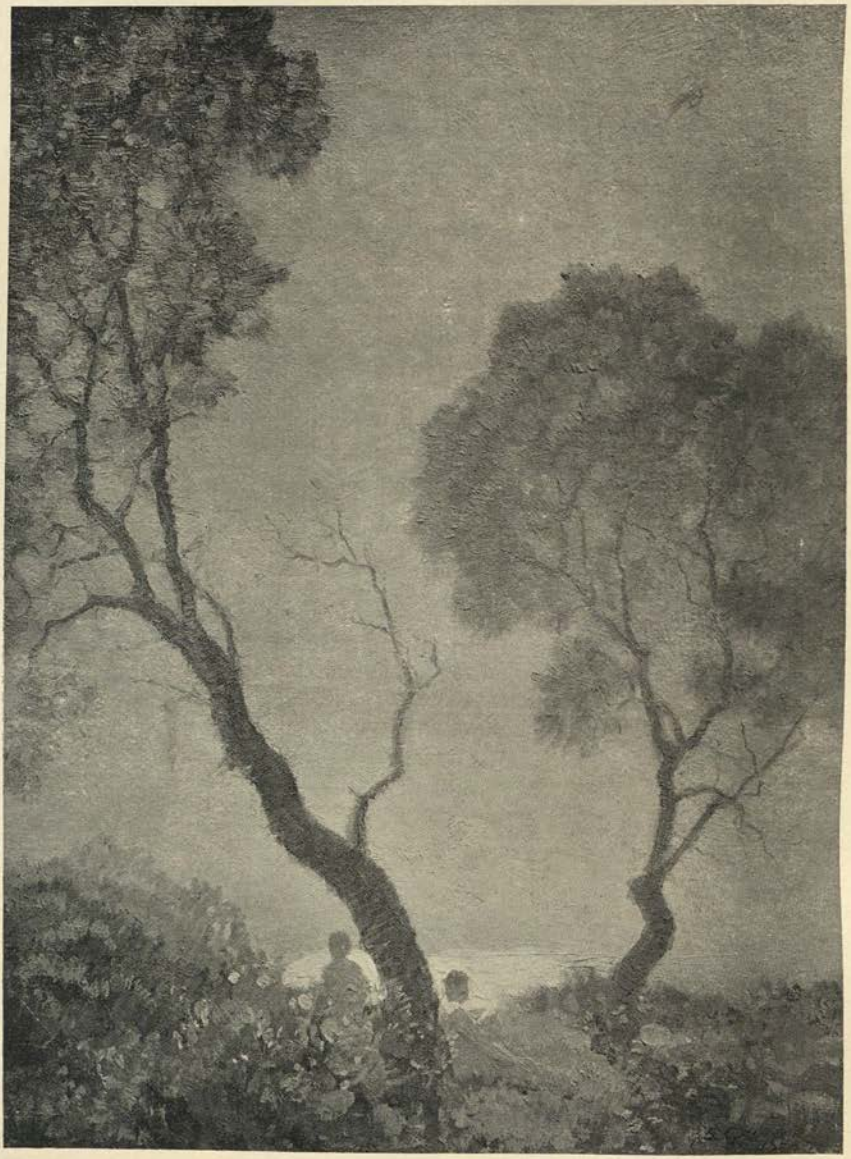

Morning Sheen (Warry Collection)
ELIOTH GRUNER, 1882
Photo : Gray

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House the works which had the greatest attraction for me were certain lyrical pictures by Elioth Gruner, tenderly yet boldly painted, studies in light and atmosphere—very beautiful, such as " Morning Sheen," " Autumn Morning," " Frosty Sunrise," and so on. As Gruner did not make his first visit to Europe till 1923, it is remarkable that he should have acquired this refined vision and technique in the isolation of Australia.

He is highly esteemed among the artists of his country, shown by the publication of a book with twenty-four of his pictures reproduced in colour, and sixteen in black and white, entitled *The Art of Elioth Gruner*. It is issued from the offices of that enterprising quarterly called *Art in Australia*, that has done so much for Australian art, and contains an introduction by the editors, and a preface by Julian Ashton, from which I take the following passages :—

" Gruner's father was a Norwegian with a gift for tongues. Mrs. Gruner was an Irishwoman.

" Having spent all his years on this continent [Australia] with the exception of his first, which we surrender to New Zealand, he leaves for Europe."

What will Europe do for him ?

It is strange that Elioth Gruner, in the isolation of Australia, should have come to the way of painting that we associate, say, with Corot, Daubigny and Harpignies, and that the Toronto " Group of Seven " and other Canadian Moderns, should have trodden the decorative pattern paths pursued by certain young, advanced Frenchmen of the twentieth century.

To that century—the pre-war, and the post-war—I now turn.

PART III

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

I

A Look Round : Traditionalists, New Traditionalists and Innovators

WHEN the Twentieth Century dawned landscape painters accepted the event with serenity. On January 1st, 1901, they proceeded as usual after breakfast to nature or to their studios ; for it is, or should be, the business of a landscape painter to paint, and not to concern himself with the tendencies of a new century.

Tendencies are for the historian, and I, who am now drawing to an end of this consideration of the development of Landscape Painting from Giotto to the Present Day, must glance at certain revolutionary changes, while keeping steadily in view the development, ever widening, of traditional landscape painting. I must also glance at the breaking away from tradition—anarchical, odd, amusing, outrageous, stimulating—that has disturbed landscape painting, as most human activities have been disturbed in this the first quarter of the Twentieth Century.

With this purpose in view, I have compiled, for my own guidance, lists of living landscape painters in the various countries—from France, the source and stream of the New Movement—or as some call it, the Art of To-morrow—to the latest rill from a landscape painter born in the Balkans. I have divided the names on these lists into three groups—the Traditionalists, the New Traditionalists and the Innovators. The first two titles are cumbersome : but they have the merit of self-expression.

The longest list of Traditionalists is in England. The reason is obvious. Through the Royal Academy, and the patronage given to art, landscape painting in England in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century had become in some quarters almost a profession.

I repeat that about the turn of the century it became plain that the day of the big, stereotyped landscape, or the epic, as I have called it, was waning. There were signs that the lyric would supersede the epic, that the desire of the householder was swinging from the business to the dream. Some connoisseurs were preferring " Delight Drawings " to exhibition pictures, Expressionist works to representational works, and Post-Impressionism to Impressionism.

It was the Post-Impressionist exhibition at the Grafton Galleries in 1910-11, with pictures by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Picasso, Matisse, and other revolutionary painters, that angered the Traditionalists of England, and augmented the Innovators from a clan into an army. Two years later London had its first show of Futurist paintings. By that time art people were talking about art, arguing about it, fighting about it. Art was upon the town. It became a topic of conversation even at dinner tables, and Landscape, being no longer a Cinderella, indeed regarded by its practitioners as equal in importance to the Figure, shared in the general admiration and obloquy. The New Movement in Landscape was as interesting as the New Movement in Figure painting.

In other countries the same thing was happening. I was not in America at the time of the International Exhibition of Modern Art in 1913, known as the

Armoury Show, and if New York and Chicago did not absorb the New Art as quickly as London that is because America, in matters of art, finds it harder to throw off the mantle of tradition. In Germany, in Russia, in the Scandinavian countries the New Movement found ready welcome, innumerable followers, and many buyers. If Italy was tardy the reason was that she had her own excitements in Marinetti's flaming Futurist manifestoes.

Landscape painters could not evade knowledge of the New Movement, even if they disapproved of it. The Traditionalists did disapprove, and said so, often vigorously. The New Traditionalists were sympathetic, and sometimes profited by the New Movement. The Innovators received it with joy ; they were like colts turned out into a meadow. The weight and simple simplification of Cézanne's landscapes ; the splendour of Gauguin's patterns and arbitrary colour ; the intensity of van Gogh's realism ; the geometrical planes of Picasso ; the eloquence of a Matisse effect done with a few strokes, and the general impression that art was now in the way of being released from rhetoric, from the conventional shibboleths, and from all the usual appurtenances of the exhibition picture, attracted youth all over the world, and also produced a vast amount of bad work by young men and women, who copied the letter without understanding the spirit, and who thought they perceived in the New Movement short cuts to notoriety. This is the fate of all New Movements ; it is our privilege to judge them by the pioneers and the educated stalwarts, not by the uneducated followers.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING

The New Movement also assaulted those landscape painters who had become so involved in a laborious technique, so concerned with realistic representations of sections of nature, as to forget that the essential of a landscape is to charm and please, to produce elation in the beholder, perhaps an emotion akin to that which he receives from music. The world wanted Joy landscapes : it had been offered too many imposing statements. It wanted a ballad : it was offered an oratorio. The landscape painter (I am speaking generally : there were many exceptions) had forgotten that the artist must allure his public, as well as exhibit his cleverness. The Poster men reminded him of this. They designed and painted to a brief : they had to produce obliged-to-please pictures, mostly landscapes. And the time was between 1910 and 1914.

Then came the War and all the world was changed. Landscape painters, like everybody else, had to lose themselves in the common cause, with the result that there was revealed to them, as to everybody else, potentialities of which they had not dreamed.

This was all in the future at the turn of the century. Outwardly, the years between 1900 and the outbreak of war in 1914 were quiet years of quiet work. The Traditionalists and the New Traditionalists went steadily on, and if they ever visited the exhibitions of the Indépendents and the Salon d'Automne in Paris they forgot, when they returned to their easels, their anger, annoyance, exasperation or laughter at the performances of " The Wild Men."

The Innovators were growing the seed ; but the Old and New Traditionalists hardly wavered in their

allegiance to Turner, Constable, Corot, Manet, Monet, Courbet, Bastien-Lepage, Puvis de Chavannes, Jacob Maris, Whistler and the other giants of the Nineteenth Century. The juries of the Salons, the Royal Academy, and the spring exhibitions in the United States, Germany, Austria and Scandinavia pursued their beaten way, sometimes opening the door slightly to a picture or two in the New Movement.

One noted a growing interest by the public in landscape painting, and the increasing number of artists who were painting the lyric, often in water-colour, which, by its very essence, and by its power to capture quick and salient effects, has always been popular with landscape painters. Indeed, the history of modern landscape painting could almost be told in water-colour from Turner and Girtin, Cozens and de Wint to Winslow Homer, Sargent, Brabazon, Wilson Steer, Dodge Macknight, John Marin and W. J. Collings. A group of water-colours, say a score of each by these artists, would be a revelation to many people of the wonder and diversity of nature seen by trained and searching eyes, and hands so deft that the layman knows not which to be astonished at most—the diversity of what such eyes see, or the power to express and suggest it on paper.

Of the New Traditionalist landscape painters who worked mainly in oil, Monet, Harpignies, Jacob Maris and Winslow Homer were among the beacons; but the light they show shines (some cry, alas !) not towards the future. Harpignies was the tranquil and clear-sighted survivor of the Barbizon school: he was a Classicist and his gift to the world was peace. Jacob

Maris was supreme in the painting of atmosphere, Winslow Homer in rugged strength and powerful colour. Monet stood and stands as a pioneer of Impressionism and the most efficient and consistent of its practitioners : his gift to the world is light. The onrush of Impressionism is spent, but the influence of Monet continued and continues. Many are faithful to the surface gaiety of Impressionism, even while they are attracted by the substance which is Post-Impressionism.

Innumerable landscapes, painted in the Twentieth Century, are marked by the interest of the painters, who were nearly all French trained, in light, and particularly in sunlight. Never before had landscapes been so keyed up, so strong in vivid contrasts. There were, of course, sedate men who were faithful to the brown tree, and others who saw nature in tone, not in colour ; but the sunlight painters were the most vigorous and the most popular. They derived from Monet, the *plein-air* artists from Bastien-Lepage, the tone painters from the modern Dutchmen and Whistler.

The landscape painters of this period might be divided into the Sunlight group, the *Plein-Air* group, the Tone group, and the popular Topographical group.

The practice of painting a landscape entirely in the open air gradually ceased to appeal to the great majority of artists. It was too difficult: indeed, it was found impossible to record the changing effects of the minutes, and the result looked visual not mental. Painting a picture wholly in the open air, so much advocated when *plein-air* painting became the fashion in the later Nineteenth Century, gave way to painting a landscape leisurely in the studio from sketches and from memory,

designed not so much to represent a section of nature as to portray a state of consciousness: elementally, sympathetically, rhythmically—to express a mood, not a mannerism.

Quiet those years seemed to the Traditionalists and New Traditionalists of landscape painting; but beneath the surface, hidden from the eyes of the majority, who desired development not change, the New Movement was slowly growing. In 1900, outside France, it was hardly recognised. Cézanne, Gauguin, and van Gogh were only known to the circle of their intimates, and a few curious connoisseurs. The term "Les Fauves" had not been invented, and fiery van Gogh, who passed away in 1895, was regarded with suspicion by a Holland nurtured in the serenity and clarity of Jacob Maris, Weissenbruch and Mauve. In 1895 the sale of Gauguin's works at the Hotel Drouot in Paris had been a failure; they fetched small prices. Cézanne was so little recognised, even in his native place, Aix, that in 1904 a visitor had great difficulty in discovering where he lived. Although the seeds of the New Movement had been sown, few were interested in it, fewer thought that the crop would ever ripen. Many to-day still dislike and avoid the Innovators and all their ways.

But some of those whose business or pleasure it was to visit Paris each year, and who imposed on themselves the task of walking through the crowded rooms of the exhibitions of the Indépendents and later the Salon d'Automne; who saw landscapes not only by the leaders of Post-Impressionism, but also by such strange impressive virginal talents as Rousseau, "le douanier,"

began to realise that a new movement was functioning, and that it had sprung from France.

So to France we will now turn, and as I rise from my desk my eyes fall on Ambroise Vollard's book on "Paul Cézanne." Turning the pages I find this "In 1874 (so long ago) Cézanne exhibited with Monet, Pissarro, Lepine, and others at the exposition of "La Société Anonyme des Artistes Peintres," at the house of Nadar." That was in 1874. Had the New Movement toward Simplification and Synthesis begun?

In some of the following chapters concluding this History of Landscape Painting, which may be described as an epic compressed into a sketch (sometimes, I hope, lyrical), I will discuss Twentieth-Century Landscape Painting in France, Great Britain, the United States, and other nations. These chapters will be followed by Landscape Painting in the cataclysm of the War, and After the War; and so on to the promotion of the Landscape Poster to a place in the Seats of the Mighty; then, finally, the scroll of the Past having been rolled up, I will cast a temerarious look towards the Future.

II

France, Russia, etc.

(*Artists born between* 1875-1890)

MAURICE DE VLAMINCK, 1876- . JEAN FRÉLANT, 1879- . ANDRE DERAIN, 1880- . PABLO PICASSO, 1881- . MAURICE ASSELIN, 1882- . PIERRE BONNARD, *c.* 1882- . OTHON FRIESZ, *c.* 1882- .

AUGUSTE HERBIN, 1882- . ALBERT MARQUET, *c.* 1882- . GEORGES BRAQUE, 1882- . JULES FLANDRIN, 1882- . JEAN MARCHAND, 1883- . ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC, 1884- . LHOTE, *c.* 1885- . GEORGES ROUALT, *c.* 1885- . MAURICE UTRILLO, *c.* 1885- . *Russia :* WASSILY KADINSKY, 1870- . N. K. ROERICH, 1874- . BORIS ANISFELD, 1879- . BORIS GRIGORIEV, *c.* 1890- . MARIANNA VON WEREFKIN, *c.* 1890- .

Maurice de Vlaminck is a Belgian, Pablo Picasso a Spaniard, but like Vincent van Gogh, Dutchman, they have lived long in France, and have so assimilated Parisian culture that I have placed them with the French artists.

Mere names are tedious. Tendencies may be interesting. I could fill this Twentieth-Century section with names, for almost all artists are now painting landscapes ; but as the majority of them are young and youngish men and women, born after 1880, and still as it were on trial, I shall try to be sparing with names.

Turning to tendencies, we find that the inclination of the French Twentieth-Century Innovators is towards simplification and synthesis, and to record the impression of a mood rather than the facts seen by the eyes ; that, with many, the cult of values has given place to the cult of colour, and that what the world calls the sketch, or the lyric, is dislodging the big, balanced landscape.

Not that the epic, as I have termed it, has disappeared. A number of fine, elderly French painters march on down the highway of the Twentieth Century, indifferent

to the clamour of the side streets and byways. Among the Nineteenth-Century Masters still active in the Twentieth Century are Monet, Henri Martin, Harpignies (now gone), Ménard, Simon, Cottet, Chabas, and the two Innovators, Matisse and Maurice Denis. But their number grows fewer, and those who paint the lyric or the song, or a stanza or two of abstract statement—expressing summarily what they love, reflect upon and absorb—grow more and more.

France, of course, is at the root of this modern way of seeing and painting, and there is one Frenchman—Paul Cézanne—who, although he died years ago, is still the dominant influence among the younger artists. As he informs the Twentieth Century, even more than the Nineteenth, I must risk repeating things that I have already said about him.

To see a Cézanne, that *grand raté*, is to have a new vision, a puzzling allure in painting. The fact that he did not paint exhibition pictures; that he disregarded the "masterpiece"; that when he had expressed himself he would sometimes leave the picture "in the fields," as the saying is, has affected art writing as well as the painting world, and made it difficult for the appreciative critic to write descriptively on the work of Cézanne and his followers. A Claude, a Turner, a Corot, a Harpignies permit themselves to be described; but a Cézanne, a Gauguin, a van Gogh, a Seurat, a Matisse, a Picasso, or, to come to the followers, a Rousseau, "le Douanier," a Derain, a de Vlaminck, a Herbin, a de Segonzac—they are expressions: they are to be looked at and enjoyed by some; but how can one describe such performances in paint? They are fond of calling their pictures

simply " Landscape," or Landscape 1, 2 or 3, which is, of course, a form of affectation.

Of Cézanne, Gauguin and van Gogh, I have already written. And as Matisse was born in 1862, he also has flashed through the equable Nineteenth-Century light; but one always thinks of Matisse as an artistic Peter Pan.

Of that very remarkable artist and far-reaching Force, Pablo Picasso, a Spaniard, born in 1881, who has been annexed by France (he said once to an interviewer, " I am not a Frenchman or a Spaniard—I am Picasso "), the discoverer of Cubism, the chief of the movement, and the only practitioner of pure Cubism who matters, I need not say much because he is only a landscape painter in moments. His pure cubist landscapes, such as that which he calls " Spanish Village," looking like a huddle of triangular chimney pots, neither console nor excite me. But there is an interesting and quite credible landscape behind his powerful picture, " The Wandering Acrobats," and the " Paysage " by him that was in the Kélékian Collection in New York, has a rugged, elemental grandeur that is unforgettable. The two heavy, clawing trees in the foreground haunt me.

There is a truth at the back of Cubism—so it persists, a truth divined by the Greeks, and arrogantly and extravagantly expressed by Cézanne when he said, " Everything in nature is modelled on the lines of the sphere, the cone, and the cylinder."

I, like some others, have a great admiration for Picasso, because he was the pioneer of this geometrical art, and because I am always conscious that a great

intelligence is working behind his designs ; but I have scant patience with the countless young men and women who have adopted his formula, but entirely lack his conviction and dynamic driving power.

Picasso has influenced youth all over the world. Matisse has liberated the eyes of youth. Without taking anything from our appreciation of the mighty past of art he has added something to our power of seeing—especially colour. He has opened strange and often beautiful vistas. That is the crime of Matisse. He has increased our capacity for enjoyment.

Matisse the Elementalist, Picasso the Cubist—the two dominant personalities among the living Post-Impressionists !

Matisse, following Cézanne, has freed himself from the tyranny of the " masterpiece." He gives us an emotion, not a competitive picture. I figure him swinging lightly and rhythmically over a hill-top in raiment of primary colours, artistically free, adding to our notions of the beauty that can be expressed upon a canvas, cheerfully adventurous.

But I figure Picasso controlled by science, trying to explain his complicated vision of the world scientifically, writhing in an innermost chamber of science, unlocking rusty door after rusty door, ever seeming to escape, never escaping.

There have been many explanations of the origin of Cubism. Some attribute it to a derisive remark made by Matisse before one of Derain's pictures. Others say that when Matisse's " Serf " was first shown in Paris an artist remarked, " It is cubical in aspect." All are agreed that Cubism is inherent in the work of Cézanne,

c. 1910

Landscape (Kélékian Collection)
PABLO PICASSO, 1881-

Facing page 282

c. 1912

Landscape
AUGUST HERBIN, 1882-

Facing page 283

and that Picasso formulated it, and may justly be called the Discoverer.

Now for—the Others, the innumerable Twentieth-Century artists who have been inspired by Cézanne van Gogh, Gauguin, Picasso and Matisse. I perceive an almost unrelieved monotony about the work of the followers of these Pioneers, in other countries, as well as France. The Cézanne-Picasso-Matisse vision has become as hackneyed as the vision of the most one-eyed of the Traditionalists. I am well aware of the importance with which France (in certain quarters, never officially) has treated the work of, say, André Derain Maurice Vlaminck, Jean Marchand, de Segonzac Othon Frièsz, Jean Frélant, Lhote, Bonnard, Herbin, Asselin and others. Little studies have been written about them,* and endless articles. And they have been discussed in English and American† books, usually with enthusiasm, sometimes with excess of enthusiasm ; but not so by Mr. Charles Marriott, who treats them all like so many butterflies in whom he inserts his entomological pin.

I find many of these small, revolutionary landscapes very attractive, but so little personality have they, so derivative are most of them, that although I have studied their work many a time in Paris and elsewhere for years, if I were to gather an example by each into a gallery, I should find it hard to give the name of

* *Les Peintres Francais Nouvelles.* Paris : Editions de la *Nouvelle Revue Francaise.*

† *Since Cézanne,* by Clive Bell. Chatto and Windus. *Modern Movements in Painting,* by Charles Marriott. Chapman and Hall. *Modern Painting,* by Willard Huntingdon Wright. John Lane. *Cubists and Post-Impressionism,* by A. J. Eddy. Chicago : A. C. McClurg Co. Etc., etc.

the painter to any particular picture. They are still experimenting; still seeking a path. The Modern Movement is not yet adolescent.

" Derain," we are told by Mr. Clive Bell, " is now the greatest power amongst young French painters." Rough, impulsive, vivid are his landscapes, such as " Ile Fleurie " and the " Paysage " which is illustrated here. I ask you—how can it be described ? There is a kind of splendour about Maurice de Vlaminck's landscapes. They are intense, rich in colour, and look as if done from a rushing impulse. He is of Belgian extraction, and is credited with the saying, " Intelligence is international, stupidity is national, and art is local."

Jean Marchand, like the others, eschews all that the great public loves—anecdote, sentiment, melodrama, romanticism, picturesqueness of any kind; he is austere : he regards nature objectively from the philosophical standpoint. I find no emotional significance in his pictures. In each he seems to have set himself a problem of painting or of æsthetics, whether his subject be a woman, a viaduct, or a plate of fruit. There is no joy in colour for its own sake, no delight in movement, no hint of ecstasy, only and always a grave monumental feeling, as if he was in the body of the world, not in its spirit. It would seem that all that matters to Marchand is the technical side of painting. He converts everything into a synthesis, a symbol, whether it be a View of Venice, Horses Ploughing, or Women Bathing. None has any joy : all are austere and monumental.

Joy is not the note of these intellectual Frenchmen. There is a " Landscape " by Herbin, reproduced in

Mr. Eddy's book, that is primarily a pattern—an attractive pattern, I admit—and everything, trees, reflections, stacks, clouds, are bent, swayed, controlled to take their place in the pattern. So with the others—de Segonzac, Othon Frièsz, Asselin, Lhote—all make patterns, and one pattern is so like another. But there is a personal vision in Chabaud's " Labourer," and in the quiet and beautiful marine that Marquet contributed to the Salon d'Automne of 1921. Jean Frélant, like many young Englishmen, allies Post-Impressionism to a kind of Florentine Primitivism, or the English Pre-Raphaelite movement.

But these youngish men are not the whole of modern French landscape painting—far from it. There are masters, as I have already said, who go their own way ignoring the new movement, and why not? Each must pursue his own path of expression. But it must be said, here and now, that a French painter is a trained man. Whatever style he chooses to pursue, from Classicism to Vorticism, or what not, you always feel that a Frenchman is working in a tradition; that although he may look skywards, or glance pitwards, his feet are on the ground.

The advanced critics in their articles in France and England often ignore the Traditionalists and the New Traditionalists, and devote their energies to the children of Cézanne, Gauguin and van Gogh, and the picked talents who emerge from the Indépendents and the Salon d'Automne. The general public knows them not; but the readers of Monsieur Lhote, Monsieur Blanche, Mr. Roger Fry and Mr. Clive Bell are told with forcible iteration that the Expressionists are

everything, and the Representationalists nothing. Old-fashioned readers sometimes write to complain, and to plead for their old favourites ; but they are told that they know nothing ; that they must trust their self-appointed guides. They are given a lecture on Significant Form, advised to study the work of Rousseau, " le Douanier," and headed off from their admiration of painters of the Representational School, with such statements as : " Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Bonnard are the four names that the Twentieth Century sets against Cézanne, Renoir, Degas and Manet." But even the Frenchmen do not always agree. Monsieur Lhote considers Derain the first of living French painters. Monsieur Blanche calls him " the wildest of our French Pre-Raphaelite-Post-Impressionist-Neo-Traditionalist masters." And even advanced critics change. Here is Mr. Clive Bell saying : " I have praised Vlaminck in my time, and he deserved it. But Vlaminck is now in some danger of becoming a bore."

My record of the landscape production of the other European countries, during the past decade, must necessarily be cursory. But when I last visited Germany and Austria, I found that Francomania, which means imitating the latest expressions of modernity in France, was stronger than ever in the Central Empires. That it still persists, that " The Art of To-morrow " has become an obsession in young Germany anyone can verify by glancing through a year's issues of *Der Cicerone* and *Jugend*.

Judging by the illustrations in *Der Cicerone*, the Art of To-morrow rushes through young Germany like a torrent. Hans Gerson, Erna Pinner, August Babberger,

Eduard Munch, Willy Jaeckel—such modernist landscapists are legion. I might have thought more of them had not the editor of *Der Cicerone* included in the issue for April 1920 a number of examples by André Derain. He is a master among these aspiring Germans.

Perhaps the coloured lithographs and etchings, presenting romantic and spacious landscapes, statements of sentiment—plain and unvarnished—that may be seen in the windows of printsellers' shops throughout Europe, are nearer to the old heart of Germany than the riot of Francomania. I find these coloured lithographs and etchings attractive. Always I pause to enjoy them. One, I remember, is a river winding through hills, the nearer hill cold in shadow, beside a mass of trees, the other catching the rising sun, and the little approaching river is golden in the light. Need I say that it is called " Morning Sun " ; it is by George Fritz. In another two watching figures, heavy masses of dark, sit on a small hill in the foreground, gazing at a great sun-bathed circular meadow wrapped in heat haze, empty, and fringed by a belt of vivid forest. Need I say that the name of it is " Summer Time " ; it is by A. Schinnerer. These coloured lithographs represent, I think, the real Germany. Call them sentimental if you like ; but there is a frankness about such sentiment that is less tiresome than mere technique.

The Scandinavian countries are still more advanced. The work of such painters as Krohg, Tholmboe, and Boberg, has penetrated beyond the homelands.

At a recent Venice International Exhibition the curious were interested in the art efforts of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. To the wayfarer they presented but

an array of glaring canvases, signed with unfamiliar names, among which Mehoffer, the Pole, stands out as a landscape painter (he is an all-round artist) of power.

Probably the most distinguished landscape painter in Italy is Gaetano Previati. He is a great colourist, an experimentalist, and has essayed to explain his theories in three volumes. Happily the Futurists are not drawn to landscape. Perhaps the events that have happened in the world since 1909, when Marinetti issued the first " Manifesto of Futurism," followed by the first exhibition in Paris in 1912, have calmed the destructive ardour of Signor F. T. Marinetti and his fellow Futurist painters.

In Spain there is F. Sancha, who is temperate in his Post-Impressionism, with an inclination towards the Primitive outlook shown in his simplified and charming " Wood."

Russia has Boris Anisfeld—vigour ; Nicholas Roerich—fantasy. Each of these able and exuberant painters is known in London and New York, where they have held exhibitions. Roerich has vision and a passion for colour. The landscapes of Boris Anisfeld, such as " Grey Day on the Neva," " Early Spring," " Clouds over the Black Sea," are reminiscent of the French Post-Impressionists.

" The Country Road," by Marianna von Werefkin, arrests one by its strangeness—such eloquent emptiness, and in the foreground three remote symbolistic figures. Does it stir beauty ? I know not, but this human document stirs the imagination. Its very amateurishness has an attraction. Is it the innocence of eye that we seek, and so seldom find ?

Wassily Kadinsky is an extremist, and he is also a thinker. His painting has been called symbolical experiments in colour design. To some it is incoherent, to others it has the inner meaning. I would rather own his "Landscape with Two Poplars"—tumbling, chaotic, yet so significant—than a representational presentment of a "Landscape with Two Poplars," accurate and technically correct.

Arthur Jerome Eddy was an ardent collector of Kadinskys, as also of his protégé, the American, Albert Bloch, who works in Munich. Toward the close of his book on *Cubists and Post-Impressionism*, Mr. Eddy says:

"I have lived with Kadinsky's and Bloch's pictures several years and like them more and more. They practically line the side walls of a room at one end of which hangs a full-length Manet, and at the other end a full-length Whistler—neither artists nor laymen have ever noted or seem to feel any conflict. The brilliant canvases make a fine setting for the two more sober pictures, illustrating the fact that *good paintings* of all schools and all times hang well together."

True; and this extract also shows that however a man paints there is always somebody to admire him.

London had an excellent opportunity of studying many of the French painters referred to above in the Loan Exhibition of Modern Foreign Painting, arranged by the Contemporary Art Society in 1924 at the Colnaghi Galleries. There were landscapes by Matisse, Derain, Frièsz, Marchand, Roualt, de Segonzac, Utrillo and others. I see no reason to amend anything that I have said. Matisse, with two swift and beautiful views of Etretat, confirms my opinion that

he is head and shoulders above the others. And I liked the landscapes of Bonnard, Derain, Frièsz and de Segonzac, and the firm architectural views of Marchand. Particularly I liked the landscapes of de Segonzac, and when I began to seek reasons for my partiality for de Segonzac, I found that it was because he approaches nearer to what the late Mr. Harding called—normalcy.

At this exhibition again one heard the comments of admiration and irritation, interest and disgust that one heard at the Post-Impressionist exhibition of 1910-11. But these Twentieth-Century Frenchmen are children compared with those Masters. It is significant that all the works at the 1924 French Post-Impressionist exhibition were loaned by British collectors.

Even the opponents of the New Movement cannot deny its vitality. It has spread over Europe; has invaded America. The Scandinavian countries, Germany, Austria, Russia, the newly-formed nations are all experimenting, that is *les jeunes* are, and all must admit that this New Movement springs from where new movements in art usually spring (I have not forgotten Turner and Constable; they are apart), from France.

And all date from that curmudgeon of genius—Paul Cézanne. I will say a final word about him in the next chapter.

III

Cézanne and Mr. X——

Mr. X—— and I are old friends. He is an American business man, of English extraction, inventor and patentee of " The Perfect Bath," and president of the company. He is also a patron of art, and a collector of pictures. The following dialogue with him may help to explain the difficulty an upright business man has in appreciating Cézanne. Mr. X—— and I met, it is supposed, in New York.

Mr. X—— was talking :

" I cannot get at what you art fellows mean. Why don't you come down to simple facts, and explain things simply ? Frequently I see references to Cézanne. Only the other day a fellow wrote an article which he called ' Cézanne as Propagandist of Synthesism.' That beat me, beat me to a frazzle. What does the fellow mean ? Why doesn't he tell us ? What is Cézanne ? Is it a sauce, or a period, or a method of house decoration ? "

" Cézanne," I answered blandly, " was a French painter, a Master, who at the present moment is having a greater influence on the painting youth of the world than any artist of the Nineteenth Century."

" Now that's straight," said Mr. X——. " Your statement is probably exaggerated, but it's something that I can fix. At any rate Cézanne hasn't yet influenced my girl. I'll see to that. Yes, sir. I have, *moi qui vous parle*, what I may call a sound taste in art. I am an ordinary man, the Man in the Street, to quote a popular expression. In art I know what I like."

He shouted this statement as if he were complaining to Central, and then glared at me. I did not rise to the bait. Meekly I said: "What kind of pictures do you like, Mr. X——?"

"I like honest, straightforward pictures that tell a plain story in a plain way. In my opinion the best picture in New York is 'Milton Dictating *Paradise Lost* to His Daughters,' hanging on the line, where it should be, sir, in the Public Library."

Mr. X—— looked at me. Something that might be described as the shadow of a doubt passed across his face. "What do you think of the Milton picture?" he asked.

"It's a third-rate illustration," I answered. "It's melodramatic, theatrical, muddy in colour, and doesn't show the slightest suggestion of the mind that composed *Paradise Lost*, or the atmosphere of that august household. It isn't art at all: it's an illustration, an anecdote by a man who hadn't any vision, but who had learned how to paint the figure in the way that a house painter learns how to paint a front door."

"Then you don't like it?"

"Oh, I like it in a way. I like looking at almost anything—a man mending a tyre, a policeman on a bicycle, or a lady in the right kind of hat. I like looking at many things, but I don't call them art, so why should I call the Milton picture art?"

"What, then, do you like in the way of art?"

"I like Cézanne."

A reckless look of determination flashed into Mr. X——'s eyes. "Now, look here, my friend, when I said just now that I thought Cézanne a new kind of house

decoration I was pulling your leg. I know something about him. I've seen a picture from his—er—brush at the Metropolitan Museum, a scrubby, messy little landscape. Compared to an Inness or a Blakelock, it's beneath contempt. Yet you tell me that this man is a great influence and a great Master. I announce to you, sir, he's the limit, and you're the limit for cracking him up."

He fumed around the room. By degrees my serenity quieted him.

" You mustn't judge Cézanne by one landscape any more than you judge a newspaper by one article, although ' La Colline des Pauvres ' is quite an interesting and characteristic Cézanne. But stay "—I looked at my watch—" I have an article to finish. Pardon me ! While I am away I beg you to look through this magazine which contains illustrations of Cézanne's pictures, and some account of his life. We'll resume our symposium in a quarter of an hour. Try to appreciate the message Cézanne has written to you about the lonely experiences of his art life."

* * * * *

Quarter of an hour later, when I re-entered the room, I found Mr. X—— frowning over the *Fine Arts Journal* containing the twelve illustrations by Cézanne. His nostrils were quivering like a horse's when about to emit a neigh. He flung the journal upon the table and cried : " You've beaten me, I'm out of my depth."

With difficulty I concealed my glee. " Honoured, but obtuse friend," I said, " Post-Impressionism, of which Cézanne is the father, is working admirably. You say

that his pictures project you out of your depth. What then? You have to revalue your method of swimming in order to return to land. In theological terminology he insists that you be born again. That picture of 'Milton Dictating *Paradise Lost*' allows you to linger in your comfortable bed. It is the hot-water bottle of art. Cézanne is the cold plunge. The Milton thing flatters you with the commonplaces of externals—oh! those externals on which two-thirds of the world's painters dilate!—Cézanne hints at the meaning and purpose behind life, revealed by art. He fled the anecdote, not because it is wrong in itself, but because it had been overdone and overburdened; he fled Impressionism because, to his deep eyes, it focussed everything on momentary beauty, on the glitter of the effect; he fled the chatter of Paris because of the noise; he fled to his native place, Aix-in-Provence, and there he spent the rest of his life painting—and discarding."

"Discarding?" exclaimed Mr. X——. "What do you mean, sir? I'm told the average price of a Cézanne is $5,000."

"Now, certainly, but when he was alive his pictures were unsaleable. He attached no importance to them; he left them in the fields or wherever he happened to be working. Competition, exhibitions, had long ceased to attract him: yesterday's work rarely interested him (I began to quote from an article I had written which may be familiar to the reader), he was always looking forward to the picture of to-morrow. In his silent way he knew that he was but a pioneer of synthesis and simplicity; knew that he was one who paints the weight of the earth, not the flowers on the surface; the hidden

movement of the sea, not the iridescent curl of the spent waves ; the mystery of a forest, not the crowding trees ; the disposition of a party of card players, not their clothes and their cards ; the contour and content of a group of bathers, not the mere flash of flesh ; the volume of a bastion of cliffs, not the lichen and bridle-paths. In an assortment of apples upon a tray he gives the rich, full feeling of harvest, not the mere merchandise of the fruiterer."

" All this sounds like sense," said Mr. X——, " but I don't believe it is. Anyway, it isn't art—it's book stuff, it's what they print in the high-brow magazines ; it's digging into life."

" And pray, why shouldn't art attempt that ? Why should art deal with externals only, with anecdote, and colour, and prettiness ? Why shouldn't art join in the Quest ? "

" But this Cézanne never gets there," said Mr. X——. " I call those twelve pictures just fumbles. That landscape by him in the Metropolitan Museum is the kind of thing a fellow might do who had gone away for a holiday and was trying to teach himself how to paint in a different way from the current exhibition pictures."

I grasped Mr. X——'s hand. " You've hit it," I said. " Give me the Man in the Street for getting at the truth when he is off his guard, and not trying to behave and think as he thinks he ought to behave and think. Cézanne knew he was a learner, knew that he was the apostle of the Art of To-morrow. That was why he was indifferent to his pictures when once they were painted. Each work he produced was but an effort to understand, an attempt to express the substance not the

shadow : that is why he himself said, ' I am the Primitive of the way that I have discovered.' And that is why the finer youth of the world regard Cézanne as their Master."

Mr. X—— moved uneasily in his chair, and fingered his watch.

" Do you know," I asked, " Kipling's poem, ' The Builders ' ?

" After me cometh a builder,
Tell him I, too, have known.

Fifty years hence that may be quoted about Cézanne. Fifty years hence——"

" Excuse me," said Mr. X——, " but my clerk is waiting for my signature to an estimate. Five hundred ' Perfect Baths ' for a new hotel. That's the way to do it, eh ? Cézanne ? Ha ! Ha ! "

IV

Great Britain

(*Artists born between* 1875-1900)

HAROLD GILMAN, 1876-1919. WILLIAM ORPEN, 1878- . G. F. KELLY, 1879- . J. B. MANSON, 1879- . CHARLES GINNER, 1879- . SPENCER GORE, *c.* 1879- . AUGUSTUS JOHN, 1880- . C. H. COLLINS BAKER, 1880- . ELLIOTT SEABROKE, *c.* 1880- . LEONARD RICHMOND, *c.* 1880- . R. G. BRUNDRIT, *c.* 1880- . PHILIP H. PADWICK, *c.* 1880- . J. W. HERALD, 1880-1914. HAROLD SQUIRE, 1881- . G. O. WYNNE APPERLEY, 1884- . HENRY LAMB, 1885- . DERWENT LEES, *c.* 1885- . ALICE FANNER, *c* 1885- . RANDOLPH

SCHWABE, 1885- . DUNCAN GRANT, 1885- . J. D. INNES, 1887-1914. C. R. W. NEVINSON, 1889- . PAUL NASH, 1889- . E. WADSWORTH, 1889- . BERNARD ADENY, *c.* 1890- . GILBERT SPENCER, *c.* 1890- . DARSEY JAPP, *c.* 1890- . M. MILNE, *c.* 1890- . ETHELBERT WHITE, 1891- . G. L. BROCKHURST, 1891- . ALLAN GWYNNE-JONES, 1892- . JOHN NASH, 1893- . E. M. O'R. DICKEY, 1894- . JAN JUTA, 1896- . WINIFRED KNIGHTS, 1900- ; and others.

The salt air of the estranging Channel seems to temper to Englishmen the effects of extreme Continental movements in art. The Briton moves slowly ; his mind does not readily embrace a new idea : he adapts it carefully to his insularity. The Post-Impressionist exhibition of 1910-11 made a vast impression in London art circles ; but it did not deeply affect the majority of the younger British artists. Many of them, especially those of foreign extraction, flirted with it. Some boldly but fumblingly annexed its superficialities, not its essences.

At the Allied Artists exhibitions, and in such societies as the Friday Club and the London Group it has adherents ; but the distemper or the tonic, whichever you like to call it, was mild in England compared with France, Central Europe, Scandinavia and America. The Traditionalists were unmoved. One of them, Sir David Murray, said to me, with a twinkle in his eyes, " The old 'uns won't do it, and the young 'uns can't." Some of the New Traditionalists, as in other countries, and many of the Innovators learnt much from Post-Impressionism, for, after all, it was

a movement towards Freedom and Experiment; but a glance through the names at the heading of this article will suggest to the student of modern painting that, although the influence of Cézanne, Picasso and the others is apparent in the works of many of them, the swing back to the early Italians, and to the English Pre-Raphaelites, is quite as strongly marked. Perhaps from the Post-Impressionists evolved the John-Innes decorative landscape in a pattern of bright colours. The worship of El Greco is an acknowledgment that he, in a way, saw as Cézanne was to see.

Generally speaking, it was simplification and synthesis that the younger British artists pursued. Some, like Wyndham Lewis, Wadsworth, Bomberg, and Roberts, seem to have thought things out; but the majority tried to practise " abstract painting " because others were doing it, not because they had thought out its meaning and signification.

Augustus John and William Orpen are further examples of the truth, which I have already amplified, that a good painter can paint anything well! Who does not remember certain small touched-with-beauty landscapes by Augustus John, bright and virile, luscious yet emphatic, usually with a figure in a dress of primary colours, harmonising with the prismatic background of startling flowers and sapful trees. These are pictures painted with love, holiday themes. They are the pure Johannine vision: many of them—romantically, decoratively, æsthetically—are as attractive as the summary art of impulse and fervour can be. His " Sketch During a Thunderstorm," his " Bundle of Lavender," his " Yellow Head-dress," his " Girl Leaning on a Stick,"

c. 1912

Boats, St. Tropez (Contemporary Art Society)
DUNCAN GRANT, 1885-
Photo : Tate Gallery

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Braunton, Devon
RANDOLPH SCHWABE, 1885-

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his sandy landscape called " Two Children Under a Hill," and the rough, mystical landscape that encompasses the two nude, recumbent figures he calls " Adam and Eve " : see them and judge ! John is a decorator. He should be adorning great walls. But will he ever bring himself to face the labour of such tasks ? Will he ever complete the promise of " The Mumpers," that magnificent pre-war decoration ? Well, we take what we can get, and his immense cartoon, " Galway," merely a beginning, hangs now in the National Gallery of British Art—a beacon and a warning.

He may be at the real beginning of his career : he may not be. I have never met a man who so impressed me, in speech, manner, and reticences, with the signs of greatness. Or one whose pictures have so recurring a freshness and surprise—and sometimes disappointment.

And there are sunny, spirited landscapes by William Orpen that will not permit themselves to be forgotten—" On The Cliffs," for example, and the stony, climbing Irish view that forms the background of " A Western Wedding " ; and his vivid War landscapes that made one forget the horrible débris of the trenches in the grasses and flowers with which a merciful nature covers the handiwork of man.

C. R. W. Nevinson is another astonishing painter, who, when he touches landscape, usually produces something personal and beautiful, such as his " Cornish Landscape," which has the very feel and look of Cornwall ; and his " Dawn at Southwark," so grey, so eloquently still. He has been through many phases, has tried such various techniques that it is agreeable

to pause and take breath before that after-war serenity of his called " An English Landscape : Peace." Consideration of Nevinson's remarkable War pictures must be postponed to the chapter on Landscape Painting during the War.

Something of the terrible intensity that informed Henry Lamb's " Death of a Bretonne " intrudes into his landscapes, such as his " Feeding Calves," which is the business not the dream. Lamb is a profound but joyless artist. His Views of Poole are very intelligent and very cheerless.

Paul Nash and John Nash are pure landscape painters. They are young to have made a reputation. A book has been written about Paul Nash.* In turning the pages of the thirty-four illustrations, and taking them as a type of work that is being done by the Twentieth-Century landscape artists of talent, I am impressed by the fact of the final departure of the scenic representation of nature from their young brushes. The interest of these Paul Nash landscapes is intellectual as well as æsthetic. In each picture the mind is interested as much as the eyes, and I take it that is the reason why almost all of these pictures bear the gratifying legend, " In the possession of So-and-So." Another fact that impresses me is that this young artist has cast away the tyranny of the oil medium, and of the standard of the exhibition " machine." Of the thirty-four works reproduced here, only seven are in oil. The others are in—pen and ink—pen and wash—water-colour—pen and water-colour—pen, chalk and water-colour—and so on, which shows that he allows

* *Paul Nash.* " Contemporary British Artists." Benn, 1923.

his technique to dictate and control his medium. His subjects, you feel, are not chosen because they are picturesque or romantic, but because he saw in them a picture ; and their possibilities of rhythm and significance increased as his mood dwelt upon them. When a subject takes firm hold upon his imagination, as the massive curvilinear Dymchurch Wall, a mighty mass of wide, concrete steps which protects the Sussex coast from the encroaching sea, he produces a series of pictures each monumental, each different, each a detached vision of this mighty work.

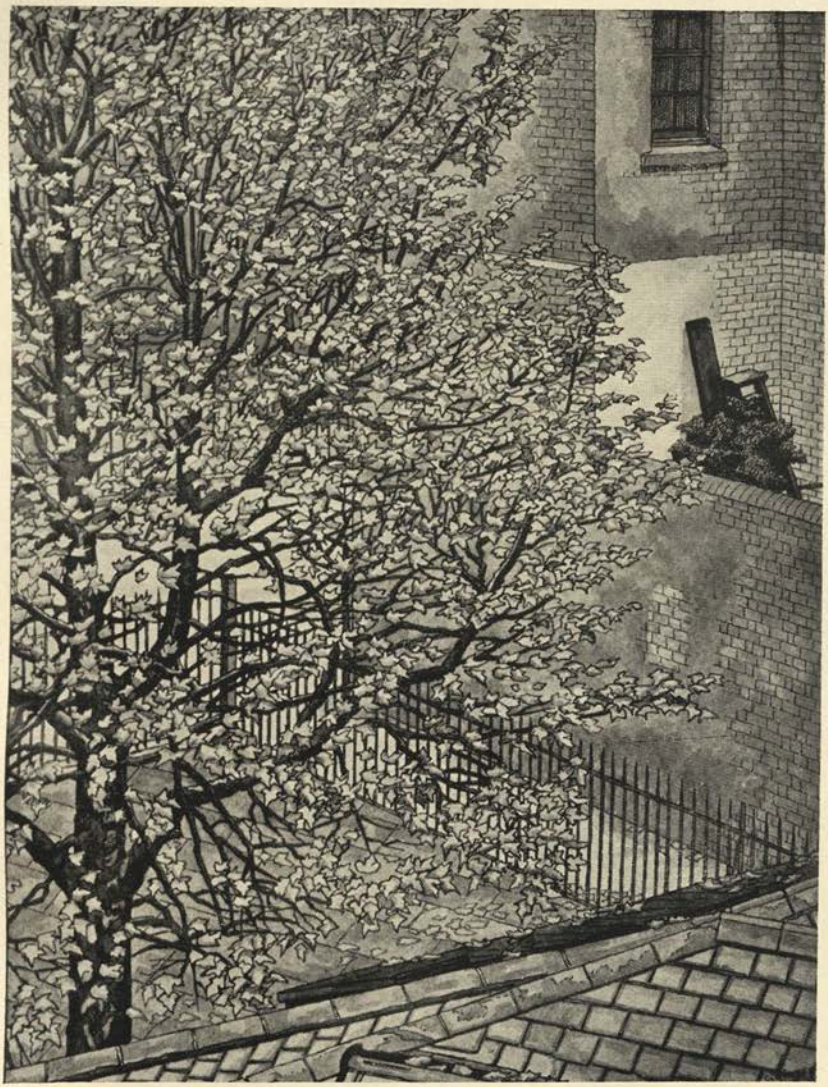
His brother, John Nash, is younger, more preoccupied with design, and a more light-hearted painter than Paul. There is something impressive in form and colour about his " Viaduct," a train passing over a bridge through a country that is simplified to a few broad planes.

One falls into the way of classing J. D. Innes and Derwent Lees together. They were at the Slade School at the same time, and I have been told that it was Lees who influenced Innes in the flat Japanesy, high-keyed type of landscape that has run so fleetly through the studios. Innes died at twenty-seven, so he was still in the period of susceptibility to influence. He was a fellow-countryman of Augustus John who certainly influenced him : so did Cotman.

A few years ago I found in the outer room of the Goupil Gallery two small landscapes which held and charmed me, and which I noted for an article I was writing on " Landscape Loveliness." They were— " Bala Lake : Evening," by J. D. Innes, and " Bonnuls-Roussillon," by Derwent Lees.

Each of these landscapes enters that category which, for want of a better phrase, I must call the Decorative Pattern Landscape, which is one of the pleasantest and most agreeable of the modern manifestations of landscape painting. Nature, as Constable knew her, an activity of blowing wind, wet rain, and shining sun, quick and changeable, does not exist for these Decorative Pattern landscapists. With them all is still and rhythmic, nature (they rarely introduce man) is merely requisitioned to assist the form and intricacy of the pattern. The result is often beautiful, and as these two pictures hung side by side it was possible to note how the individuality of the two artists asserts itself. " Bala Lake : Evening," by Innes, is still and cool, and the rich greens and deep purples strike a note of peace and profound harmony. These little, silent hills are brothers to the silent, spacious water. " Bonnuls-Roussillon," by Derwent Lees, is still and hot, and the heat-filled sky and the arid, yellow land, with dumpy hills, give the impression of a place where only the sun shines, where no wind blows, and no rain falls. Each picture is a pattern, nature is controlled into a pattern, and because it is so, and because these two artists have been informed with an idea, not themselves, their pictures grouped quietly into my article on Landscape Loveliness.

A loan collection of the works of James Dickson Innes was held in the National Gallery of British Art in 1921, and a Memorial Exhibition at the Chenil Galleries in 1923. To the catalogue were appended short appreciations by Augustus John and John Fothergill, from which I quote passages.



The Plane Tree (Schiff Collection)
CHARLES GINNER, 1879-

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Under The Hills (Contemporary Art Society)
ETHELBERT WHITE, 1891-

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Augustus John wrote: "James Dickson Innes died in 1914 at the age of twenty-seven. He was an original, a 'naïf.' In spite of his short life and immaturity he will belong always to the great line of British landscape painting. Innes came from Llanelly and worked in South and North Wales, France and Spain. In North Wales he discovered the mountain of Arenig, and made it his own. On and around it he did his finest and most inspired work. Upon the summit he left, beneath a pyramid of stones, and contained in a silver casket, the records of that which, after painting, was the great passion of his life. . . . The War broke out. Innes took no interest in it, and shortly after died in Kent."

John Fothergill wrote: "I don't think any painter has ever done things so striking and so far removed from reality as we know it in pictures. Innes flared up and finished. Two or three of his contemporaries took over some of his strange tricks and idiosyncrasies, but it may be a century or two before there comes a similar soul able to see the direction pointed by this extraordinary young man and to get there."

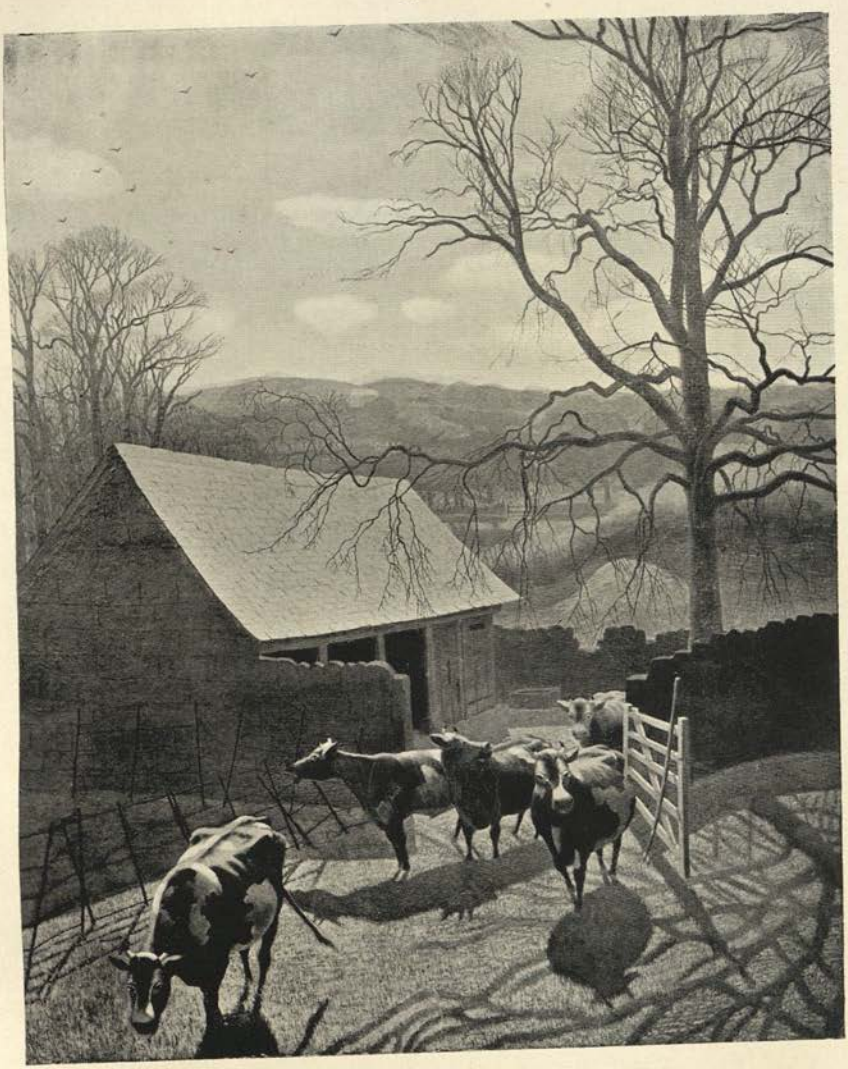
To flare up and finish at twenty-seven! There are worse fates. "They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old."

The land of Turner and Constable is versatile as well as insular, and even when a Briton looks on the works of others, and learns from them, he often shadows forth a dogged vision that makes his *pastiche* a personal thing. Turn from Innes, Welshman, to Allan Gwynne-Jones, Welshman! What a contrast! Gwynne-Jones, although but thirty-two years of age, has already made

a reputation, and has had the honour of a " one-man exhibition " at the Grosvenor Gallery, with a picture, " Spring Evening : Froxfield," acquired by the City of Birmingham.

It was amusing to find his picture, " Very Early Morning : Spring," challenging us in a 1921 exhibition. Why trouble about movements and isms ? Why be anxious about the future of painting ? Men with any kind of originality, any rectitude of vision, any sort of edifice of sternly evolved character, will go on expressing their own vision and feeling, as if Cézanne and Monet and Picasso and Matisse, and a dozen others had never been. Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, Dadaism, Rogerfryism, Wyndhamlewisism, are nothing to Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones. He swings back to the Pre-Raphaelite stalwarts, not from any desire to imitate them, but because he sees as they saw, and feels as they felt. Art does not progress. It goes in circles. A modified Pre-Raphaelitism is now one of the New Things. Wait, and everything old has its turn again. A few more years shall roll, and a pre-war silk hat becomes *chic*.

In " Very Early Morning : Spring," the artist has delved right down to his task. He has seen the creeping, grey light of dawn whisper to the world, one early spring, making even the slates of a shed beautiful, while the birds gather in wheeling specks ; and the bare tree and the disturbed animals and the ricketty fence cast a pattern of greenish shadows that knit the picture together, and are responsible, in my opinion, for no small part of its quiet, unfashioned beauty. The animals are not realistic. That is art. Were they true,



Very Early Morning : Spring (Grosvenor Galleries)
ALLAN GWYNNE-JONES, 1892-

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Portland
F. WADSWORTH, 1889-

Facing page 305

like Mr. Arnesby Brown's cows, they would not consort with this intimate, particularised picture, this painting of light and its subtle ways, very early one morning of spring, before which " I stand moved."

Courbet, when stirred by a subject, would use the expression, " I stand moved."

With an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, in 1923, Edward Wadsworth, a young Yorkshireman, became an artist of performance, as well as of promise. In past years he has immersed his talent in Cubism, and in the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries half of the exhibits were Cubist. These are better than the ordinary Cubist pictures, because Mr. Wadsworth has force, but, like all such works, I do not know what they represent, and the titles are no aid.

I pass them by. They were shown, I suppose, as if he were saying, " That is what I was. In the others, you will see what I am now, what I have become."

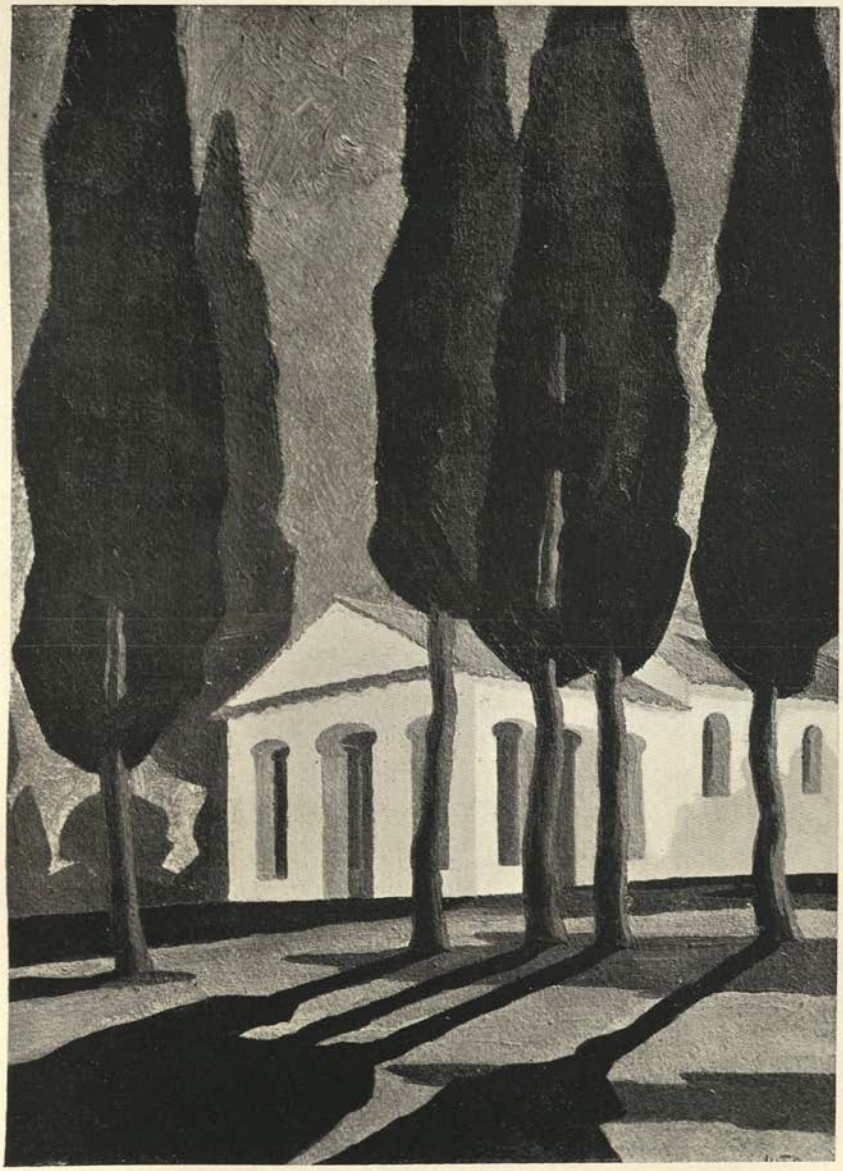
What are they ? Well, to begin with, they are pictures not abstractions. They have vivid colour, and a kind of static rhythm. Everything—boats, water, reflections, trees, sky—are rigid, lifeless. Of " human interest " there is hardly a trace. The sails of the boats are set, but only by peering can we perceive here and there a dot that may be a sailorman. These pictures are the visible world, the world of Plymouth Sound and Portland Dockyard, seen through Cubist eyes, but we feel that here Mr. Wadsworth has made the technique of Cubism his servant. It is no longer his master. He has freed himself from the Young Man of the Sea, called Cubism, and has allowed his own personal vision free play.

In the photographs these pictures, with their engineering curves and angles, and their immobile, metallic look may seem hard and unresponsive ; but they are redeemed by their strong, flowing colour—rich reds, strong blues, juicy greens, and stately greys. They are all painted in tempera, a medium in which there can be no alteration as in oil. The thinking must be done in the head not on the canvas, and the picture must proceed by logical, reasoned and decisive states. This, I think, is evident in the accompanying reproduction.

I welcome this new departure by Mr. Wadsworth, and hope that henceforth he will keep his technique in its proper position as servant. He stands out as a pioneer of Pictorial Cubism.

Some other quite young artists remain to be mentioned. E. M. O'R. Dickey, an Irishman, born in 1894, was a pupil of the late Harold Gilman. He is another of the moderns who tends to the Pre-Raphaelite vision and technique. Two, at least, of his pictures impressed me, his " Maltese Landscape," with the careful drawing of every stone in the many low, rambling walls, and his " Kentish Town," just railway sidings, every inch patiently drawn : he makes of this worried desolation a thing of particular and patient beauty.

Jan Juta, a son of Sir Henry Juta, born in 1896, is a South African artist who in his decisive illustrations of Lawrence's " Sea and Sardinia," shows a marked decorative talent, and a power of suggestion with the simplest means, uncommon in one so young. He was trained at the Slade School, and in Paris and Rome. His " Sea and Sardinia " pictures were exhibited in London.



The Chapel of St. Cassien : Moonlight
JAN JUTA, 1896-

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The Deluge (Tate Gallery)
WINIFRED KNIGHTS, 1900-

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The youngest of this group of artists of promise is Winifred Knights, born in 1900, who in 1922 had the distinction of having a small " Italian Landscape " purchased by the National Gallery of British Art. Two years before, in 1920, she won the Prix de Rome with an uncommon picture called " The Deluge," which, stretching a point, may be called a landscape. It shows an ingenious and surprising adaptation of Cubism, and for many reasons is a remarkable work for a girl of twenty to have painted.

With the others I must be brief.

Charles Ginner is a personal artist, a master of detail, who cultivates the particular vision of nature that attracts him with assiduity. He does not stray: he paints, with careful skill and Pre-Raphaelite accuracy, the precise leaves and bricks of such a picture as his typical " Plane Tree." His narrow range of subjects seems to interest him anew each time, never to bore him.

Then there are J. W. Herald's brilliant, impulsive water-colours; Alice Fanner's luminous, bustling sea pictures; Elliott Seabroke's grave performances, say his spacious " Wetherlam from Nedum Crag "; the interesting and lovingly intellectual appreciations of nature by Collins Baker of the National Gallery, and J. B. Manson of the Tate Gallery—" week-end artists "; the bold and vivid landscapes of Maresco Pearce, the sensitive interpretations of Harold Squire, and the gay stretches of country by Leonard Richmond.

Randolph Schwabe, a fine draughtsman with an unusual sense of composition, has a severer outlook. In him, as in Ethelbert White and Bernard Adeney, London Group artists, one seems to see a search for

something uncommon and curious, the beauty of nature, touched with the wonder and curiosity of the growing mind, that promises well for their future, Ethelbert White has evolved a water-colour technique of his own : he has vitality and vividness.

But I said that I would resist the temptation of making a catalogue of names. Indeed, perhaps it would have been wiser to discuss tendencies only, and decline to judge an artist's work until he has turned the comfortable age of fifty. To write even then about his performances is tame compared with the swift ejaculations of joy and pleasure one hears, and makes, before a landscape in gallery or studio, just a "That's jolly!" or "Good man!" or a sigh of gratitude accompanied with a "How lovely!" Perhaps the highest compliment one can pay to a modern or ancient landscape is to return to it, when one has completed the tour of the gallery, for a last look, to receive once more a communication from the artist of what he loved in nature.

Such has been my experience with many of the works by many of the artists mentioned in this chapter —my countrymen and countrywomen—who are carrying on, and re-expressing, and rejuvenating the British love of landscape painting.

V

The United States

(*Artists born between* 1875-1890)

JOHN MARIN, 1875- . JOHN F. CARLSON, 1875- .
JANE PETERSON, 1875- . WALTER UFER, 1876- .
G. T. COLE, 1876- . PAUL DOUGHERTY, 1877- .

CHARLES ROSEN, 1878- . GIFFORD BEAL, 1879 . ROY BROWN, 1879- . DANIEL GARBER, 1880- . JONAS LIE, 1880- . MAX KUEHNE, 1880- . OSCAR BLUEMNER, *c.* 1880- . JOHN NOBLE, *c.* 1880- . CHARLES SHEELER, *c.* 1880- . S. HALPERT, *c.* 1880- . MACDONALD WRIGHT, *c.* 1880- . ROCKWELL KENT, 1882- . GEORGE BELLOWS, 1882- . MARY S. PERKINS, *c.* 1885- . HENRY LACHMAN, 1886- .

As the names of the American painters printed at the head of this chapter merge into the Twentieth Century, I may begin with a few words about the effect of Post-Impressionism, etc., upon the younger artists of the United States. Because in America there is a much larger proportion of the Foreign element than in other countries, Post-Impressionism is prevalent in the larger cities ; but it has had little effect upon the recognised American painters, the Traditionalists and New Traditionalists who win medals and prizes, and whose works are bought by galleries and collectors.

The multifarious productions of the Innovators, many of whom have accepted Post-Impressionism avidly, may be seen at the Independent Society exhibitions at " The New Gallery," at the " Salons of America," and at certain of the Fifth Avenue galleries, and, let it be said at once, that they show no more originality, perhaps less, than *les jeunes* of other countries. They are derivative : in growing numbers they copy the externals of Post-Impressionism.

The Innovators owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, who, from 1905 to the outbreak

of the war, fostered and encouraged the New Movements in art in his " cubby-hole on the top floor of No. 291 Fifth Avenue." It is no exaggeration to say that this little gallery was the birthplace of " The Art of To-morrow " in America. All this patient preparation may be said to have reached a climax in the Armoury exhibition of 1913.

As I have said, the Traditionalists and New Traditionalists have never taken kindly to The Art of To-morrow. Arthur B. Davies has employed it sensibly ; Robert Henri and a few others have smiled upon it, but the practitioners have not yet been able to impress themselves upon the general public.

Among the Innovators I have noted the work of Emile Branchard, Charles Burchfield, Albert Gleizes, Arthur Dove, and the rich architectonic fancies of Oscar Bluemner. Also Charles Sheeler, a Pictorial Cubist, who attempts " to use natural forms as elements in a unified design," Macdonald Wright, Ben Silbert, who describes himself as " de Chicago," and innumerable others.

America is such a vast country that it is impossible to keep in touch with all the manifestations of landscape painting. Here are two examples of young men, landscape painters, working under the Stars and Stripes —Jules Pascin, a Spanish Jew, born in the Balkans ; and Varnam Poor, born in Kansas, who arrives in New York with a series of simple, severe landscapes, his influence being Giotto and Cézanne.

Now we pass to the more recognised reputations. I have said before that vigour and elementalism are not characteristics of American landscape painting. There

are always, however, exceptions to any generalisation, and at once the name of Rockwell Kent, that art child of Winslow Homer and William Blake, rises to the lips. Although still in the formative period, he has painted many fine, straightforward, elemental landscapes, and he has produced one masterpiece, " Winter," painted in 1907, which hangs in the Metropolitan Museum. It startled me, when I first saw it, it fascinated me ; it seemed that at last I had found a direct racial American picture worthy to be classed with the work of the two pioneers and " old masters " in American art—Walt Whitman in poetry, and Winslow Homer in painting. It was fine to think that the Metropolitan Museum had acquired, and hung well, this powerful, forceful representation of a hunk of direct vision by an unacademic living man. I sought for other pictures by him, but found none, that is, none came my way ; but I soon discovered that Henry Frick had, in his country house, at Pride's Crossing, another coast of Maine picture by Kent, called " Seiners," which in force and fervour of simplicity is equal in achievement to " Winter."

My next adventure was the return of the artist from Alaska, where he had made some remarkable drawings, and an afternoon, a stimulating afternoon, with him and the drawings. How tricky is memory ! I learnt from Rockwell Kent, with surprise, that as far back as 1912 I had expressed my high appreciation of his work. This had slipped my memory, but it was a satisfaction to know that my opinion had not changed. As I think now I thought then. My 1912 reference to the work of Rockwell Kent was contained in the introduction I wrote to the catalogue of American pictures exhibited

by the late Hugo Reisinger in London and Berlin. The passage ran, " I find something elementally American in Rockwell Kent's ' Evening on the Coast of Maine,' the blue-white snow rightly seen, the whole picture a big, simple statement."

Once on the track, other pictures by him came into view. I saw another " Winter " by him (he likes nature stark and unclothed), a silhouette of fir trees against snow-deep hills, wrought into a decorative pattern, apparently black and white, yet full of colour. And at the Daniel Gallery I found records, and a set of photographs of his Newfoundland paintings and drawings shown there in 1917. These are the works of a man who was thinking and feeling deeply, who was reading modern philosophy, who was obsessed by the unrightness and the mystery of things, and who in his art was turning from nature to man. I do not think that he has brought to fruition all the ideas he tried to express in these Newfoundland pictures. His harness for Pegasus is not quite workaday; but into " The House of Dread " he certainly gets a sinister and oppressive feeling of dread, and in " The Voyager Beyond Life " an awesomeness that lingers and does not permit itself to be readily forgotten. And there is another—" A Newfoundland Dirge." Had he painted nothing but this tense solemnity, so hugely comfortless and pathetic, I should have said—Here is a man of vision and feeling who has struggled out of the country of art for art's sake into the continent of art for life's sake.

George Bellows is incidentally a landscape painter: he, too, has strength and vigour, as in " Up the Hudson," showing Riverside Park in the foreground,

Winter (New York)
ROCKWELL KENT, 1882-

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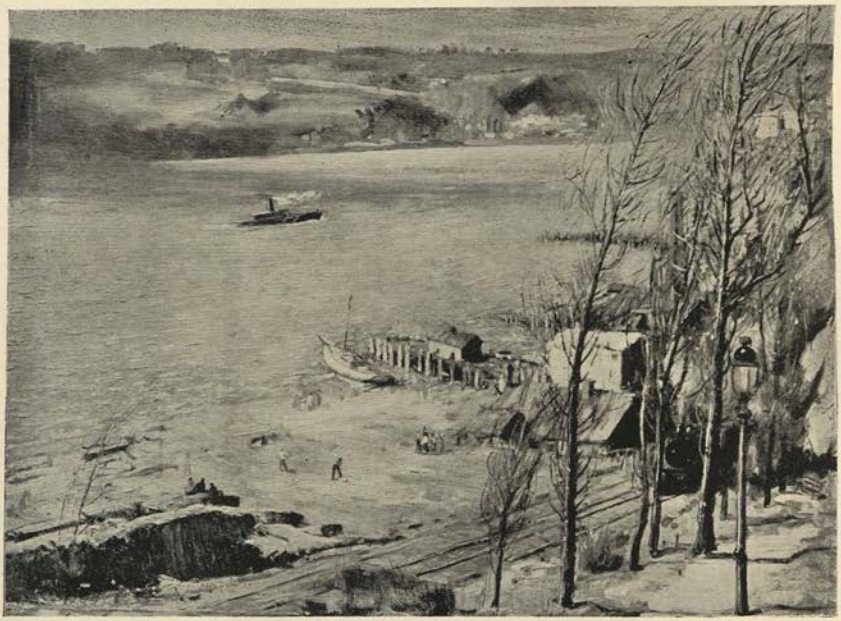

Up the Hudson (New York)
GEORGE BELLOWS, 1882-

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the railroad tracks and docks at the river's edge, and the Jersey shore in the distance, a fine, open-air, hustling scene.

Paul Dougherty is another forcible painter, with a partiality for sea subjects, which he has studied in Cornwall as well as on the coast of Maine, and in Spain. In his " Spanish Landscape," not modelled, but modulated, he draws near to the spontaneity of his dashing water-colours. When asked if he painted the " Spanish Landscape " in the open, he laughed and said, " It had to be thought out." Other good pictures by him are " The Surf Ring " and " The Blue Gale."

Max Kuehne is an all-round modernist who can make a fine, spirited thing out of the East River, New York, the " Cornish Headlands," or a road in Spain. One of his finest pictures is that which he calls " Spanish Landscape."

Gifford Beal is another frank, straightforward painter more akin to the virility of Winslow Homer than the delicacy of Twachtman. His " Harpooned " is a forcible and dramatic illustration.

Jonas Lie, born in Norway, and now living in Plainfield, New Jersey, is another vigorous and sane painter who made a reputation with a series of pictures of the Panama Canal. The town of Plainfield acquired by public subscription a " Romantic Landscape " by him which now hangs in the City Hall. The Mayor, in accepting the picture, said :

" At a time like this it gives me a deep sense of pride to be the chief executive of a city. I see manifested among those gathered here a community spirit.

" I see in this, your presentation, a desire to recognise

honour and show your appreciation to an artist, a resident of this community, who was given a divine right of endowment, an appreciation of God's handiwork that permits him to transfer from the great out-of-doors to canvas such a masterpiece as presented here."

I relate this compliment to Jonas Lie as an instance of the way an American town honours the achievement of a landscape painter citizen.

But all the Twentieth-Century Americans are not as forceful as Rockwell Kent and Bellows. With Daniel Garber, a charming artist, we turn again to the delicacy school. " The Sun in Summer," crowded with trees and shrubs, is a delightful unselected representation of heat and shade. He has patience, sincerity and an unending devotion to nature. It has been said of Daniel Garber that he weaves tapestries out of pigment, and his study of the hills and villages of Eastern Pennsylvania.

Roy Brown is more direct, less intimate than Garber : he is a fine draughtsman, with a gift for clean colour.

John F. Carlson is an equable painter, prone to the kind of subjects that Redfield and Schofield paint.

Henry Lachman lives or travels in Europe, painting charming landscapes which are appreciated in Paris. Four are in the Luxembourg and one in the Petit Palais. His outlook is French rather than American.

John Marin is in a class by himself. He has my entire admiration for his expressions of nature in water-colour, many of them so abstract a synthesis that they seem composed all of atmosphere and light. He has pushed abstraction to a point, sometimes, when one can perceive no subject, only colour lingering in faint

forms. A typical Winslow Homer water-colour! A typical John Marin water-colour! What a contrast! I find nothing to alter in what I wrote about him a few years ago:

He is a true artist. There is nothing of the painter, the mere maker of pictures in his compositions. He paints as a bird sings, because he likes to sing, not for listeners, for himself. He is in the tradition of Turner, the Turner of "delight drawings," not of the huge competitive canvases.

Marin has the courage and the integrity to confine himself to exploration in water-colour. He has fostered his particular talent and has not allowed himself to be tempted to produce mere pictures because there is a better market for mere pictures. In his own way he is as characteristically racial in vision and subject as were Twachtman and Winslow Homer.

Marin is a byway—a beautiful byway—in the tradition of American landscape painting. He leads nowhere. More racial, more characteristic is the group of men who are painting the west. Indian pictures, by Victor Higgins, such as his "Calling the Clans," or one by Walter Ufer, say his "Going East," or examples by E. Irving Couse and the other "Painters of Taos," give me a thrill; and again and again have I thanked Albert L. Groll, already mentioned, and G. T. Cole, for transporting me in vision to the desert. They show how the clouds of Arizona pile themselves above the arid, arresting land.

The river of modern American landscape painting flows down from Winslow Homer and John Twachtman—force and delicacy: it has produced the Practical

Pastoral, and in the Twentieth Century those fine New Traditionalists, Rockwell Kent and Daniel Garber—again force and delicacy. The Innovators, the derivative Post-Impressionists, are now streaming along the banks; but it is too early to say if they will affect the course of the river of American landscape painting—too early. After all, it is Individuals, not Fashions, that direct the courses of movements.

VI

War-Time Landscape Painting

While the War was in progress, and for a year or so after the Armistice; while most of the artists of the world were painting war pictures, a large proportion of them landscapes, this chapter stretched at great length through my mind. The pictures done for the British and Canadian governments were so fine and interesting, revealing new talents and new avenues of expression, that I planned a long discourse, with many illustrations, devoted to the War landscapes. To-day I feel differently: I hate the thought of the War: that egregious and inevitable folly (the sight of a tank by the church of an English village sets me in a rage). The only war pictures I now regard with approval are those that point a moral, that lash the notion of military glory —ironical morals such as Paul Nash painted.

But the artistic efforts in the War were so great, so intelligently directed, so surprising, that in spite of one's shrinking from the whole thing, as from a horrid dream, more than a passing notice must be given to the War landscapes.

War does not purify, it intensifies—that's all. The material man becomes more material, the spiritual man more spiritual, and the true artist more passionately an artist.

Of the innumerable artists who devoted themselves to snatching something of beauty from the dark chaos of war, many rose above their peace-time selves. Those two outstanding personalities, Forain of France, and Raemaekers of Holland, although figure men, who use men and women to express their ironic or poignant commentaries, gave, when they treated landscape accessories, a contrasting tender beauty to their designs. I can recall dozens of drawings by Forain and Raemaekers wherein the landscapes were even more eloquent than the subjects.

In the vast amount of work that was produced as records of the War it is interesting to note what an important part landscape played. Naturally the scene is often one of destruction. The aim of art is beauty; but it is also the duty of an artist sometimes to present a picture that he who looks upon it may cry with conviction—" This shall never happen again." Such landscape warnings are those by Paul Nash, already referred to, called, with biting irony, " Landscape : Year of Our Lord, 1917," " Making a New World," and " Void." No one can look upon these scenes of destruction and desolation without shame. And no one can regard this same artist's " Spring in the Trenches " without a feeling of gladness at the sight of tips of greenery, with here and there a blossom appearing on shot-riddled trees. Outraged nature bears no resentment. In a little while, in the appointed time, she covers up the folly of man.

In my opinion, Paul Nash and C. R. W. Nevinson were the two artists who emerged with the most distinction from the ordeal. Certainly in landscape; but before dealing with them I must touch upon some of the general tendencies expressed by landscape painters in the War.

True to the mission of art, most of them tried to seek such beauty as may be found in the disorder and disarray of battlefields. In many of the drawings of Muirhead Bone, made from scenes of the conflict, one may turn page after page, charmed with the beauty of his line and construction, hardly realising that it is war he is depicting. I cannot help thinking that he regarded this work as an ugly duty, for he is one of those who show to better advantage in peace-time subjects of his own choosing. The same may be said of James McBey. He portrayed war delicately. His " Camel Corps at Night " and " The First Tractor in Jerusalem " are pleasant and decorative pictures. So are the sixty-eight small landscapes, each a decorative pattern, produced by D. B. Milne. The titles murmur war, the pictures, on a cursory glance, are just cheerful landscapes. Orpen, as I have already indicated, took war in the stride of his peace-time pace: it made him a brilliant colourist, and I found it quite possible to enjoy his gay scenes of battle landscapes, and to ignore the actualities of his pictures. A lady might hang " The Butte de Warlencourt " in her boudoir.

George Clausen, quite rightly, converted his peasants " Returning to the Reconquered Land " into a decorative pattern. He told his sad tale, but there is beauty in his telling of it. J. Kerr-Lawson gave to

Void (National Gallery, Canada)
PAUL NASH, 1889-

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The Deserted Trench (Tate Gallery)
C. R. W. Nevinson, 1889-

Facing page 319

battered and broken " Arras " an architectural setting of such charm that the eyes see the beauty of it, not the pathos of the ruins.

D. Y. Cameron also runs true to form. His " Salient in the Winter " and his " Flanders from Kemmel " are just the beautiful, low-lying, rhythmical landscapes with the low horizon that we associate with his brush. War has passed by and left its mark, but the pure in heart can draw from the scene the pure consolation that nature offers. This faculty for distilling beauty from ugliness was very marked in the War drawings shown by Clagget Wilson, a major in the American army, in which the artistic *motif* was happily much more insistent than the things he saw.

The War introduced into landscape new methods, dictated by necessity. Landsmen who frequented harbours and rivers were charmed by the sight of camouflaged ships, such as those painted by Norman Wilkinson, John Everett and L. Campbell Taylor. The return to peace-time colour is a distinct loss to the gaiety of the seas. Camouflaged huts make attractive pictures, such as those painted by J. W. Beatty ; and if they were not fine art there was immense skill and spirit in Solomon J. Solomon's camouflaged gun emplacements made to look like farmyards or village playgrounds. Some of the pictures I saw described as " range-finding landscapes " were astonishing. The artists were obliged to paint to a brief ; they were not permitted to hold themselves down to the mere exploitation of technical skill ; they had to emerge into the larger life of the world, with the result that many of them produced pictures that were fine pictorial

landscapes besides being instruments for instructing young marksmen in range-finding.

Another department of art that arose from the war was the skyscape—the aeroplane hovering and darting in the blue, or through the smoke. Henri Farré, W. L. Wyllie and Nevinson are among the early masters of skyscapes.

C. R. W. Nevinson, who was a pupil with Paul Nash at the Slade School, has a wonderful tale of war work. Among his memorable landscape pictures are " The Road from Arras to Bapaume," " The Deserted Trench," and " After a Push." From these this versatile artist turned easily to the decorative series called " The Roads of France," and to that blue simplicity in distress called " Searchlights Over London," showing the river quiet amid a blaze of searchlights darting across the sky. And there is W. Rothenstein's " The Watch on the Rhine," so happily named, the quiet end of the conflict.

I make no apologies for dealing here chiefly with Great Britain and Canada. The reason is that through the energy of the British and Canadian governments, or those that represented them, these countries early saw the importance of the artist in war-time, and gathered to their service every artist of talent. Their pictures are not only a full and varied record of the War, they are also a fascinating statement of the contemporary British schools of painting.

The War pictures of Canada number nearly one thousand items. As with the British collection, all kinds and schools of artists are represented—Augustus John, George Clausen, D. Y. Cameron, W. Nicholson, Charles Sims, Paul Nash, F. Etchells, Eric Kennington, David

Salient in the Winter (Imperial War Museum)
D. Y. CAMERON, 1865-

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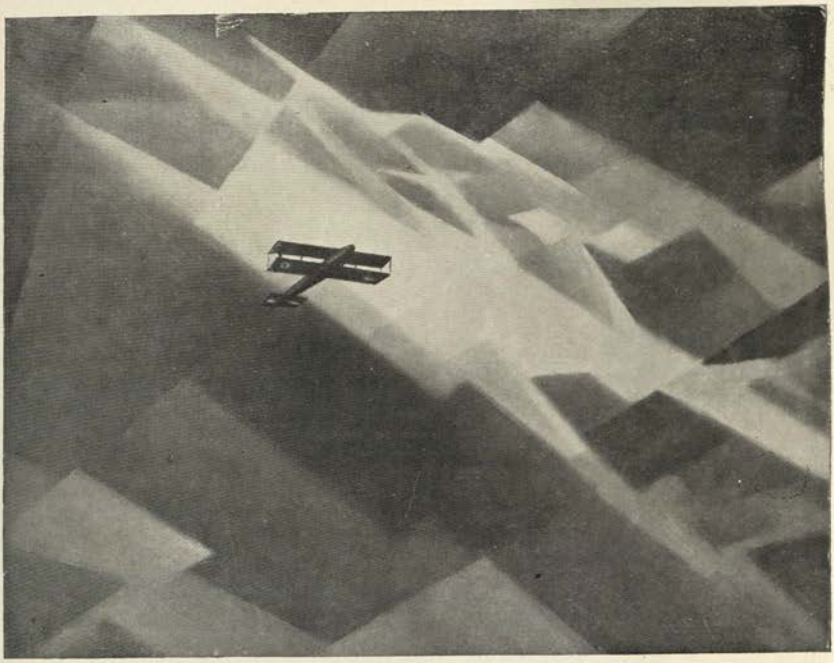

Above the Clouds
C. R. W. Nevinson, 1889-

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Bombergh, etc.—and each worked to an instruction that should give to this collection a unity without parallel in Exhibition history. Before a design was made, before a picture was painted, the building which will enshrine them at Ottawa was planned, the sizes and positions of all the important pictures determined ; and each artist knew exactly where his work would be placed, and was content to keep to the dimensions given to him. This is a new thing in picture exhibitions : it proclaims the alliance between the architect and the painter, and it may point to the end of the old haphazard method—" Here's a space, find a canvas to fit it."

The architect designed his building for these pictures; he knew the names of the artists, and he was able to visualise how the works would look in their appointed places—that canvas by Augustus John, forty feet by twelve, facing the visitor across the dome-shaped hall when he enters, that decoration by Charles Sims, eighteen feet square, which the visitor will see on the facing side with the forty other huge canvases that will decorate the central hall.

The foundations of this wonderful Canadian War Memorial Art Gallery at Ottawa have not yet been laid ; but one hopes. It will be a tragedy if the perfect plan for showing pictures does not come into being.

The mighty band of artists who produced the War pictures have been true to their secret mission, which no adventure, however untoward, could take from them ; they have stated, according to their insight, the eternity of beauty that overarches and overcomes the destruction temporarily wrought by man.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING

VII

After the War

Lyrics and Landscape Posters

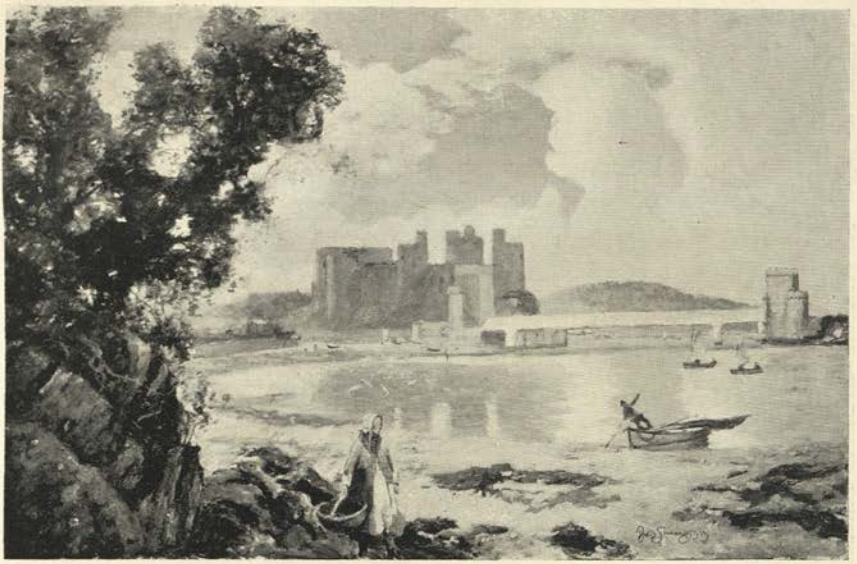
The sub-title of this chapter—Lyrics and Landscape Posters—is chosen, not for any alliterative interest it may have, or to startle the reader, but because it expresses the trend of post-war landscape painting.

Who will deny that after the conflict, with its horrid materialism, the painting world (many, not all) turned back to nature, and to the Lyric rather than to the Epic, for we were sick to satiety of the big thing, the built-up thing, the thing amazingly organised for destruction.

I do not mean that the Epic had ceased to be produced. Many have been painted in the Twentieth Century, as these pages testify. They are produced still, but now the purpose of some has changed.

So I approach the subject of Poster Landscapes, and I will begin by quoting the headlines of a front-page news item that appeared in the London papers in the winter of 1923.—" Famous Artists to Design Posters—Bold Policy of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway. Commissions to Royal Academicians." The Epic had changed its ground : there were to be posters of places and industries, in a word—landscapes. Thus the Epic, having served its purpose in picture galleries, temporarily shifted its influence and interest to industry.

Having introduced the Poster Landscape, I will return to the Lyric, and consider its popularity. Let me begin by quoting a statement by Monsieur Michéle Andrée Guy, which appeared in *The Bermondsey Book:*



Poster Landscape : Conway Castle (L.M. & S. Rly.)
DAVID MURRAY, R.A.

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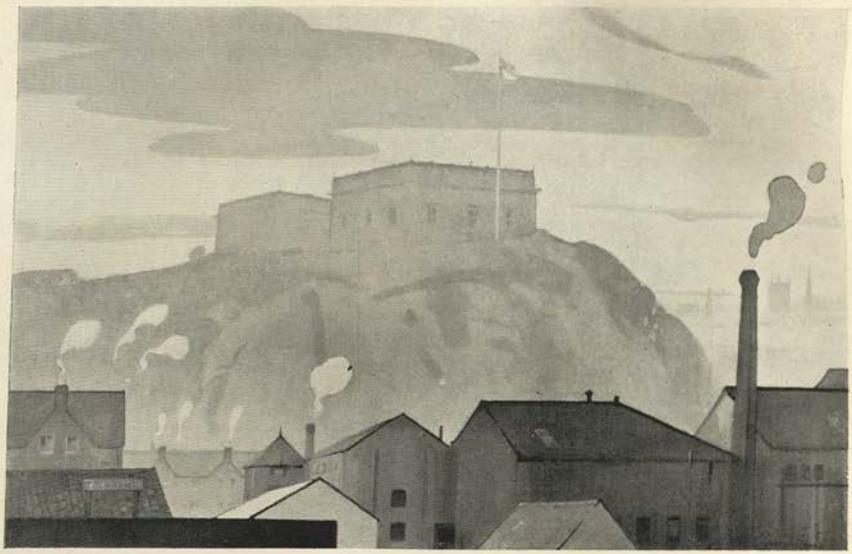

Poster Landscape : Nottingham Castle (L.M. & S. Rly.)
ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.

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" It is, perhaps, correct to say that after the terrible chaos consequent upon the War, French art was saved by landscape painting, just as it was preserved by portrait painting through the storms of the great Revolution. We are not going to speak now of such great masters as Henri Martin, Le Sidaner, Paul Signac, but rather of the younger generation, and would pay due tribute to many who are talented in the highest sense, and whose vision, trained, we dare say, by many years passed in the trenches, faithfully renders delicate effects of atmosphere or the wayward undulations of broken ground. In these there are great qualities and a promise of further beauty: such are the alfrescoes of MM. Zing, Georges Migot, Rénefer, A. Vieullard, René Juste, René Olivier, to mention but a few who have recently exhibited some forceful work."

How strange and delightful to find a Frenchman suggesting that " after the terrible chaos consequent upon the War, French art was saved by landscape painting." In the horror of the trenches, waiting for deliverance or death, they looked at the skies—and remembered.

This was in my mind when I visited an exhibition of Lyrics at the Grosvenor Gallery. Looking at these moments in nature, I recalled how often I have begged artists to consider the small householder, that is about two-thirds of the world's population. I have said—Paint your epics or exhibition pictures when you have braced yourself to the adventure, say, once in two or three years ; but do not forget to provide lyrics for the small householder. His purse is not deep enough to buy epics, and even if it were he has no space for them upon

his walls ; but with a little encouragement he would acquire the habit of buying lyrics, swift expressions of beauty, having the sign-marks of vision, rhythm and pattern.

Well, that autumn in London I perceived signs of this lyrics-for-householders impulse on the part of certain artists so far apart as Mr. George Clausen, member of the Royal Academy, and certain members of the London Group who are young experimenters, and the most heterodox body of painters in London.

Mr. Clausen showed forty-one lyrics in paint at the Grosvenor Galleries. The adventure was very successful. After the exhibition had been open for a fortnight, I called there and counted the small red discs that signify sales. Twenty-six out of the forty-one had been sold, and later the sales passed the thirty mark. This was wonderful, as picture exhibitions had been held during the year where not a single work had changed hands. But is it wonderful ? It is quite natural. Where there is one buyer for an epic there are a hundred for a lyric, if it be a lyric of the right kind.

Mr. Clausen's lyrics are of the right kind. Each is beautiful, each gives to the observer, in varying degrees, a thrill of pleasure, for the artist has been concerned with beauty, and has passed his experience on to us. Many men produce occasional water-colours of this kind, but it is Mr. Clausen's distinction that he made forty-one of them, that he had the small householder in mind, and that he instituted a precedent of hanging lyrics on noble walls of rose brocade, thus giving to them the air of importance accorded by custom to epics.

Poster Landscape : Warwick Castle (L.M. & S. Rly.)
ADRIAN STOKES, R.A.

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Poster Landscape : Brig o' Balgowrie (L.M. & S. Rly.)
A. TALMAGE, A.R.A.

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Perhaps I can best suggest the look of these small; intimate pictures by quoting some of the titles—" Sunset," " Autumn Mist," " Rainy Sunset," " Late Sunlight," " Evening Sky," " Morning Sunlight," " White Frost," " Willows," " Harvest Fields," " Sunset at Sea," " Rickyard," " The Orchard," " Rain." They are not topographical ; they are effects, not facts ; they are expressions of the time of the day, and the time of the year, and in each picture light is the chief motive, light that changes objects and transfigures them.

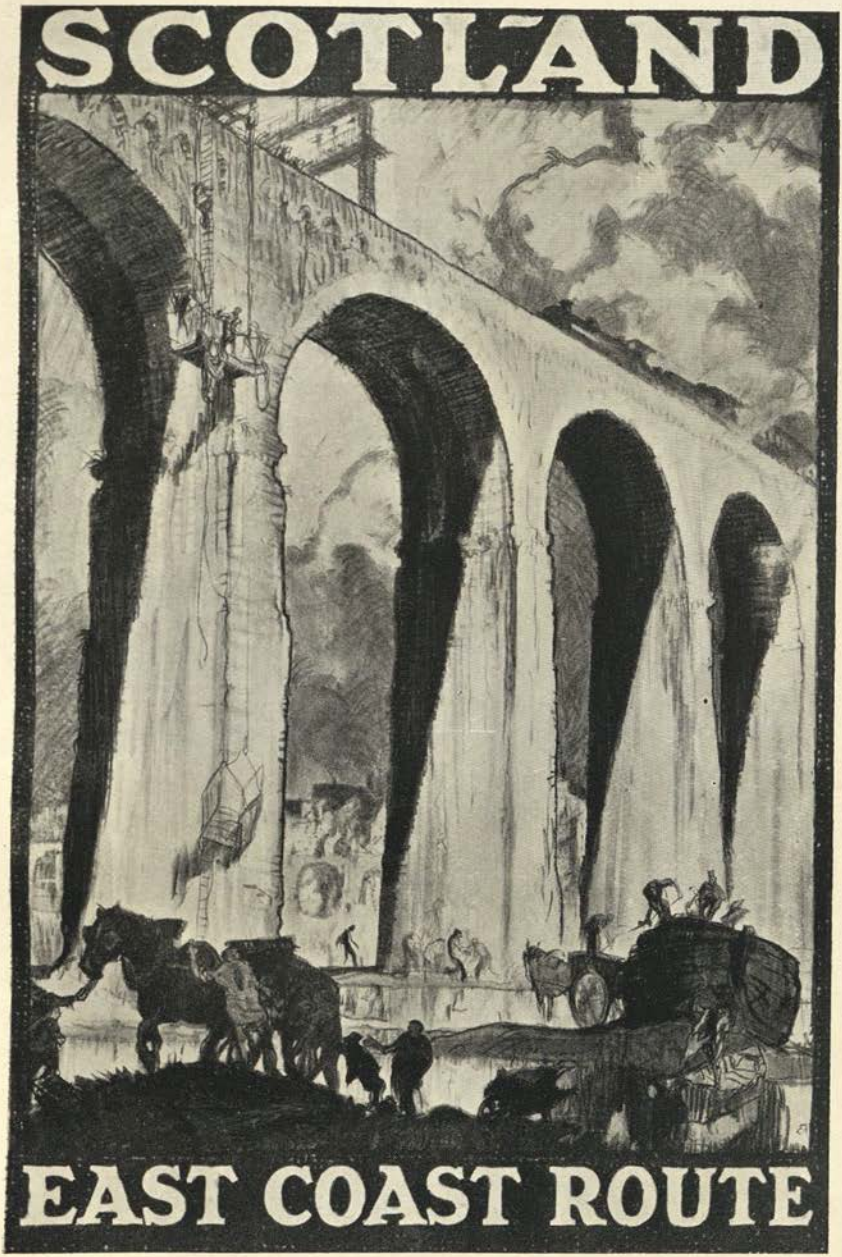
Highly pleased with the success of this effort to minister to the small householder, I looked forward to the exhibition of the London Group which, I had been told, was also pursuing the small householder, and about to offer him small pictures at a small price. Before the exhibition opened the newspapers announced that Mr. Bernard Adeney, the President of the London Group, had persuaded the Cambridge economist, Mr. J. M. Keynes, author of a world-famous book, to write a preface to the catalogue discussing, not the artistic merits of the pictures, but the prices at which they were to be sold. Here is one of his statements : " Some of the members of the London Group have made up their minds that it is better to sell pictures cheap than not to sell them at all. Whilst those who are ready to pay higher prices are also provided for, they are offering a good number of finished oil paintings at £5, £10, and £12. . . I hope, therefore, that those who visit the London Group will go with the thought at the back of their heads that, if they see something they like and the price is low, they will make the plunge and buy it."

This was gratifying. It seemed that the art event of

that autumn would be the wooing of the small householder. So I visited the London Group exhibition at the Mansard Gallery expecting to be able to write an enthusiastic article about this innovation. The prices were entirely right. The young painters had adopted the wise financial advice of Mr. J. M. Keynes. I counted seventeen pictures at £5 each, and some were at a lower price even than that, but——

What a rare thing is beauty! What a rare thing is taste! How rare are vision, rhythm and pattern! Mr. Clausen seems to glide into beauty naturally: he paints an episode of form in light, or the ways of colour on a golden rick, or about a moving figure because he has felt the beauty of the sight, and loves it. Most of the young men and young women of the London Group seem to paint not for love but for effect. At all cost they must be "in the movement." They seem to have studied not nature, but the great reputations of the day, and they are still in that stage when they think that it is smarter to follow the cult of ugliness rather than the cult of beauty. The small householder may feel that many of the pictures at this exhibition were within the measure of his purse, but what is the use of that if they do not come within the allure of his eyes?

All were not examples of the cult of ugliness. Some were quite attractive even if they disregarded quality of paint, the absence of which is so marked in many modernist works. I should like to have selected those works, at a small price, that do attract the eyes, and then I would have rearranged the gallery into a series of small rooms, and would have hung these chosen pictures as they should look on the walls of small houses, each



{Poster Landscape : Royal Border Bridge, Berwick (L. & N.E. Rly.)
FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

Facing page 326

Poster Landscape : Northumberland (L. & N.E. Rly.)
FRED TAYLOR, R.I.

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in its right place, presented to the best advantage. Then the Small Householder would really feel that his day had come: that he was being offered Small Artistic Pictures of value, at a Small Price—lyrics for the home.

Lyrics for the Home!

Epics for the Streets!

That, strange to say, is one of the art developments that mark the close of the first quarter of the Twentieth Century.

And now to return to the Poster Landscapes.

Here, extended, is the item of front-page news, referred to in the beginning of this chapter. Several members of the Royal Academy were invited by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, through Mr. Norman Wilkinson, himself a poster artist of repute, to paint pictures for lithographic posters, illustrating places of interest on their lines, with a view to enticing the public to visit those places. The names of the Royal Academicians and Associates were: J. A. Arnesby Brown, D. Y. Cameron, G. Clausen, M. Greiffenhagen, George Henry, Richard Jack, David Murray, Julius Olsson, Charles Sims, Adrian Stokes, William Orpen, Campbell Taylor, F. Cayley Robinson, Augustus John, A. Talmage. Each artist was given a free hand in regard to subject and treatment. Thus, suddenly, landscape painting became, in a wholesale way, allied to industry, and these official artists were invited to paint pictures that the railway company would consider—attractive. It was a blow to " mere technique," an encouragement to the " desire to please " school of which Watteau (he happened to be a genius) and the Frenchmen of his day are the great examples.

I am not writing the history of the poster, so I will not dwell upon the difference between " poster-craft " and the " craft of painting," which Mr. Graham Petrie, who practises each with skill and charm, set down admirably in a letter to the *Times ;* but if the reader will look at the " Royal Academy Posters " here reproduced, he will realise how the Landscape Poster has widened the field of the landscape painter, and the little difference there can be between a Burlington House picture and a street hoarding picture. Few people turning the pages of this chapter, and reading the names of the artists beneath the illustrations would guess that they are posters, not Royal Academy pictures.

This alliance of art with industry, of which all wise people approve, is, of course, no new thing. There are poster artists from Cheret and Steinlen to Maxfield Parrish and the Beggarstaff Brothers who are famous throughout the world ; but it is the Landscape Poster that is making such strides, and provoking a pleasant rivalry among the great British railway companies. It was a daring and successful stroke of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway to invite these Royal Academicians to step aside into the poster arena ; and it had its reward in a far-flung publicity ; but other railways had also been active with the artists. Mr. Frank Pick of the Underground, to which I refer later, was the pioneer, and the Great Western and the Southern also saw the advantages of the Landscape Poster.

The London and North Eastern, under the direction of Mr. W. M. Teasdale, was early in the field, and I believe that Frank Brangwyn's imposing " Royal

Poster Landscape : Elie and Earlsferry (L. & N.E. Rly.)
J. L. CARSTAIRS

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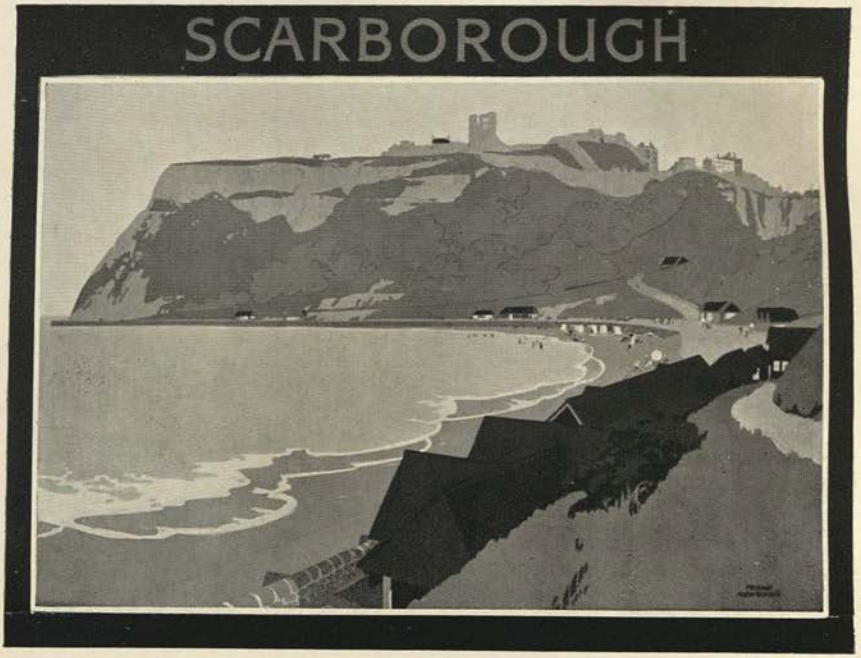

Poster Landscape: Scarborough (L. & N.E. Rly.)
FRANK NEWBOULD

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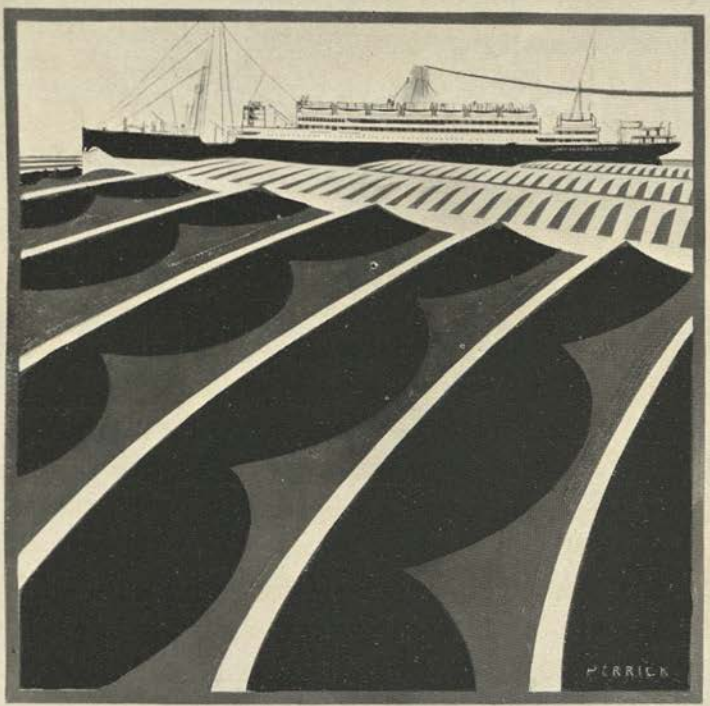
Border Bridge, Berwick," an auto-lithograph, done for the London and North Eastern, was the first landscape poster commissioned from a Royal Academician. This Company held an exhibition of their Landscape Posters in the board room of their central offices in the early summer of 1924. In many cases the lithographic reproduction was placed beside the original, showing how excellent the copies are. The exhibition was a glowing representation of attractive places in England and Scotland. Particularly one noticed Frank Brangwyn's " Royal Border Bridge, Berwick," and the designs of Fred Taylor, who is a past master in poster craft. I remember with pleasure his " Brighton Railway: Victoria Station," which is not a bad second to " Hammersmith Bridge on Boat Race Day," by Walter Greaves. Perhaps when Mr. Taylor is eighty years of age the Chantrey Trustees will buy for the nation the original of this witty impression of Merry England. For the L. & N.E. Railway he has done, among others, the noble " Northumberland " and the delightful " Antwerp." J. L. Carstairs shows something like genius for poster-craft in his vivid and simplified " Elie and Earlsferry " and his " Peterhead." All are striking, and some have charm, such as Graham Petrie's delicate " Tweed." The interest is that, in these posters, the artists are obliged to be attractive, a goal which some landscape painters have lost sight of in their absorption in " mere technique." I applaud the honesty of a paragraph in the L. & N.E. Railway exhibition catalogue—" This is not intended to be a ' picture show '—each poster is designed as an advertisement—to catch the eye —the imagination—the pocket—of people of all kinds."

Other great railway companies are using the landscape poster to advocate their " beauty spots " and " ugly spots," by which I mean that there is beauty even in the " ugliness " of the Black Country, which it is the privilege of the artist to show forth ; but I cannot enter into any further details, as my purpose here is hardly more than to announce and applaud the principle of advertising through beauty, which many business houses and corporations have adopted. Who has not had a thrill of pleasure when looking at the Eno landscape by Austen on the hoardings, and the large attractive architectural scene drawing attention to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. There are many other postercraft artists—Spenser Pryse, A. van Anrooy, Frank Newbould, Gregory Brown, " Shep," H. G. Gawthorn, McKnight Kauffer, and Herrick with whom, or rather with his work, I had an interesting encounter. One afternoon I was waiting for the train at a country railway station when my eyes were drawn to a poster on the up platform across the line. It advertised the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, a small poster, in hard blue, but such a poster ! It was pure, unadulterated Cubism : it might have come from the austere brush of Picasso with its cylindrical air, and geometrical, balloony waves. It was quite attractive. If the purpose of an advertisement be to hold the roving eye, this Cubist picture is a success. How strange, I reflected, that the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company should perceive the attraction of advanced art, and should use it as a bait to attract travellers.

I must now pay my tribute to the Underground



R·M·S·P
SOUTH AMERICAN
SERVICE
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO

Poster Landscape (R.M.S.P. Co.)
F. C. Herrick

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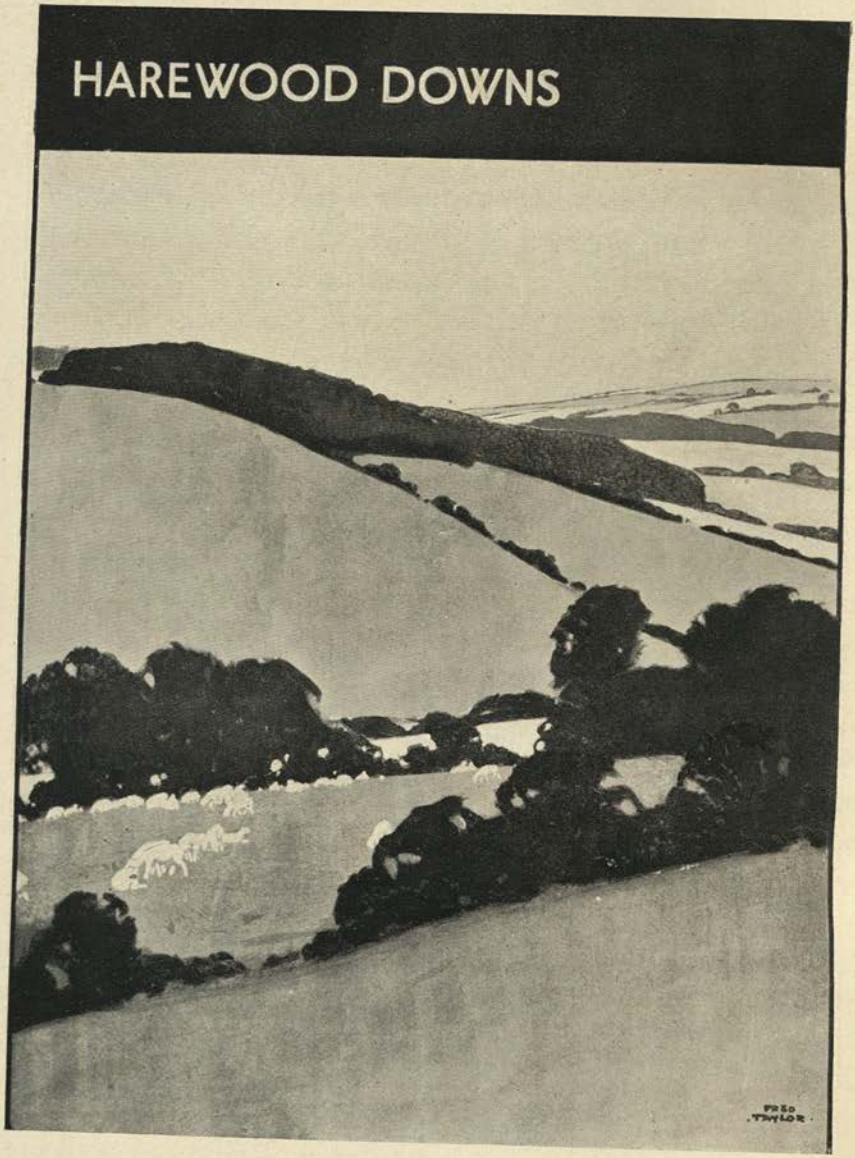

Poster Landscape : Harewood Downs (Underground Rly.)
FRED TAYLOR, R.I.

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Railway, which was the pioneer in the Landscape Poster business.

The problem that presented itself to Mr. Frank Pick, the manager, was this—Here we have a vast system of lines running from the dingy heart of London to the delights of the country—uplands, glades, streams and skies, spring blossoms, autumn tints, and winter sports. How can we induce tired Londoners to step into one of our many trains and be carried to light and to the loveliness of nature ? The answer to the problem was—the Landscape Poster produced by such masters as Fred Taylor, Spencer Pryse, Gregory Brown, McKnight Kauffer, etc. Dozens, hundreds of posters were commissioned, and the artists quickly realised that they were escaping from the deadening disability of painting a clever, competitive picture for exhibition: they realised that there was now a purpose in their work, that they had to make their Landscape Posters attractive, and also that they had the joy of knowing that their pictures would be seen by tens of thousands instead of by hundreds. So heart was put into many landscape painters: they had found a market, and they were giving joy.

I admit that some of these charming Landscape Posters are nearer to the Lyric than the Epic, but there are enough of the latter to justify my contention that industry has offered a helping hand to the painter of Epic landscapes, and to condone the sub-title of this chapter—Lyrics and Landscape Posters—as a sign of the times in post-War painting.

VIII

The Future

Having traced the development and caprice of Landscape Painting from Giotto to the Present Day; having surveyed this Cinderella of the arts, through the centuries, and watched her, at last beautifully arrayed, join her sisters at the ball, outshining them, some think, it is now my privilege, in this last chapter, to close the door of the past and to look forward.

What of the future of the art of landscape painting?

I can only repeat what I have said before, again and again. The future is with the Lyric, or Song, not with the Epic.

There is a 99 per cent. public for songs, and a 1 per cent. public, if we exclude the public galleries, for epics. How often on a tramp, or a motor ride, have I felt and seen songs, swift sights of beauty in form, colour and line, rare moments; and when I see them I have a vision of those water-colour draughtsmen and painters, rough, stalwart Englishmen, who, when spring came, strode forth with knapsack, seeking beauty, and making a swift record of it when found—delight drawings, joy landscapes. The world of small householders should be eager for these lyrics—flashes of beauty in dim rooms.

Consider—what are pictures for? What do they do for us? In the old days, before the invention of printing, they were mainly religious, and their purpose was to teach and edify the people. That has all passed. No one learns anything from a picture nowadays. What do pictures do, then? They arouse our emotions, they

stimulate our minds, they recall the beauty and wonder of the world which, in our engrossment in material matters, we are apt to forget. And, of course, an artist being one who sees more than other people see, who feels more than other people feel, and who is also a trained observer and executant, it should be his mission to help the lay world to be happier by showing them something more than their eyes, hearts, and brains have experienced. If an artist's chief aim is to proclaim his own cleverness or to advance himself, he fails in his mission. Hidden laws see to that.

Once I said to a landscape painter, " What is the purpose of landscape painting ? " He replied, " A landscape painter paints because he finds joy in doing it. Nothing comes between him and nature. He paints to express himself reverently before the beauty and harmony he sees, and incidentally, if he is fortunate, he may make a living by it."

" Yes, yes," I replied, " I know all that, and I know that one shouldn't paint nature, but paint the effect of light and atmosphere on nature ; what I want to know is—What is the effect of landscape painting upon the public, for after all, pictures are painted for the public, else why are they exhibited ? I should say that, reduced to its simplest terms, a beautiful landscape painting should help us to live, should add something of glory to our lives, should give to the day when we see it an added joy."

" That sounds well," said my companion, " but——" I continued—" Two such divergent people as Francis Thompson and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow expressed, inferentially, the purpose of landscape painting."

In an article in the *Dublin Review*, Francis Thompson wrote—" The function of poetry [and landscape painting] is to see and restore the Divine order of things freed from the disfiguring accidents of the Fall."

Some stanzas from Longfellow's well-known and beautiful " The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz," it seems to me, state, especially in the last stanza, the purpose of landscape painting for the public :

> And Nature, the old nurse, took
> The child upon her knee,
> Saying : " Here is a storybook
> Thy Father has written for thee."
>
> And he wandered away and away
> With Nature the dear old nurse,
> Who sang to him night and day
> The rhymes of the universe.
>
> And whenever the way seemed long,
> Or his heart began to fail,
> She would sing a more wonderful song
> Or tell a more wonderful tale.

I am aware that in the many chapters of these two volumes I have haunted museums and exhibitions and have sought the masterpieces ; but in this plea for the song or lyric, in this my last chapter, I am not in the least revolutionary. Those who have examined the collections in the print rooms of the various museums of the world know that the old masters, and the elder masters, painted songs in abundance, and if their songs

could be displayed I think it would be found that they are often nearer to the heart of beauty and more closely an expression of the bright, æsthetic understanding of our great artists than the masterpieces they painted for fame and in rivalry.

So the Landscape Painter of the Future will be in the great tradition when he utters his passing songs to a new world, in gratitude for the beauty of the old world.

THE END

PART IV

A LIST OF IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES FROM CONSTABLE TO THE PRESENT DAY

	1817		
" Flatford Mill "	(*National Gallery*)	Constable	1776-1837
	c. 1818		
" Breaking the Sod "	(*British Museum*)	J. S. Cotman	1782-1842
	1819		
" The Raft of the Medusa "	(*Louvre*)	Gericault	1791-1824
	1821		
" The Hay-Wain "	(*National Gallery*)	Constable	1776-1837
" The Derby at Epsom "	(*Louvre*)	Gericault	1791-1824
	c. 1825		
" A Sea Piece "	(*Wallace Gallery*)	Bonington	1802-1828
	1826		
" The Cornfield "	(*National Gallery*)	Constable	1776-1837
	c. 1830		
" Westminster "	(*V. & A. Museum*)	Peter de Wint	1784-1849
	1831		
" Salisbury from the Meadows "		Constable	1776-1837

	1832		
" The Opening of Waterloo Bridge "	(*Tennant Collection*)	Constable	1776-1837
	c. 1835		
" On the Hudson "	(*New York*)	T. Doughty	1793-1856
	1837		
" In the Catskills "	(*New York*)	T. Cole	1801-1848
	1839		
" Sunset "	(*Louvre*)	Charles de la Berge	1807-1842
" The Pathway to the Village Church "	(*Tate Gallery*)	Thomas Creswick	1811-1869
	1846		
" Vale of Clwyd "		David Cox	1783-1859
	c. 1850		
" Spring "	(*Louvre*)	Millet	1814-1875
	1850		
" A Windy Day "	(*National Gallery*)	David Cox	1783-1859
	1851		
" The Pretty Baa Lambs "		Ford Maddox Brown	1821-1893
" The Hireling Shepherd "	(*Manchester*)	Holman Hunt	1827-1910
	1852		
" Ophelia "	(*National Gallery*)	Millais	1829-1896

IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

	1855		
" The Inundation of St. Cloud "	(*Louvre*)	Paul Huet	1804-1869
" Claire de Lune à Dordrecht "	(*Petit Palais, Paris*)	J. B. Jongkind	1819-1891
" Oxen Going to Work "	(*Louvre*)	Troyon	1810-1865
" Outskirts of Fontainebleau "	(*Louvre*)	Rousseau	1812-1867
	1856		
" The Blind Girl "	(*Birmingham*)	Millais	1829-1896
	1858		
" Pegwell Bay "	(*National Gallery*)	William Dyce	1806-1864
	1859		
" Pan Among the Reeds "	(*Munich*)	Arnold Böecklin	1827-1901
" Val d'Aosta "		John Brett	1830-1902
	1860		
" Stags Fighting "	(*Louvre*)	Courbet	1819-1877
	1861		
" Le Lac "	(*Frick Collection*)	Corot	1796-1875
	1864		
" Spring "	(*Louvre*)	Daubigny	1817-1877
	1865		
" Peace and Plenty "	(*New York*)	George Inness	1825-1894

	1866		
" A Spate in the Highlands "	(*Manchester*)	Peter Graham	1836-1921
	1867		
" The Bathers "		Fred Walker	1840-1875
	1868		
" Wind on the Wold "	(*Tate Gallery*)	George H. Mason	1818-1872
	1869		
" The Wave "	(*Louvre*)	Courbet	1819-1877
" L'Immensité "	(*V. & A. Museum*)	Courbet	1819-1877
	1872		
" Hope	(*Petit Palais*)	Puvis de Chavannes	1824-1898
" The Outskirts of a Town "	(*Bannerman Collection*)	Matthew Maris	1835-1917
	c. 1875		
" La Plage "	(*Tate Gallery*)	Degas	1834-1922
	1876		
" St. Genevieve Watching over Paris "	(*Pantheon*)	Puvis de Chavannes	1824-1898
" Hop Gardens of England "		Cecil Lawson	1851-1882
	1877		
" The Haymakers "	(*Luxembourg*)	Bastien-Lepage	1848-1884

	1877		
" Old Battersea Bridge "	(*Tate Gallery*)	Whistler	1834-1903
" Gloucester Harbour "		William M. Hunt	1824-1879
	1878		
" The Potato Gatherers "	(*Mrs. Coutts Michie*)	Bastien-Lepage	1848-1884
" The Oyster Gatherers "	(*Washington*)	J. S. Sargent	1856-
	1879		
" Toil and Pleasure "	(*Tate Gallery*)	John R. Reid	*c.* 1854-
" Hagar and Ishmael "	(*Luxembourg*)	Cazin	1841-1901
	c. 1880		
" La Montagne Victoire "		Cézanne	1839-1906
" Evening : Malahide Sands "	(*Dublin*)	Nathaniel Hone	1831-1918
" Vetheuil : Sunshine and Snow "	(*Tate Gallery*)	Monet	1840-
" The Shell Gatherers "	(*Amsterdam*)	Jacob Maris	1837-1899
" The Shore "	(*Dublin*)	Anton Mauve	1838-1888
	1881		
" The Poor Fishermen "	(*Luxembourg*)	Puvis de Chavannes	1824-1898
	1882		
" Valley of Doon "	(*Port Sunlight*)	Cecil Lawson	1851-1882
	c. 1883		
" The Wave "		Alex. Harrison	1853-

	1884		
" La Seguia : Biskra "	(*Luxembourg*)	Gustave Guillaumet	1840-1887
" Bathers "	*Tate Gallery*	Seurat	1860-1891
" La Grand Jatte	(*Fénéon Coll., Paris*)	Seurat	1860-1891
" The Song of the Lark "	(*Chicago*)	Jules Breton	1827-1906
" The Rising Moon "	(*Luxembourg*)	H. Harpignies	1819-1916
	1885		
" In Arcadia "	(*Luxembourg*)	Alex. Harrison	1853-
	1886		
" Tulip Culture "		George Hitchcock	1851-1913
	1887		
" Paysage Exotique "	(*Mr. & Mrs. Workman*)	Gauguin	1848-1903
" The Shore "	(*The Hague*)	Weissenbruch	1824-1903
	c. 1888		
" Audrey and her Goats "		James Guthrie	1859-
" Rain Effect "		Van Gogh	1853-1890
	1888		
" The Harbour of Trouville '	(*National Gallery*)	Eugène Boudin	1825-1898
	1889		
" Clearness after Rain "	(*Diploma Gallery*)	Henry Moore	1831-1895

IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

	c. 1890		
" May Night "	(*Washington*)	Willard L. Metcalf	1858-
" Moonlight Marine "		Albert P. Ryder	1847-1917
" Peering into the Unknown "		F. Hodler	1853-1918
" The Lake of Geneva "		F. Hodler	1853-1918
" Ploughing in the Engadine "	(*Munich*)	Segantini	1858-1899
	1890		
" The Red Dog Landscape " (Le Poldhu)	(*Maresco Pearce*)	Gauguin	1848-1903
" The Storm "		W. McTaggart	1835-1910
	1891		
" A Galloway Landscape "		George Henry	1860-
	1892		
" Summer "	(*Liverpool*)	E. A. Hornel	1864-
" June in the Austrian Tyrol "	(*Tate Gallery*)	J. MacWhirter	1839-1911
" Rayons du Soir "	(*Luxembourg*)	C. Cottet	1863-
	1895		
" Cannon Rock "	(*New York*)	Winslow Homer	1836-1910
	1896		
" Solitude "		Harpignies	1819-1916
	c. 1900		
" Gathering Plums "	(*Manchester*)	H. H. La Thangue	1860-

	c. 1900		
" Hoar Frost on Ice "	(*Stockholm*)	Gustaf Fjaestad	1868-
" The Purple Moon's Transparent Light "	(*National Gallery, Victoria*)	Arthur Streeton	1867-
" The Jack Pine "	(*National Gallery, Canada*)	Tom Thomson	1877-1917
	1900		
" Waterloo Bridge "		Monet	1840-
	1903		
" Harvest "	(*Toulouse*)	Henri Martin	1860-
" Autumn in the Mountains "	(*Tate Gallery*)	Adrian Stokes	1854-
" In the Country of Constable "	(*Tate Gallery*)	David Murray	1849-
" Richmond Castle "	(*Tate Gallery*)	P. Wilson Steer	1860-
	c. 1905		
" The Fallen Tree "		E. W. Redfield	1868-
	1905		
" Chepstow Castle "	(*Tate Gallery*)	P. Wilson Steer	1860-
" Faith "		Alfred East	1849-1913
	1906		
" Fête de Nuit "	(*Luxembourg*)	Gaston La Touche	1854-1913
" Pays Antique "		Réné Ménard	1860-

IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

	1907		
" Winter "	(*Metropolitan Museum, New York*)	Rockwell Kent	1882-
" Hindhead from Haslemere "		Hughes Stanton	1870-
	1908		
" The Gleaners Returning "	(*Tate Gallery*)	George Clausen	1852-
" Old December's Bareness Everywhere "	(*Tate Gallery*)	Buxton Knight	1842-1908
	1909		
" Whiteways, Rottingdean "	(*W. Marchant & Co.*)	W. Nicholson	1872-
	c. 1910		
" Morning Light "	(*New York*)	Ernest Lawson	1873-
	1910		
" Albanian Olive Gatherers "	(*Manchester*)	J. S. Sargent	1856-
	1915		
" The Burning Kiln "	(*Tate Gallery*)	C. J. Holmes	1868-
	1916		
" Spring "		Laura Knight	*c.* 1875-
	c. 1917		
" Ben Ledi "	(*Tate Gallery*)	D. Y. Cameron	1865-

	1919		
" The Sun in Summer "	(*Buffalo*)	Paul Dougherty	1877-
	c. 1919		
" Dawning "	(*New York*)	Arthur B. Davies	1862-
	c. 1920		
" Paysage "		Pablo Picasso	1881-
	1920		
" Very Early Morning : Spring "		Allan Gwynne-Jones	1892-
	1924		
" The Smug and Smiling Trent "	(*Birmingham*)	Arnesby Brown	1866-

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